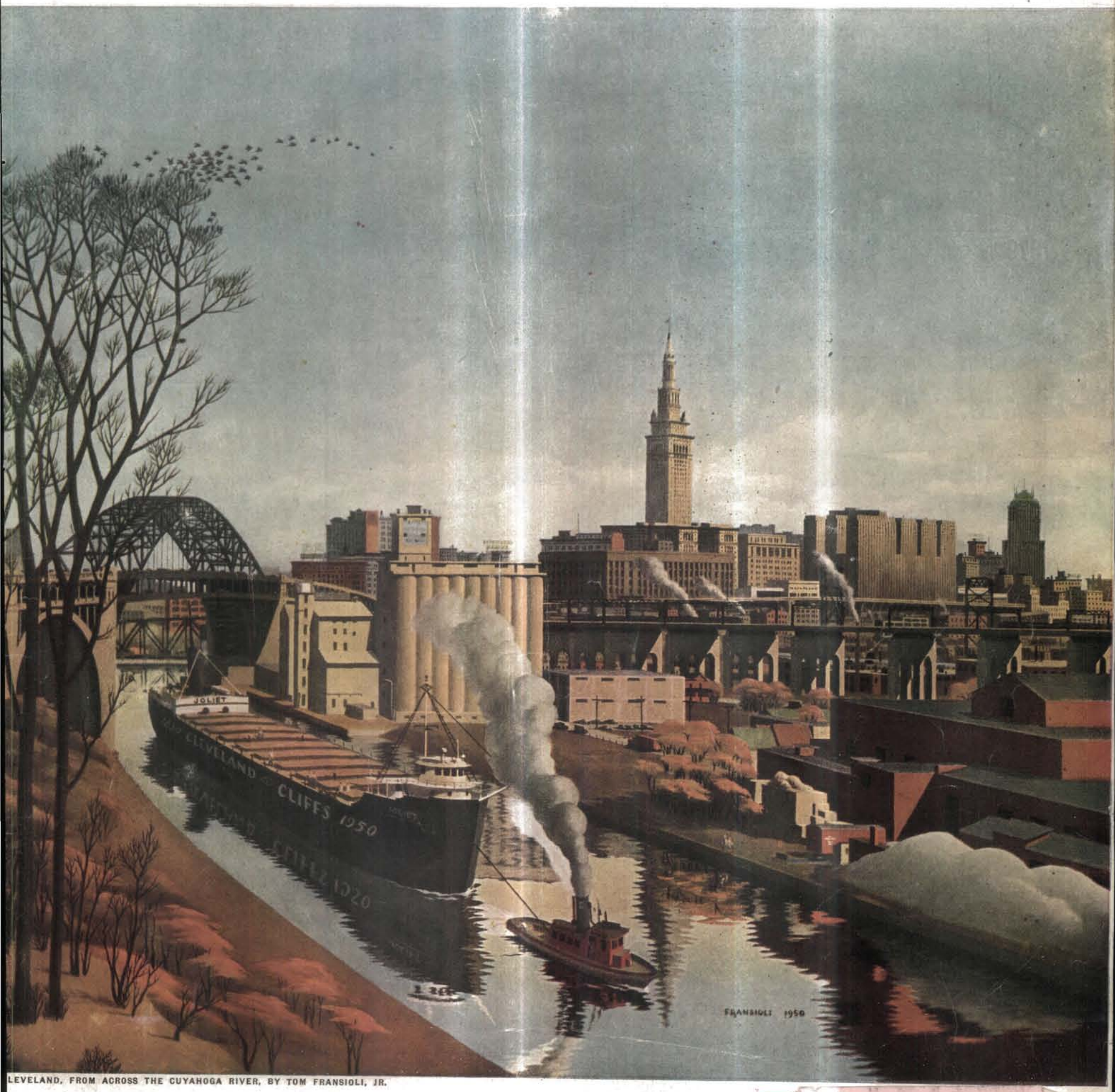
Collier's

15c

January 27, 1951

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.



LEVELAND, FROM ACROSS THE CUYAHOGA RIVER, BY TOM FRANSIOLI, JR.

Why Russia Can't Be Trusted

MARY A BECK
10 BELL AV
PITTSBURGH 5
PA 17JAE

48797
C R2Y

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

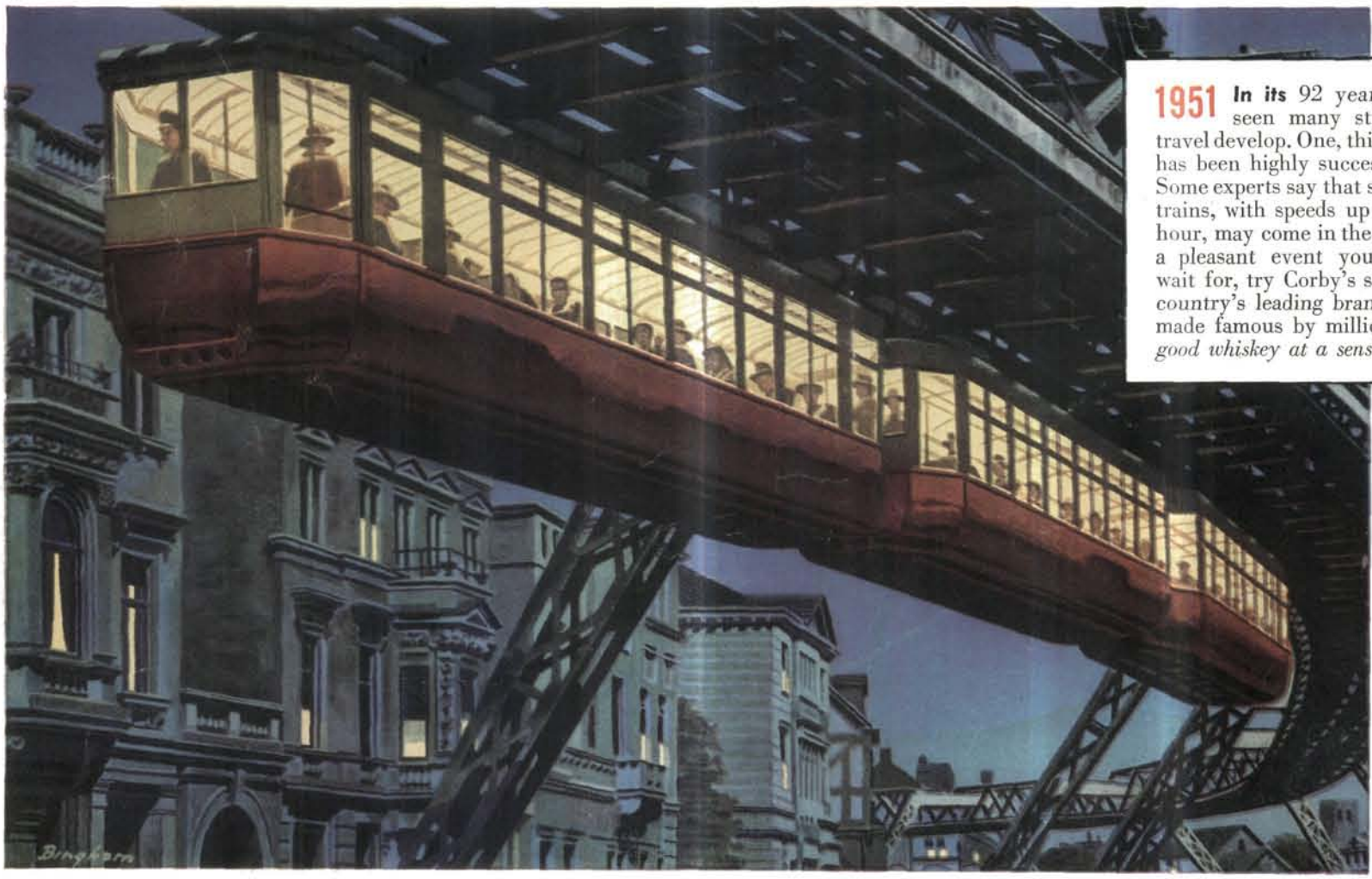
NEWS SHORTS OVER THE YEARS OF CORBY'S FAME

Strange ways to go places

1870 **In Corby's** 92 years of whiskey fame, many odd forms of transportation have come and gone. This pneumatic underground railroad was one. Two giant fans pushed the car back and forth by compressed air. Many New Yorkers rode it in '70, as Corby's enjoyed its 11th birthday.

1893 **Your Dad** may have ridden this "traveling sidewalk" in Chicago. It was a feature of the Columbian Exposition. To ride it, one hopped on the moving platform, got off where he pleased. Top speed was 6 m.p.h. The year it was tried found Corby's riding high in popular acceptance.

1926 **Sailors gaped** at the *Baden-Baden*. Instead of sails or smoke stacks, she carried two giant rotors. When engines spun them in the wind, suction pulled the ship ahead. This odd craft did 9½ knots (11 m.p.h.) in 1926. By then, millions knew Corby's as a superb whiskey.



1951 ***In its*** 92 years, Corby's has seen many strange forms of travel develop. One, this monorail train, has been highly successful in Europe. Some experts say that such modernized trains, with speeds up to 300 miles an hour, may come in the near future. For a pleasant event you don't have to wait for, try Corby's soon. One of the country's leading brands, Corby's was made famous by millions who wanted *good whiskey at a sensible price!*

LOOK FOR THE PARROT ON EVERY CORBY'S BOTTLE

Say **CORBY'S**

A grand old name since 1859

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited, Peoria, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we were in Your Shoes

There's a very simple policy behind the telephone business.

We try to run it for you as we would like you to run it for us if we were in your shoes.

We'd like you to give us good, courteous telephone service at a fair price. We'd like you to keep improving it and giving us more of it.

We'd like you to run the business so that it would be a good place for people to work and a good place for people to invest their money. We'd like it to be a progressive and successful business.

We would like you to run the business so that it would be a good and helpful citizen in everything that concerns the community and the nation, especially in these times of national defense.

That's the way we'd like you to do it for us. And that's the way we're constantly trying to do it for you.

The best and the most telephone service in the world at the lowest possible cost... **Bell Telephone System**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION"* care
gives you
Handsomer Hair!

FEEL the difference
in your scalp—SEE the difference
in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use *"Live-Action"* Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb . . . and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or barber shop.

• Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp.

*Vitalis
A Product of Bristol-Myers

and the
"60-Second Workout"

NEW! for cream tonic fans . . . lighter-bodied
VITALIS HAIR CREAM
gives your hair that
CLEAN-GROOMED LOOK
NO heavy film! NO sticky comb!
NO messy hands!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor* JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief, Washington Bureau*
DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · JOHN CONNER
BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON · WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA · DIANA HIRSH · JAMES M. KAHN
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK
TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY
GEORGE SCHLOSS · RED SMITH · BILL STAPLETON · JAMES THRASHER
LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

January 27, 1951

ARTICLES

Bitter Week End in Seoul.....JOHN DENSON 13
We're Building a Better Hemisphere.....JOHN W. WHITE 18
(PART ONE OF TWO PARTS)
Why Russia Can't Be Trusted..... 22
The Doll in Guys and Dolls.....ARTHUR D. MORSE 26
Ski Doctor.....HAL BURTON 30
Turtle Roundup in the Caribbean..... 34
Insomnia? Let Me Tell You!.....H. ALLEN SMITH 36

FICTION

Genuine Colonial.....JOAN VATSEK 16
Choirboy.....PAUL ANNIXTER 20
Revolt of the Triffids.....JOHN WYNDHAM 24
(PART FOUR OF FIVE PARTS)
The Auction.....DILLON ANDERSON 28
Run No More.....BRENDA WEISBERG 32
The Professor Awakes.....ISABEL LANGIS 49
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
I Hate Cats.....RALF KIRCHER 10
Ahem!.....PAULINE GALE 62
Editorials..... 78
Cover.....THOMAS FRANSIOLI

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 4. PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

This is the nation's seventh city—Cleveland—and the seventh in our series of metropolitan covers. To Artist Tom Fransioli, the city looks like this from West Cleveland, gazing across the Cuyahoga River toward the Terminal Tower group. The tallest structure among them—52 stories high—is the Terminal Tower Building. The large edifice off by itself at the right is the Bell Telephone Building. The legend lettered on the side of the iron ore boat Joliet proclaims the recently celebrated centennial of the Cleveland Cliffs Company.

Week's Mail

Added Starters

EDITOR: I read with much interest your All-America football selections (The 61st All-America, Dec. 9th). Notre Dame's failure to place a man must be some sort of record.

It may interest you to know that one week before your Mid-Century All-America was announced, I had compiled a list of my own eleven best, which was identical with yours with one exception: instead of John Lujack, Sam Baugh was my quarterback. HARRY MAXWELL, JR.,
Sharon Hill, Pa.

. . . Any All-America for 1950 which does not include the name of Bobby Reynolds of Nebraska in the first-string backfield deserves no recognition. The clean-cut sophomore's record (157 points, 6.7 rushing average, 1,342 yards rushing, plus being a top-notch defensive player) speaks for itself. Though only nineteen years old, Bobby has outrushed your runners, Janowicz, Rote and Heath. His 157-point total included *23 against the nation's No. 1 team, Oklahoma.* ALAN L. CLEM,
GOULD B. FLAGG, JR., Lincoln, Nebr.

. . . After reading your Who's Who in college football under the title of All-America Specialists, I was very pleased with your selections. It's about time somebody told the football fans just why certain players were chosen on the All-America teams and what their specialties are.

But like all readers, I'm not satisfied completely. I think Kyle Rote and Vic Janowicz should come under the offensive backs; Vito Parilli, one of the all-time great passers, should come under passers; and Chuck Ortmann, who practically won the Ohio State-Michigan game singlehanded by his consistently great kicking, should be placed under punters. JIM HOSKINS,
Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

. . . HOW DID YOU OVERLOOK BOB FULLER, ARIZONA STATE-TEMPE PLACE-KICKER, IN SPECIALIST SELECTIONS? FULLER BROKE NATIONAL RECORD OF 47 EXTRA POINTS BY KICKING 48 IN 51 TRIES THIS SEASON.
DEAN SMITH, TEMPE, ARIZ.

. . . In view of the fact that many of the great universities are reputed to reach out into other parts of the country to "buy" *their star players, it is interesting to note* that a high majority of the Collier's 1950 All-America football team are residents of the states in which their universities are situated. STANLEY GROSS, Verona, N. J.

. . . How about the great Ortmann of Michigan, the best passer in the Big Ten and one of the very finest in the nation? He can pass, run and kick, and is a power on defense. AUSTIN E. KRESS, Reno, Nev.

. . . In this era of specialized football I believe your selection of All-America Specialists is an excellent innovation, since once again the defensive player is given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXTRA STEP THAT MAKES IT A FINER BLEND

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. This extra step means that Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately after blending, is put back into barrels to assure uniform high quality. This "marrying" gives Old Thompson an extra smoothness, an extra mellowness. *Try it tonight and see!*

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

A FINER BLEND FROM OLD KENTUCKY

© G. D. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"G.E. makes you feel it's real!"

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

"Look, it's LIFELIKE! LIFE-SIZE!"

So say G-E owners and you'll agree when you see General Electric's real-as-life, big-as-life pictures! Here's outstanding picture quality—result of many G-E advancements combined exclusively in G-E Black-Daylite Television. G-E 16" rectangular black tube shows all the TV camera sees, more lifelike than ever. G-E built-in antenna. G-E Automatic Sound—just tune the picture, sound is right every time! G-E electronic tubes. Beautiful cabinet, veneered in hand-rubbed genuine mahogany. Model 16T5 only **$279.95***

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Includes Federal Tax. Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South, subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

the proper recognition. Your board of experts lists 68 players as specialists, yet I fail to find the name of one man from the University of Wyoming, which had a perfect record of 9-0 and was invited to play in the Gator Bowl on January 1, 1951.

WILLIAM F. DREW, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Night & Day?

EDITOR: In Keep Up with the World (Dec. 9th), there is an account of Walter V. Dorle, president of the Northwestern State Bank of St. Paul, Minnesota, who flew the American flag from a tower on his bank 24 hours a day. This article states that it is proper to do so.

I disagree with this article and cite the following references to prove my point: *Public Law 829, Seventy-seventh Congress,* Second Session, H. J. Res. 359, to amend Public Law 623, approved June 22, 1942. Sec. 2 (a) It is the universal custom to display the flag only from sunrise to sunset on buildings and on stationary flagstaffs in the open. However, the flag may be displayed at night upon special occasions when it is desired to produce a patriotic effect. (c) The flag should not be displayed on days when the weather is inclement.

HUGH W. JONES, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Maybe Mr. Dorle desired to produce a patriotic effect. Is that bad?

The Judge on Juries

EDITOR: I congratulate you on the publication of Judge Frank's article ('Something's Wrong with Our Jury System,' Dec. 9th).

I have served on juries a number of times. I have never been able to understand why a jury should not be supplied with a transcript of the evidence and the judge's charge.

I submit it is impossible for the average juror to have any clear idea of the evidence, interrupted by numerous objections from the attorneys.

I also found that usually two or three men with ability to talk well very frequently made the decision and the rest of the panel fell in line.

H. N. OWEN, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . In his argument against the jury system, Judge Frank failed to mention the all-important fact that the right to trial by jury was intended to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people and to prevent a person's condemnation to prison or worse at the mere whim of a tyrannical government. The abolition of the jury in pre-Hitler Germany was not, as the judge appears to believe, a step on the road to enlightenment, but was instead a mistake which facilitated the eventual establishment of the misnamed and bloody "people's courts."

LAURENCE BURNS, Swampscott, Mass.

. . . After reading Judge Frank's article, I feel constrained to answer that I cannot agree with him. I came out of law school believing that the jury system was a relic of a bygone era and that juries for the most part responded favorably to the attorney with the most emotional or sensational appeal. But after facing many and sundry juries, I have become a 100 per cent advocate of the jury system. On the whole, juries, in my opinion, do a magnificent job.

The trouble lies not with our juries, but with our appellate judges. They have ingrafted so many tenuous and legalistic technicalities on the law that jurors naturally and quite understandably are confused in their deliberations, and especially in trying to understand the court's charge.

MARTIN DIES, JR., Lufkin, Texas

. . . Of particular interest to me and to psychologists who apply psychological techniques to the selecting and upgrading of personnel for business enterprises was a passage in Judge Jerome Frank's thoughtful article. Judge Frank pointed out the need for establishing high standards for jury service, and cited the practice, in Los Angeles, of requiring jurors to meet "oral and written aptitude tests."

In business, aptitude testing and attitude testing as phases of psychological procedures for selecting and upgrading personnel have proved sound and valid. Their extension on a general scale to the selection of jurors probably would involve complexities—mechanical, legal, and possibly even constitutional. But the results, as they have done in business, would prove worth while.

JACK KLEIN, New York, N. Y.

Cover Twin

EDITOR: Enclosed is a picture of my sister, who looks very much like your cover girl of *December 9th.*

Her name is Nancy Reeves. She is twenty-one and a senior at the University of Maryland.

MRS. JAMES HOARD, Washington, D. C.

Nancy (left) and Collier's cover girl Charlotte Houston

Grass-roots Philosopher

EDITOR: Just a line to let you know how much I enjoyed Christmas as Usual, by H. B. Fox (Dec. 9th). Though short, the article had a homespun philosophy that I am sure will appeal to many in these troubled times.

I think the character "J.A." in his letter to the editor expresses the ideas of many with his underlying appeal for a return to sanity.

KENNETH C. GAYLORD, Aiken, S. C.

. . . I think you have discovered a modern Mark Twain or a Will Rogers—or maybe some of both with a 1950 slant on things. Give us more!

MRS. OREN WHITE, Brandon, Colo.

. . . The Circleville Philosopher page in your recent issue was grand. I hope you give us more like it.

JOHN M. HENRY, Des Moines, Iowa

. . . To my way of thinking this was one of the best articles of its kind that I have ever read.

We sincerely hope that future issues of Collier's will carry more of this grass-roots philosophy, which I am sure every reader will enjoy.

H. R. SMITH, Waco, Texas

. . . Christmas as Usual has more good sense in it than I've seen on a printed page since we lost Will Rogers.

In one day I read the article five times to people I could find to listen, and I have written and telephoned to the ones I could not see.

AGNES JUST REID, Firth, Idaho

Old Vines—New Wines

EDITOR: As one who is interested in vines and wines I found the article From Our Vines—Fine Wines (Dec. 9th) lacking one of the most interesting and dramatic stories. Mr. Froman does not mention, for instance, two of America's greatest wine makers, Alfred Fromm and Franz W. Sichel.

In an unusual experiment, the Messrs. Fromm and Sichel replanted and revivified some 125 acres in the Santa Cruz Mountains by grafting the finest European vines on American roots. They are now in a position after five years to publicize the results of this experiment which will stir great interest in the United States and Europe.

EVA KARPF, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"HE'LL BE ON THE SHELF himself, if he doesn't do something about Dry Scalp! Look at that dry, mussy-looking hair. It must be next to impossible to comb. And loose dandruff like powder on his coat! He needs a Short Guide to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

NO WONDER it's a best seller! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. Makes a grand difference in the looks of your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic gives double care to scalp and hair! Try it. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. And you'll find it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

First order of business this week is an item of good news in which we take great pride. It is our privilege, on behalf of the entire Collier's staff, to welcome aboard as an editorial colleague Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States. Having had a preview peek at Mr. Hoover's manuscript, we confidently predict that Collier's readers will find his material the warmest and most delightful reading in many a day. See if you don't agree with us after you begin the six-part Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover in the February 17th issue.

★ ★ ★

To be quite frank with our innumerable readers, we make no predictions about the immediate future. However, while this simple admission sets this column apart from so many of its contemporaries, we have been keeping our

eyes and ears open. Now we can tell you that if Dr. Alfred J. Stamm, research chemist in the United States Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, gets rid of a few bugs in the experiments he's working on, the food situation will never be a problem. The doctor, one of our very best scientists, finds that a ton of sawdust can be transformed into a ton of sugar-rich molasses. This, in turn, can be converted into a superior protein feed for cattle, very high in vitamins. This is where our food situation good news comes in. If the doctor can make the stuff palatable to human beings—*voilà!*—we'll all be able to gorge on bowls of delicious and nutritious sawmill waste.

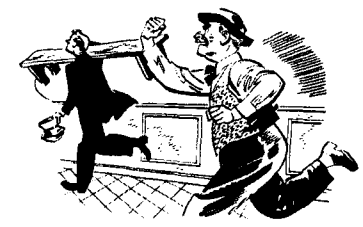
★ ★ ★

And thus we will avoid such scenes as a friend of ours witnessed in a small but refined restaurant in Osceola, Arkansas. A gentleman in overalls, obviously a farmer, bade the waitress fetch him a steak. While the meat was being fried, he pulled a whetstone out of his hip pocket and spent the next five minutes

sharpening the knife the waitress had set before him. Meaning no offense, the man explained, but his teeth were not what they used to be.

★ ★ ★

Which brings us to a spirited row in progress in the Putnam County courthouse at Greencastle, Indiana. Somebody—probably a brash young political Johnny-come-lately with no traditions—has removed the benches and the spit-



JACK BETTS

toons from the first-floor corridor. To put it as mildly as possible, the old boys who for years have sat daily on those benches chawing and jawing and putting the politics of the state and nation to rights are raising hell. They say nobody's missed a spittoon shot at 10 yards in years. And what if they did? Gramp and his pals are roaming around the courthouse corridors hollering for their benches. Bad news for somebody come next election.

★ ★ ★

We pause to salute Major Mithat Ulunlu of Istanbul, who commanded a battalion of Turks on the bloody Tokchon-Kunu Road in northwest Korea. In such small way we pay homage to all the 5,000 Turkish soldiers who have been fighting the fight of Free Nations. There are no longer 5,000 Turks under the banner of the United Nations in Korea. Nearly a thousand of them have died or been badly wounded. But in what Ulunlu said and did is reflected the courage and devotion of the fighting 5,000. His battalion was surrounded by the Reds. Orders came from headquarters. Ulunlu and his men were to retreat. The Turk shook his head. "Retreat? Why? You should come up to my position. I can handle everything in front of me. We are killing plenty of them." And as he spoke, as though to demonstrate that he told the truth, another contingent of Turks on his right—a mere handful—fixed their bayonets and charged into the screaming Chinese before them. They killed 200 Reds, wounded as many more. Then they returned to their position, bringing their fallen with them. To Major Ulunlu and his commander, General Tahsin Yazici, and their men, goes the admiration of all free men.

★ ★ ★

As you probably know, we're inclined to be optimistic. But every so often we come across somebody who, in comparison, has us looking like an apostle of melancholy, a morass of doldrums, despondency and the vapors. This time it's Mr. A. V. Perry, of Memphis, president of the Tennessee Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association. Mr. Perry has launched a campaign to stop women from gossiping in beauty shops. H'mmmmmm!

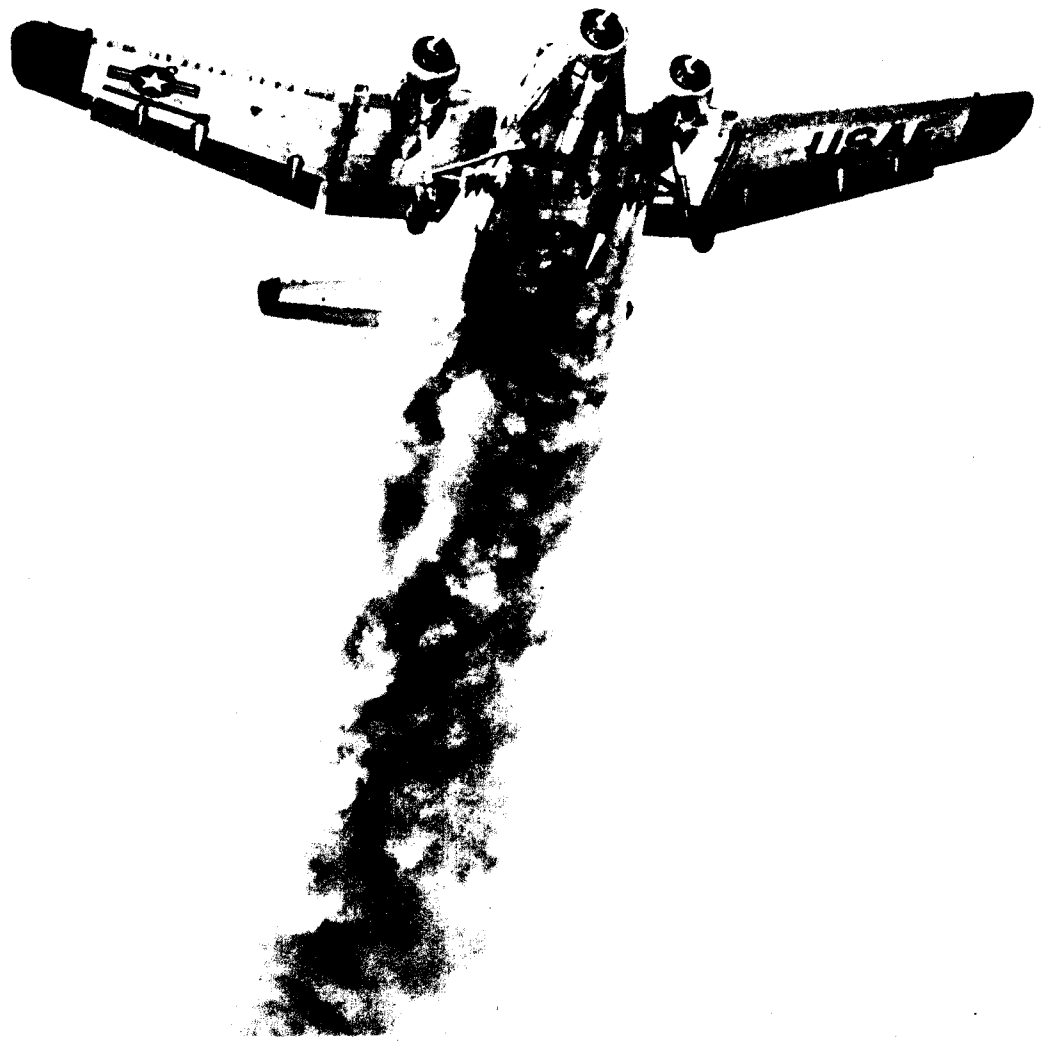
★ ★ ★

The Reverend Bryan Green, an English evangelist, is touring the United States. He says that he's absolutely opposed to asking strangers: "Are you saved?" Claims he doesn't want to embarrass anybody.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTION IN CALIFORNIA. On the north fork of the Feather River in California, Pacific Gas and Electric Company has placed two new dams . . . Cresta Dam and Rock Creek Dam. The huge drum gates for these dams, and the bridges directly above the n. required 4,380,000 pounds of steel. They were fabricated and erected by United States Steel.

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well . . .



NEW LIGHT ASSAULT TRANSPORT. Six rocket units help to lift the 40,000-pound weight of this new U.S. Air Force light assault transport in a recent test flight. With the addition of rocket units, the three-engine plane can now transport heavy loads in and out of small clearings. This is another good example of the fact that only steel can do so many jobs so well.

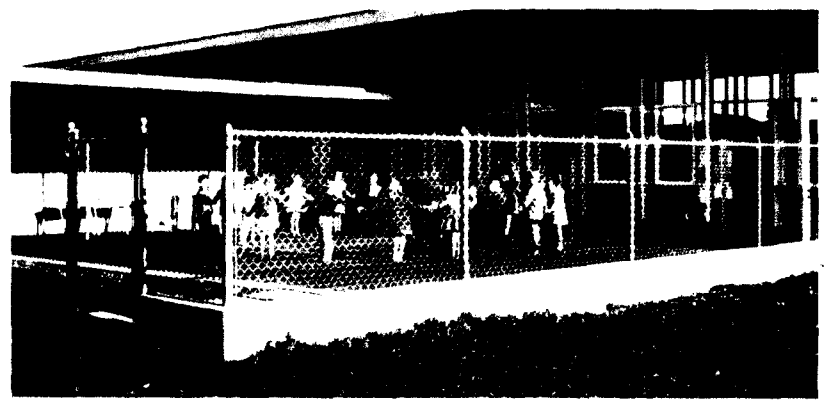
WASH DAY IS NO HEADACHE where equipment is made of U·S·S Stainless Steel. For stainless steel means easy cleaning, corrosion resistance, good looks and long life. Lucky that United States Steel is big enough to turn out steel for washing machines as well as warships, for toasters as well as tanks.

Listen to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS UNITED STATES STEEL

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

American steel mills can out-produce the rest of the world combined by 13 million tons of steel a year. The plants of United States Steel alone are pouring more steel than all the Communist nations put together.



NEW SCHOOL HAS 2-WAY PROTECTION. No matter how absorbed these children become, they can't rush into the path of passing traffic, because they are protected by sturdy, long-wearing Cyclone Fence. It not only keeps the children inside, it keeps undesirables out.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL CORPORATION • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Can't Spell Romance Without a M-a-n!
THE ONLY PLACE I FIND ROMANCE IS IN THE DICTIONARY! I JUST HAVEN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES FOR A ROMANCE OF MY OWN!
SUE, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES—IF YOU'D JUST GET YOUR DENTIST TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS ON —ON BAD BREATH!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
WHEN I GAVE COLGATE CARE A CHANCE I PUT THE "MAN" INTO ROMANCE!
Oooo

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

- Use Colgate Dental Cream
- ✓ To Clean Your Breath
- ✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
- ✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one *and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

I HATE CATS

By RALF KIRCHER

It recognizes my easy chair

PERHAPS you have a carnivorous mammal related to the lion, tiger and leopard at your house. Before you leap on a table screaming, "Where?" let me hurry on to add that I am speaking of your cat. "Carnivorous" is Webster's word for the beast, which is also cousin to the lynx, puma and jaguar, and if you possess such a one, strike my name from your invitation list because, where your delightful social functions are concerned, I'm not coming.

Not that I'm afraid of cats, mind you. I do not have aelurophobia, which is the scientific name for fear of cats, and which is pronounced ee-lyoo-ro-foe-bee-a, or "eek!" for short. One of my favorite aunts is an aelurophobe and is about the best friend a mouse ever had. She will not stay in the same room with a man whose uncle in Syracuse has cats. However, her fear doesn't run in the family and the cat doesn't live that can buffalo me. A buffalo can, maybe, but a cat can't. I merely loathe them deeply and avoid them when I can.

I might say in passing that we have a cat at our house, so I am speaking from firsthand experience. Our present cat was smuggled in three weeks before I knew we had it, and then one night I stepped on its tail. Well, you know how a cat lets go when it imagines itself injured! And, to make a long story short, while the family pried me out of the top shelf of the bookcase, they confessed about the cat and how they named it Secret because that's what it was—from me. At times my relations can go to lengths of coyness that cannot be rightly described in the presence of children or the clergy.

This is not our first cat and will probably not be our last, a fact much deplored by birds, moles, squirrels, chipmunks, myself and other innocent woods creatures. All of us are victims of a family that *will* have cats, and we try to make the best of it. Making the the best of it is easier for a mole, however. A mole can burrow off to some other locality. Let me try that and my family would dig me out before I got under the fence. Cats they'll have and cats I'll live with.

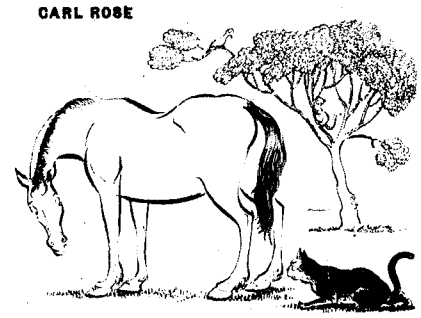
I won't say our cat isn't smart in some ways. It's smart enough to recognize my favorite chair and decorate it with fur. It's smart enough to sharpen its claws on the piano legs instead of injuring trees. It's smart enough to wait until I am about asleep before inviting another cat over to profane the night with their talk of love and home and little ones. It's smart enough to have kittens in my sleeping bag. Where any comfort of mine is concerned our cat will concentrate and pay attention and figure out some way to ruin it. But in other ways all cats are monumentally *dumb and, what is worse, proud of it.*

For instance, there is no animal too big to attract the malevolence of a cat. Our cat once stalked a grazing horse all morning, scowling balefully and lashing its tail and pretending every minute that it would lay that victim waste. But she finally settled for a chipmunk and then came home carrying her tiny victim and wearing the stupidly prideful air of a cat that intended to kill a horse but couldn't find one, but no matter, here was a chipmunk to tide us over, and we might expect a horse soon, Saturday maybe. In the way of vanity there is nothing that can touch a cat unless it is a rich blonde in a new convertible.

There is no record of anyone who ever turned an honest dollar with a cat. You never see a cat act in vaudeville, or hear of a cat performing a deed of valor, or learn of one that distinguished itself in any particular whatever. It only knows two tricks and those are typical cat tricks. It can snarl grandma's knitting beyond all hope of repair. And it can climb to inaccessible places and stay there complaining until the S.P.C.A. and the fire department and the newspaper photographers arrive. Cats especially like this latter stunt because it involves publicity and widespread inconvenience.

At least one city and two countries have given up cats as a bad job. Some time ago, Angora, Turkey, wanting doubtless to rid itself of cats, went after the boob market with high prices and did a brisk export business in the

CARL ROSE



She malevolently stalked a grazing horse all morning

species named after it. But before long the merchandise began to get a mighty poor reputation. Well, those Turks are nobody's fools. They took bankruptcy, waited until the scandal blew over, and then reopened as Ankara, and no more hanky-panky about cats! The same thing happened to Persia and Siam. Both experimented with a line of cats. Today those countries have changed their names to Iran and Thailand. Don't tell me *that's* just coincidence!

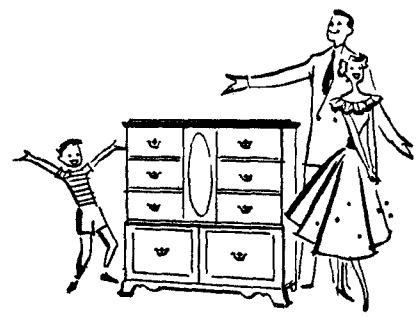
In conclusion, may I request certain wild-eyed readers to refrain please from writing me insulting letters, remembering that my immediate family will have covered everything in the way of vilification and abuse? THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RCA VICTOR

Rutland

A *Million Proof* "television-plus" combination! Big, 16-inch picture tube . . . performance proven in well over a million homes . . . RCA Victor's new, extra-powerful television circuits *plus* the best in radio and records—all this fun at one "affordable" price! See the Rutland at your RCA Victor dealer's.



Feast your eyes on this fine-furniture cabinet. Beautifully compact, it holds the very finest in television, radio, records. Separate instruments comparable to these would cost you many, many dollars more. Yes, it pays to buy entertainment, too, in the "family size economy package!"

Dance to the "45"—play ANY record. Music comes alive on "45"! Pile a stack of the 7", inexpensive "45" records on the big center changer—you'll think the band is right in the room! Also a changer for 78 and 33⅓ rpm records, intermixed 10" and 12" in the same speed.

MILLION PROOF Combination

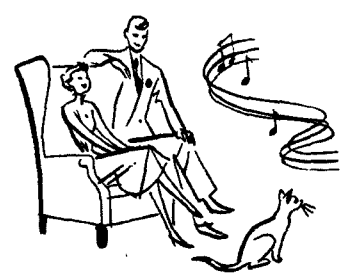
16" RCA VICTOR television—

proven in over a million homes . . .

superb AM-FM radio . . . recorded

music, complete and at its finest

ALL THIS—AND MILLION PROOF TELEVISION, TOO!



Enjoy AM-FM radio at their best. The "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's famous tone system—has extended range to make radio, records and television sound almost unbelievably rich and real. And you can choose the tone level you prefer with "continuously variable" tone controls.

And wonderful service, of course. The RCA Service Company will install and maintain your set when you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract—available *only* with RCA Victor television. No other company offers nation-wide Factory-to-you service—wherever you live.

Listen to "The $64 Question," every Sunday night at 10:00 p.m. New York time over your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corporation of America

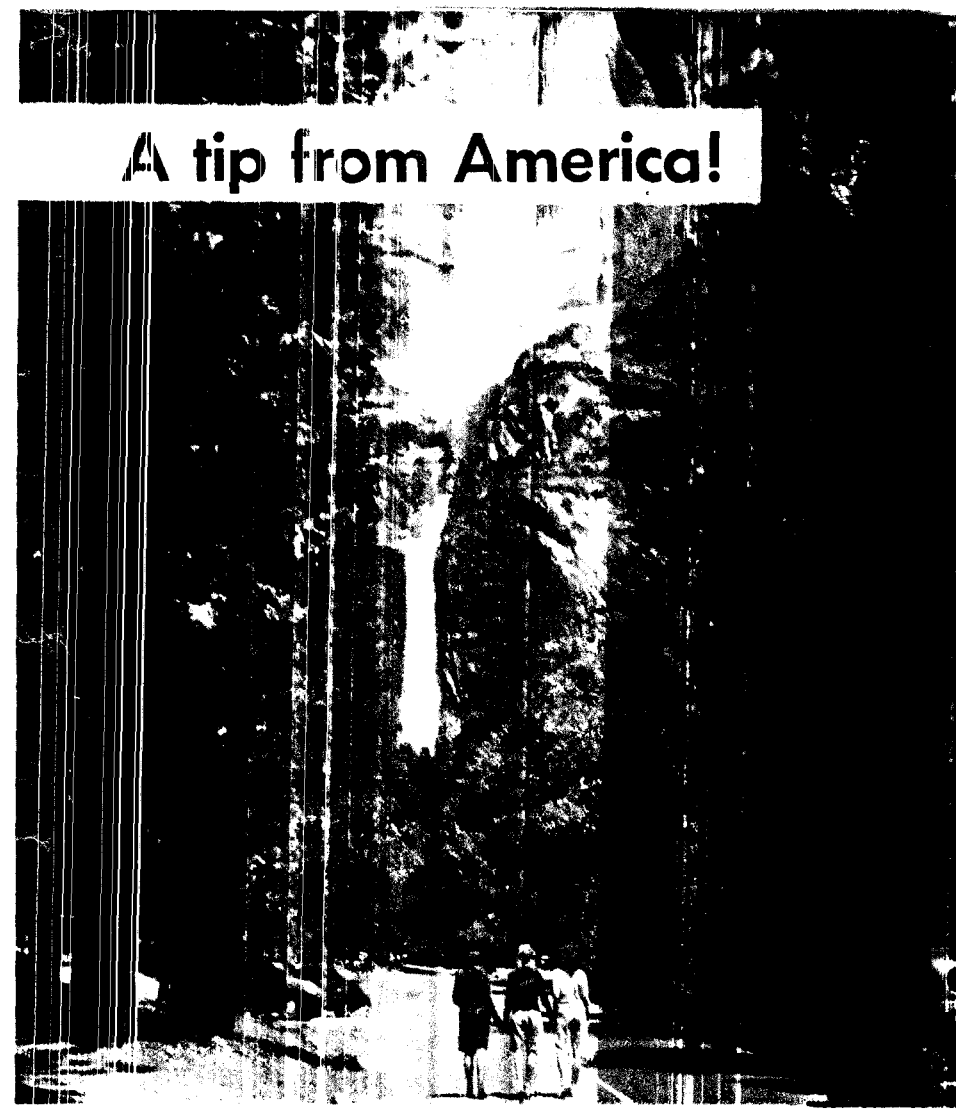
WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A tip from Detroit!

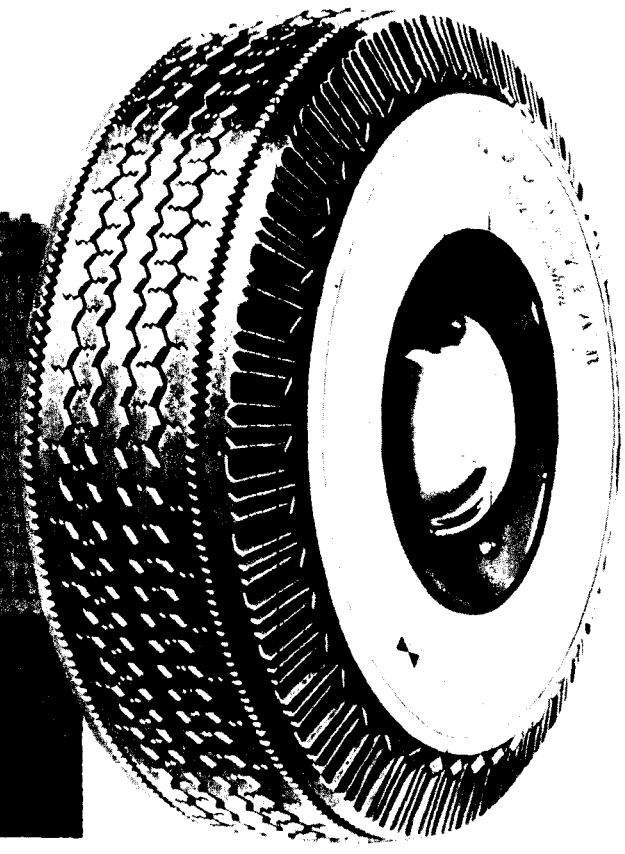
If you want to find out what tire gives the best all-around performance, take a tip from Detroit's leading car makers! They're experts. They really test tires before they buy them—*and they put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire!* (Above: Cadillac Square, Detroit.)

A tip from America!



Take another tip—from the motorists of America! *They buy more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire.* Why? Because the more they drive the more they find that the Super-Cushion can't be matched—for **safety, soft ride** and *long mileage.* (Above: Yosemite Falls, Cal.)

A tip from the World!



Go wherever cars are driven, and you'll discover that *more people the world over ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.* Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the best tire for *you* to buy? (Above: Heerenveen, Holland.)

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Super Cushion by **GOODYEAR**

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BILL STAPLETON

On the wind-swept open plaza, in the south corner of Seoul's once proud railroad station, the boxcar refugees rested and cooked their meals

BITTER WEEK END in SEOUL

By [illegible]
fro[illegible]

By JOHN DENSON

Collier's Foreign Editor

Seoul, Korea

Collier's foreign editor John Denson arrived in Seoul on a gray winter day as that undefended capital city once again waited in dread for the onrushing Red hordes from the north. To Denson and his companion, staff combat photographer Bill Stapleton, the depressing sights of the war-torn city with its streams of bewildered refugees seemed to provide a story that would indicate better than any other just what America faces in the struggle against Communism, regardless of immediate setbacks or successes.

"I hope I have managed to get across the things I saw and felt," Denson wrote. "I was tempted many times to fall on my knees among the refugees and pray that this never happens at home. Here, in Seoul and Korea, is the reason we must fight—and the reason we must hope to keep the war as far from home as we can. We must fight this evil thing —Communism—to the death. There will be no life anywhere if this insatiable, conscienceless monster wins out."

THESE were the leaden hours of the long retreat. All day the mud-clotted tanks, the troop carriers, the ammunition trucks, the tired, cold men and the refugees who cried only a few lonely tears had been moving south. Now, at eight o'clock this evening, Tai Pyung Tong was a silent street except for the occasional bump of a jeep on some hurried mission. Most of Seoul had shrunk into the uneasy night.

The young artillery lieutenant turned into an alley off Tai Pyung Tong. He stumbled up two steps hidden in the darkness. An MP with a rifle slung over his shoulder helped the lieutenant open a stubborn, rattling door. Smoky light, the heavy murmur of a crowd and music came from down a flight of dirty stairs. The orchestra played It's Been a Long, Long Time.

This was the Capitol Club, and if there was a pretense of anything gay in the rubble of this frightened city, here was the only place it could be found.

The large basement room with the cramped dance floor and another smaller room to the left were already packed elbow-tight with American officers, a sprinkling of Canadians and British, and Korean girls to dance the dances of home with them. There were colonels whose job was to keep supplies rolling, pilots back from strikes far to the north, and just-shaven infantrymen a few hours away from frozen foxholes. They wore their side arms—businesslike .45-caliber automatics—in shoulder holsters or swinging from their hips. Some had rifles, too, but they checked them with their parkas.

The lieutenant paid his admission at the crowded door: 3,000 won (current exchange was 4,000 won to the dollar). He looked about the dim room. Lee Chin Yong swung his five sweating musicians into Goodnight Irene. A single fluorescent light burned behind a thin purple drape over the orchestra. O To Sun, the manager, had done his best to make the club like those at home, but he had no chrome or leather or fine satin. Paper ribbons, colors faded to watery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pinks and blues, were strung across the ceiling. The tables, no two alike, had been gathered from the wreckage of Seoul, and the low Korean chairs swayed weakly.

The lieutenant had a kind of strange affection for this grimy place. He had had good times here. What had been gay before seemed this evening to hide a feeling of farewell.

Half shoving, the lieutenant got to a table next to where I was sitting with a couple of foreign traders who were trying desperately to do business in the path of retreat, a newsman despondent over the turn of the war, and a commercial pilot who had been through the last free moments of the great cities of China. It wasn't hard to hear what Sook Hi (her name means grace), of bright and searching eyes, asked the lieutenant when she joined him for a drink.

"Must we leave Seoul? *When* must we leave?"

Sook Hi asked what everyone in Seoul was asking. The lieutenant knew the worst; he knew that we, the liberators of Korea's ancient capital short weeks ago, were being forced steadily back from our positions in the northern hills. To where? No one could say on this tragic week end. The lieutenant, like the rest of us, was compelled to turn questions away. But the Koreans, filled with fear of the Communists' return, hunted answers everywhere. They wanted to know if there would be time for escape, and if there was hope that the city might yet be saved.

Outside the club, white-hatted elders, the worn middle-aged who had somehow survived the march to the south when the Reds captured Seoul in the first days of the Korean war, the young women with backs bent under the weight of babies, staring beggars, and those who still had a bit of warm clothing, all of them stood in zero cold to read the brief war posters.

They clung close together before the big bulletin board near the underpass at the towering South Gate, where the winds sweep from across the Han River and down the broad avenues. They waited in the alley on So Kong Wong, where newsboys hawked the late afternoon edition of Kyung Hyang (Capital Press), which managed to publish a single sheet of news in its shell-ruined plant; and in front of the Union Times on Ul Chi Ro, where an old man carefully read the war news while leaning on his bullock.

But none of the bulletins told them what to do or where to go. The news the men and shy women of Seoul read was full of hope, but not for now. Hope, perhaps, for some future day, for those young and sturdy and alert enough to live while war flowed all around them. The news was of the United Nations, the efforts of the Republic of Korea to keep up its part of the struggle against Communism, the determination of the Western Powers to build a defense against aggression.

There were bold posters on the board near the big gate. One showed a heroic figure, banner thrust upward, urging the United Nations forces to "March to the North." There was an announcement that the citizens of Seoul and the police would meet together to work out the many problems created where bombs, shells and the torch have done their most effective work. This had no meaning now. There was another poster showing Stalin kicking a figure labeled Korea in the pants. Nobody smiled at that.

As I stood in the chilled crowd with my interpreter, Wun Ho Min, and jeep driver, Kim Bong Ben, an urchin smudged by the burned buildings where he found his poor shelter slipped up beside me. The thin boy, not more than seven years old, grabbed for a shiny pencil clipped to an outside pocket. Min was quicker than the lad. He chased the boy away. The crowd didn't even turn to look. Those things happened. What could you do about the homeless children in times like these?

In the early evening, when work was done, the crowds at the big board grew larger. The men whispered to their wives, and read the bulletins again and again. Some waited until curfew to see if there would be fresh news—possibly even a little good news.

Ben, the driver, read the bulletins and then asked eagerly in his uncertain English:

"GIs stay in Seoul, maybe in Korea?"

There was no satisfactory answer for Ben.

When the people of Seoul could find no immediate hope in the bulletins and the questions they asked, they reached for wild wisps of rumor. A Korean export merchant asked if it were true that an army of 200,000 Japanese (once hated overlords of Korea) was on its way to join the UN forces against the Chinese. I had never seen a man so crushed when I told him there was no such army; that no such forces were available anywhere—right now—to help us turn back the enemy. Another knew vaguely about the hydrogen bomb. He expected this "very secret weapon" to correct our reverses all at once.

Bitter facts were not difficult to find in Seoul.

The underground Communists were in a more daring and murderous mood. They had become confident with word of overwhelming Chinese strength and victories. Their pudgy and merciless master, Kim Il Sung, premier of North Korea, issued threats of vengeance from Pyongyang to inflame them. At the very lowest estimate, there were 10,000 Communist agents and informers in the city, and perhaps many more thousands of collaborators. On this particular week end, military police said there was an average of 18 killings a night by the Communists, and the number was increasing. Anti-Communists were shot down in the dark streets, and as they sat at their tea tables in their boarded, bullet-pocked homes

From a hotel window in downtown Seoul, not far from the handsome Capitol, which was still another war casualty, one could hear the shots through the seemingly endless night. Sometimes there would be a single shot, then a long quiet, and again there would be a quick burst of shots. At times, an exchange sounded as though an anti-Communist were defending himself against the roaming Red assassins.

No man went unarmed on the streets at night.

At Kimpo Field, a U.S. major huddled at the fire, lost between loneliness and weariness

South Korean military police picked up Communists by the score, but for every 100 they caught, 200 escaped them. The police marched the Reds through the streets, ropes looping together groups of 75 or 80, unseeing men and women shuffling to Seoul's army prison. The MPs hauled them in trucks, forcing them to sit on the floor, heads lowered. One of the Reds risked a quick glance at me as I stood beside a prison truck. His eyes were merely curious. These mass arrests, almost daily mass executions on nearby "Execution Hill" and tight martial law served only to increase Communist terrorism.

Most brazen attack by Red gunmen was against the gate leading into the courtyard of the Chosun Hotel, where the members and most of the staff of UNCURK (the United Nations Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea) were quartered. The gunmen—two were observed—tried to shoot their way through military police at the gate. A platoon of soldiers finally drove the attackers off after a 10-minute battle.

This attack was a mystery. One guess was that the Communists were trying to kill the UNCURK members, but this was considered incredible. It would have been foolish, indeed, for the Communists to get themselves involved with governments more or less friendly to them—Pakistan, for example, whose shrewd and able Ambassador Mian Ziauddin was chairman of the commission.

Another, and possibly better, theory was that the Communists wanted to kill or kidnap some of the anti-Communist Koreans working at the hotel. In Seoul, you are marked for death by the Communists if you work for Americans or other foreigners, or if you do not submit utterly to Communism. As Min, my interpreter, who is an employee of the C. F. Sharp steamship lines, told me:

"We are safe only when the soldiers are around us. If the soldiers go and we stay, we will die at once. They will shoot us against the wall, or in the street. The Communists will get us no matter how deep a hole we dig for ourselves."

That was why the refugees poured down from the north. They had taken the only course they could in this massive Korean tragedy. When the Korean Communists are coming, it is a case of run or die. Hundreds of thousands, and the number would soon be 2,000,000 or more, were running. By freezing boxcar on the railroad from Pyongyang, by truck with their belongings if they were well-to-do, by cart pulled by heavy-coated Manchurian ponies or bullocks or men, by bicycle and by foot, they swarmed over and beyond Seoul.

Those coming by highway crowded the ponton bridge crossing the Han. The cold wind picked up dust from areas of the wide river bed which are covered only when the high waters come in summer. American MPs struggled to keep the refugees from slowing the southward stream of military traffic. The MPs cursed them, but they pitied them, too. An MP, blue-cold, shook his head:

"They got us on six-hour duty here. What can a guy stand? God, what's going to happen to these people?"

Where were they going? Pusan. Most of the refugees headed that way, toward the port city on the southeastern tip of Korea. Hadn't the Americans managed to hang on there in the bleakest days at the beginning of the war? Maybe, some thought, it would be safe in Taegu or somewhere below there. But most had heard that the guerrillas were active. Pusan, they guessed, promised best some small measure of safety from the cruel, power-hungry men bearing down on their backs.

At Seoul's once-proud railroad station, its glassed dome—or what was left of it—reflecting the pale winter sun, the boxcar refugees were herded into groups of about 300, each held together by a railway policeman. They rested and cooked their meals on the open plaza, or in some corner of the wrecked station. The shattered *(Continued on page 74)*

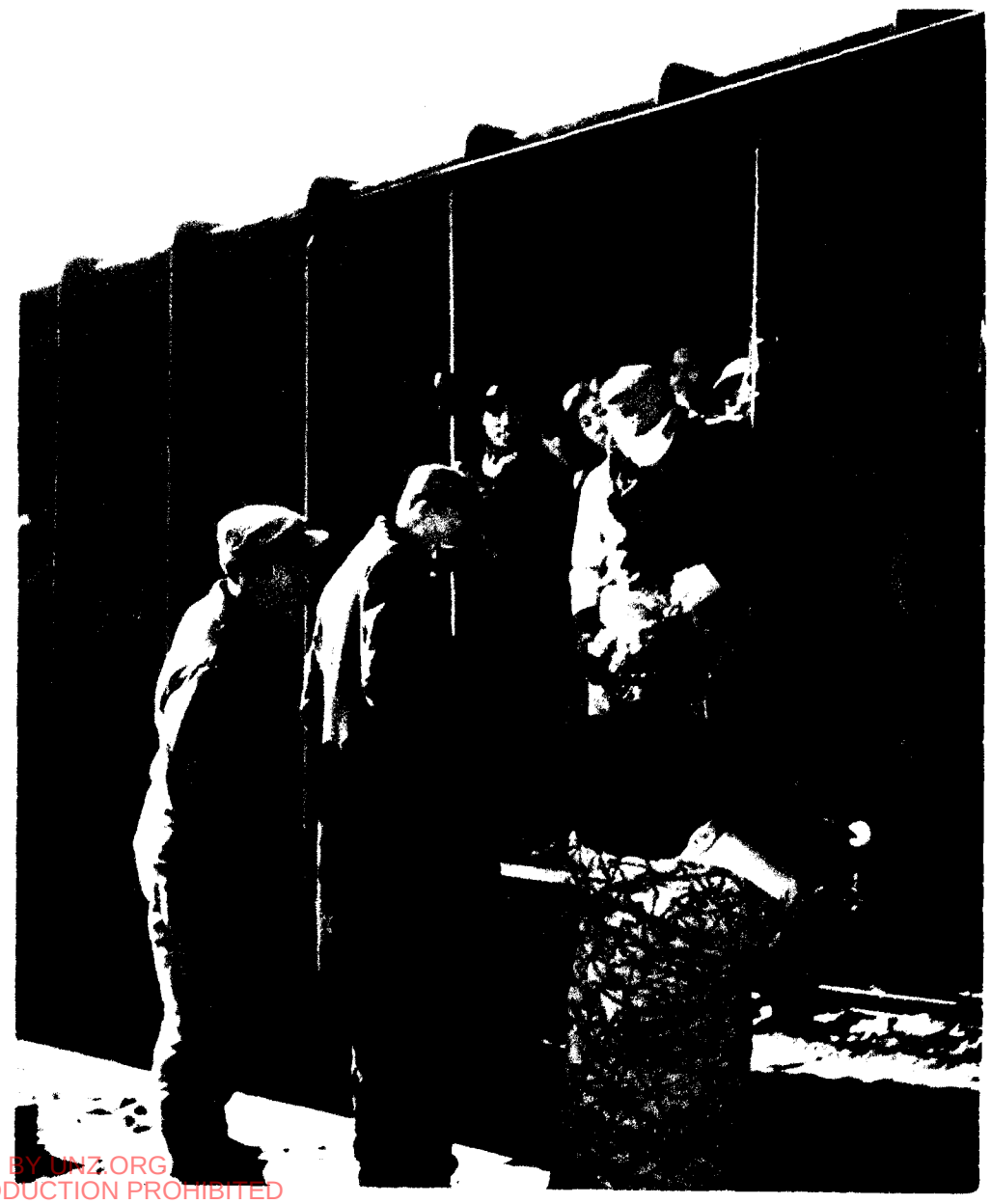
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Korean child, one of the fortunate ones with warm clothes, waits her turn to be evacuated. Thousands stood by; only a few could go

The villagers from the north came, carrying their poor possessions in bundles and burdened, too, with the terrible feeling of futility

In bitter cold, those fleeing along the highway to the south used the ponton bridge across the Han River, tying up military traffic

A train of boxcars at the railroad station was filled with hundreds of civilians, suffering through one of history's greatest tragedies



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genuine COLONIAL

"You make me feel unwanted," Connie told her husband, "as if you had thought you could afford me but find now that you ca[illegible]

By JOAN VATSEK

THERE were white hyacinths on the breakfast table.

"From our own garden," said Connie.

"Yes," said Brad, and his dark eyes rested for a moment on the flowers, but he did not smile.

"What are you thinking of, darling?"

"The taxes that paid for the hyacinths." He reached across the table and pressed her hand before she could reply; then he stood up and gulped down a third cup of coffee.

"You're drinking too much coffee, Brad."

"I know. Keeps me going."

She followed him into the hall. He put on his dark overcoat that she didn't like. It looked to her as if he might have gone back to his father's clothing store on upper Broadway to pick it out.

Brad had grown up in a red brick house around the corner from the store. His mother still lived there.

"Keeps *you* going?" Connie echoed. *"You?"*

He laughed a little. "The commuting is pretty grueling, Connie," he said. "Even if you do think of me as Superman."

"No," she said, "just as Man."

He laughed again and kissed her. " 'By, sweetie." It was a good kiss that left her glowing and reassured.

Yet there had been so many remarks lately! Taxes; commuting . . .

She stood at the window framed by white organdy curtains, and watched Brad stride down the narrow New England walk. He waved to her. Then, as he did each day, he gave a sharp slap with his rolled-up newspaper to the iron post of the carriage lamp that was the perfect last touch to their house.

It was the smallest house among the elect houses on the green, which dated back to colonial times. It had failed as a bookshop and had been put up for sale at what Brad had considered an incredibly high figure and she—who knew about such things—had declared a bargain.

The village was an hour and a half from New York. It had a picture-book quality. The post office, barbershop and library were all in harmony with the black-shuttered white houses on the green. Even the A & P had relinquished its present to its past. *The Great Atlantic And Pacific Tea Company* was lettered in black and red on its white façade. Ye Olde Inn had a hogshead on its signboard, and through the window you could see the wooden benches and the pewter mugs and candles. It was true that in three years they hadn't yet eaten there, and knew only by hearsay what expensive specialties were served there.

Brad was wearing her down, Connie thought resentfully, grinding away about expenses. She kept household expenses to the minimum, clothes to the minimum. They barely knew their neighbors, because they couldn't afford to entertain.

Connie turned from the window and surveyed her living room: the white mantelpiece, the shining brass equipment of the hearth, the hooked rugs, the old Boston rocker, the flower prints on the wall from Williamsburg; the narrow deep armchairs and comfortable sofa thrown in almost grudgingly, for Brad; the porcelain pug-nosed dog and the double-globed green lamp with an inner painted rose, cracked where it didn't show, set on a graceful eighteenth-century desk.

The dining room had a long cherrywood trestle table, cane-bottomed chairs and a high curved sideboard. The embossed wallpaper was a Jacobean design from England. It would be paid for in time, and so would the soft old-rose rug on the dining-room floor.

Upstairs, two of the small bedrooms were furnished, each with a big walnut spool bed, and old-fashioned bureau, and a small table with a hand basin and pitcher, white with a blue design.

Brad's mother had been unable to repress her mirth at the sight of the basin and pitcher.

"Thought we'd done away with those," she had remarked briskly. "Where is the rest of the set, dear?"

"We put those up in the attic, Mother," said Brad, winking, and looking sideways at Connie, to see how she would take their laughing at her. She had taken it very well, she thought.

"It's all a matter of keeping in period," she had explained, as though she were talking to a customer in Kay's shop.

IT WAS in Kay's shop that she had learned everything she knew about furniture and china. It was there she had been working on a hot Washington day when Brad came by in his Navy uniform, and glanced in curiously at the array of glassware, and saw Connie.

"You looked hot and bored," Brad told her later. "Just as I stopped you blew, and a lock of hair flew up. You gazed at me quite naturally, looking sort of exasperated with life—just the way I felt.

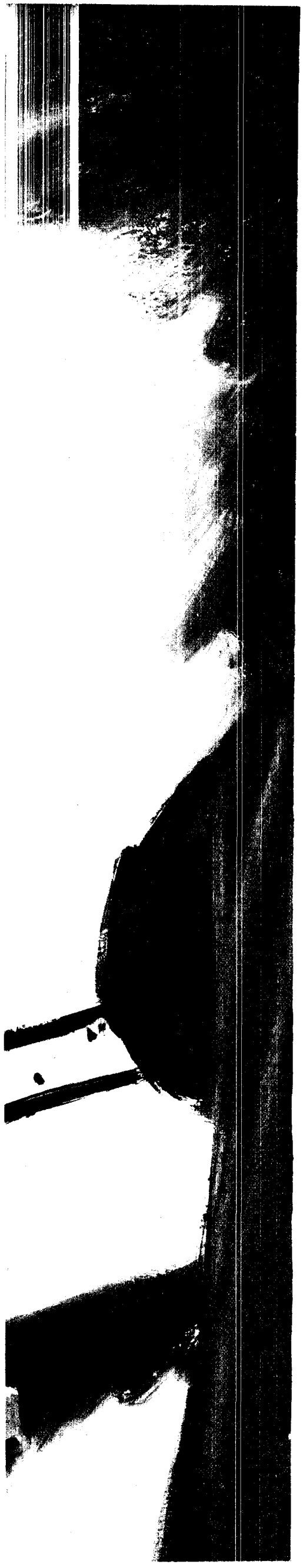
"Before I knew it I was coming into the shop, pretending I wanted to buy something, knowing damn' well that I didn't want anything in that shop except you."

Having finished making their beds, Connie picked up the photograph she kept on her bureau, of Brad in his Navy uniform. What a handsome guy, she thought.

Gently she put back the photograph.

But going downstairs and seeing the white hyacinths, she felt a surge of renewed resentment.

Of course they were *(Continued on page 59)*



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a sudden panic, she gazed down at Brad through the dusty glass window. With an awful feeling that their parting was final, she wrote: *I love you*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELVIN A. DUERST

Raimundo Vera, shown with family, is one of 570 starving men settled in Misiones Colony, Paraguay, two years ago. Now he's a happy landowner

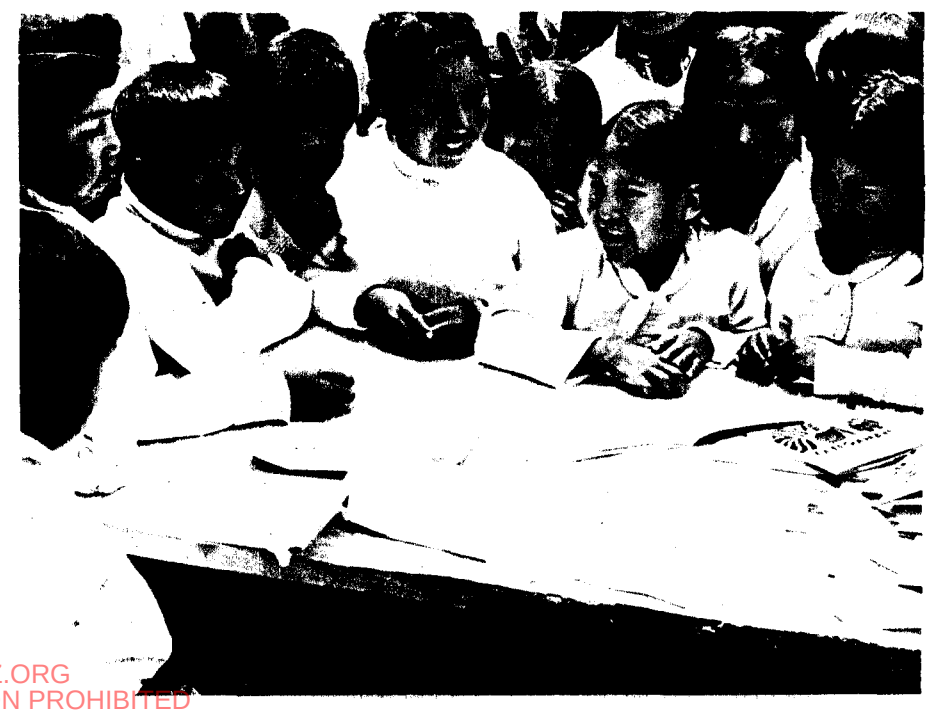
A BETTER HEMISPHERE

Living standards in Latin America have been boosted by a U.S. project that sets a pattern for our Point Four program

By J[illegible] W. [illegible]

Children like these are being taught to read and to brush their teeth, and their illiterate, poverty-ridden parents are learning with them

Vocational schools established by Americans are teaching girls how to keep house and boys how to make a living. This one is in Bolivia



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I

Asunción, Paraguay

IF YOU knew that one small penny out of every hundred dollars you paid in taxes could speed the day of world peace, the chances are that your reluctant tilts with the tax collector would take on all the joyful aspects of a love feast.

The sensational fact is that—unknown to most Americans—a single tax cent from each of us *is* substantially advancing peace by helping change the face of almost an entire continent, one of key importance to us and at the same time of fierce interest to the Communists.

Thanks to a surprisingly low-cost U.S. program little publicized back home, myriads of hitherto half-starved, ragged and ill-housed Latin Americans in 16 of the 21 republics to the south of the United States, subsisting in the squalor and misery on which the Communist Lorelei battens, have won a spectacular new lease on life.

They have been cured of the malaria and other diseases which for centuries chained them to a subhuman level of existence.

They are growing as much as 50 per cent more food on the same acreage; for the first time, eating nourishing, vitamin-rich meals.

The little farmers are making money where they never did before. They are building clean, solid homes to replace the filthy hovels in which their families have always lived.

Their children, for the first time are going to school, their young men acquiring trades.

The grownups themselves are learning how to work, to profit more from their work, and to plan for the sensible spending of the money they earn.

People on the land—their kind comprises two thirds of Latin America—now have something to live for. The poorest, unhealthiest, unhappiest, most ignorant and neglected—and therefore the easiest of targets for Red sweet-talk—they have begun to see themselves as members of the property-owning system instead of its victims. They know that back of their new well-being are the *yanquis* they have been told are heartless imperialists. They are being converted into friends and followers of our capitalistic, democratic way of life.

In this remarkable new-world-in-the-making below the Rio Grande, the conversion process is as yet by no means complete. A continent is neither economically nor socially remade overnight. And the Kremlin's courtship goes on apace. But with the final outcome in our favor, credit will beyond question belong to a quiet, grass-roots operation directed by a fledgling U.S. government outfit, The Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

The institute, which last June was incorporated into the larger Point Four program, began its work south of the border, however, well before that program was even enunciated. The way in which it has furnished technical help to our underdeveloped hemisphere neighbors has provided Point Four with a model to be followed in underdeveloped areas elsewhere in the world. Point Four projects are getting under way in Afghanistan, Ceylon, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Egypt, Haiti, India, Iran, Mexico, Pakistan and Thailand. Logically enough, Nelson Rockefeller, who launched the institute, is now planning chief for Point Four.

Working in close harness with the governments concerned, the institute is engaged in a far-flung frontal assault on three major problems of Latin-American life: health and sanitation, food production and education. Unlike many a past program of betterment, it is minus the high-sounding platitudes and the experts who came, saw, wrote a report and went home. The institute's operation is a sleeves-rolled-up, follow-through affair. It is a prime example of America at its best—demonstrating know-how. And it has worked.

The institute has 25 separate projects going: health and sanitation projects in 14 republics, education in seven, food supply in four. Some of the countries have taken on two projects, and in Peru and here in Paraguay they are tackling all three at once.

The technique is simple. The institute sends American doctors, nurses, teachers, engineers and/or farm experts to the country that asks for help. This field party organizes and trains a team of local men and women. The team becomes a bureau in the host country's ministry of health, education or agriculture. The American field-party chief heads this bureau, and is responsible to the appropriate Cabinet minister as well as to institute headquarters in Washington.

Trainees Acquire American Know-How

Together the Americans and trainees study a particular problem. The Americans contribute know-how, the trainees their knowledge of local conditions, customs and prejudices. This pattern of co-operation has become known as a *servicio*, so called because the bureau is titled the *Servicio Co-operativo* of health, education or food supply, as the case may be.

Once the *servicio* works out a solution to a problem it gets the Cabinet minister's go-ahead. A crew promptly goes out into the field to put the technical recommendations into effect. It is this local crew, guided by American experts, that is the key to institute success; past U.S. programs of technical aid to foreign countries failed because they hadn't the ground organization to follow through on the experts' advice. The institute withdraws the Americans as rapidly as the trainees learn our methods.

The lowly potato is a case in point of how such teamwork operates. Originally the potato came not from Ireland, but from the highlands of Peru. The method of growing it there was as ancient as the crop itself. To have tried direct contact between an American farm expert and the notoriously suspicious Peruvian farmer on ways to improve his output would have taken years.

So an American expert trained a Peruvian crewman in seed selection and spraying. The Peruvian journeyed into the back country and, talking the language of its reticent inhabitants, persuaded just three farmers to follow his instructions. That year they got five times as many potatoes per acre as the year before, with profits *(Continued on page 63)*

The U.S. and the World

It was in his inaugural address of January, 1949, that President Truman first gave voice to the idea of the program now known as Point Four. Listing his foreign-policy aims, he cited as the fourth point a "bold new program" to provide American technical aid to the world's underdeveloped areas, to help those areas help themselves to a better life. The launching of this program, with its unique blend of realism and idealism, was fatefully timed. Point Four, which actively engaged us in the business of peace, was officially begun only a few weeks before Korea actively engaged us in the business of war.

Headed by Dr. Henry Garland Bennett, president of Oklahoma A&M College, with Nelson Rockefeller as planning chief, Point Four got a $34,500,000 sendoff from Congress and now has projects under way in 39 countries throughout the world.

Necessarily long-range, this vast endeavor will not be ready to be judged on its achievements for some time to come. But we can get an idea of its potential from a smaller U.S. program, recently brought into the Point Four setup, which has been under way since 1943 in 16 of the 21 republics to the south of us. This Latin-American program, according to Dean Acheson, has been "the inspiration and the proving ground" for Point Four.

What the U.S. is doing below the border is, in effect, showing off its best side: quietly, without fanfare, spreading know-how, helping the common man of Latin America lift himself out of the misery of centuries, teaching him how to make his own country a better place to live. Proof of what Point Four can do for underdeveloped countries anywhere, this American effort—despite Red attempts to smear it as imperialism—has had but one motive: to give the neighbors a hand and thereby make the community—our one world—a happier place for us all.

To get the Latin-American story, Collier's sent John W. White on an extensive tour of the Southern continent. A leading authority on the lands below the Rio Grande, he worked as a newspaperman there for 25 years, 10 of them as chief South American correspondent for the New York Times. THE EDITORS

Peruvian Indians, shown threshing grain with flails, were told by farming experts they must abandon such methods to earn more money

Some Peruvian Indians still use ancient methods, but these farmers and many others rent U.S. equipment from a low-cost machinery pool

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHOIRBOY

By PAUL ANNIXTER

Every dog has his day, and Choirboy had his twice: once as a war hero, and once back in the old home town—when all of us figured he had turned into something of a bum

OUR town of Baysport had made quite a memorable showing for its size in World War I. But in World War II we didn't seem to run to heroes. A lot of us went across and we saw more rugged going, in stretches, than was dreamed of at Château-Thierry and the Marne, but none of us hit the glory trail. Young Corey Boynton came the nearest of any and he returned with only some hash marks and a rocker on his sleeve and a military citation. But we had our war hero all the same —Choirboy, old Jesse Hunnicutt's favorite dog.

Jesse was one of the greatest hunters and dog trainers this country has ever known. He had raised Choirboy from a pup, had been his trainer and almost constant companion for four years, before he was brought to bed with his last illness. Choirboy broke all the rules Jesse had set up for hunting dogs. He wasn't even purebred, and people used to rib Jesse unmercifully about it. Jesse called him a Walker, but the dog had in him, of all things, a mixture of mastiff that was discernible to the schooled eye. The result was a heavy, seamed and melancholy face, big bones and great lubberly paws, the heart of a lion and a world of wisdom and forbearance in his steady tawny depth of eye.

Choirboy was named for the peculiar musical cadence of his trail song when hunting fox or rabbits in the hills, which was sometimes high and wild and clear and again would drop to a deep and mellow gong note. He was slow, but tenacious, and the surest, coldest-nosed dog Jesse ever had.

When the call had gone out for dogs to join the K-9 Corps, Choirboy with his intensive training had been one of the few eligibles in Baysport. And Jesse himself, though it almost broke his heart, wanted Choirboy to go. The two had hunted their last hunt together. Jesse knew it, but Choirboy didn't. That was the tough part of it. For months the dog had been languishing miserably, unable to understand why Jesse never went any more to the woods and fields they both loved. It had been hard on both of them, for Choirboy was a one-man dog and Jesse was very close to being a one-dog man.

"You'd best sign him up if they'll take him, Liddy," Jesse had told his wife. "He's eating his heart out here, and anyway there ought to be one Hunnicutt in this man's war."

So Choirboy was drafted into the K-9 Corps and put into a commando outfit, for he was of the heavy-muscled, one-track, shock-troop kind. What he went through before they made a killer out of him must have gone beyond all telling. He had been one of the first dogs to land in the islands and he had made a great record for himself and Baysport, down there in the jungles. But this story is to deal purely with his postwar record.

It was in '45 that Choirboy came home with three neat chevrons and a rocker shaved carefully in the fur of his right foreleg—and the Purple Heart! He'd served a year and a half, seen action in three of the grimmest of our Pacific island pushes. And what action! He'd got the Purple Heart when he was wounded while slipping through a cordon of Japs by night, where no human could have won through, carrying a message that brought reinforcements and victory.

They'd spent a long time rehabilitating the killer out of him before his release—an impossible task in many cases, but Choirboy's great heart and intrinsic kindliness had won out over the mayhem-machine into which he'd been transformed. In spite of all he'd been through he was never vicious and he was always a friend to children. But old Jesse Hunnicutt in the meantime had died; his wife had left our town, and so it was Jesse's brother, Ed Hunnicutt, who came by the dog. Ed paid for the dog's keep and his collars—Choirboy didn't have to have a license in our town any more; our mayor had proclaimed that publicly. For there was the matter of the Purple Heart and the whole town regarded the dog as a precious civic property, though Ed Hunnicutt was his legal owner.

Ed, who managed the town bank, was a grand fellow, though no hunter or outdoor man. It was for that reason, I always felt, that Choirboy never really cottoned to him. That was a real grief to Ed, though he didn't talk about it. For Ed really loved the dog and was proud as Punch over his war record. He talked of him fondly and a bit wistfully as "my dog," but Choirboy never belonged to him in that special sense in which a dog is supposed to be a man's, and he seldom stayed at Ed's place. It was just a point of call among scores of others.

No man, I knew, would ever "own" Choirboy again, but I think I can say that I came closer than anyone else to taking Jesse Hunnicutt's place with him. I didn't own any part of him, but he and I had a tie. We'd known each other a long time and to Choirboy I was the last link to the good old life that was all but forgotten. I'd been one of Jesse's closest friends, you see, and dozens of times the three of us had hunted together through the fall woods.

The very first day Choirboy was back in town he checked up on me in the old Baysport Banner building where I've been combined police, society and sports reporter and pinch-hit columnist for fifteen years. I heard the rattle of his worn nails along the corridor, then into the office he burst, to rear up and fling his great forepaws against my chest and give me the dangdest look a dog ever gave a man. A look of swift joy and eagerness and hope, followed by question, suspicion.

FINALLY a sort of confusion came over him when he failed to get the special news he wanted. His tail went dead in its socket, the eager light died out of his eyes and a look of dull disappointment fell over his seamed face. He was seeking rumor of Jesse Hunnicutt in the place he'd been surest of it, and finding none. And there was nothing I could do to bridge the silent gulf between us. It was enough to break your heart.

From that time on, Choirboy never missed a day in looking in on me. He'd always had free run of the Banner building and about ten each morning I'd hear him padding down the corridor. We'd pass the time of day, he'd give me that deep imploring look, then leave to continue his search.

His days came to consist of one endless round of the town's stores, bars and restaurants and the many homes where he was known and loved. From the day of his return the town had had to reckon with him in a general municipal sense. And soon Choirboy had to reckon with the town, in ways not all to the good. Everywhere he went he was greeted, coddled and given outrageous handouts of food. At the butcher shops they saved heart and liver for him, which he liked; there was cake forthcoming at the bakeries, fish at the harbor, and candy at the sweetshops if he'd have it. Wherever he deigned to stop, a meal and a welcome awaited him. As is the case with many a human hero, his home town was doing its unconscious best to make a vag and a softy out of him.

As a result, Choirboy began taking on layers of fat beneath his sleek coat where no fat should be, and a certain dullness of satiety clouded his fine topaz eyes. But though he succumbed to the fleshpots, he wasn't happy. There was always a depth of sadness and yearning in his lined face and his spirit seemed often afar. He was still engaged in his quest for Jesse Hunnicutt in all these peregrinations, hopeless and hollow though it was, but as the many months went by, the very object of his search dimmed to the vanishing point, as it does with animals, so that in time it was mere force of habit that drove him on.

Two propensities the Army had given him. The first was an overweening love of numbers. Wherever five or more people were in congregation, there Choirboy was to be found. No band concert, fire, park picnic or club conclave went ungraced by his presence.

People, particularly men, were his meat, although he was also honorary member, professional greeter and, alas, official cake and pie taster of our Ladies' Aid Society.

The second propensity was an ingrained distrust and hatred of firearms. One fine morning Walnut Street was thrown into considerable hubbub when Choirboy spotted little Ferdie Hyatt firing a noisy cap pistol in a game of war with another boy. On an impulse Ferdie turned his pistol on Choirboy. Although belligerence had been quite trained out of the dog, a pistol was a pistol, a thing of evil and of the enemy. For a moment he must have forgotten himself, for Ferdie got the fright of his life as a bristling yellow-eyed demon suddenly challenged him with a voice like water sucking down a big drain. The prompt appearance of a policeman brought Choirboy back to Baysport and the present, or rather, I think, the sight of the patrolman's uniform, for the dog had brought back a lasting respect for regimentals.

These doings of Choirboy's furnished me with the meatiest sort of copy. Not a week went by but Choirboy made the Banner's front page, usually in a special box in the lower left-hand corner, which our delighted citizenry came to watch for each new misadventure of the town's pampered anachro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had won the Purple Heart when he was wounded as he carried a message

nism. An Army magazine re
wrote Choirboy up.

Although the dog continued tc
out of the old farmhouse he h
under the aegis of Ed Hunnicu
less and less to do with each
wasn't any companionship there
being the quiet indoor man he w
the dog, for instance, and he felt
come; if he didn't, he wouldn't. I
to groom him and I was the one
boy's chevrons neatly trimmed—a matter of pride

It got so he rarely spent a night
much preferred the company of one or other of the
town's night patrolmen on their rounds, or mixing
with the crowds in the railroad depot, or if I hap-
pened to be working late, to lie beside my desk one
eye shut and the other blinking at me if I so much
as stirred a foot. Sometimes I'd try to make him
spend the night at my rooms, but Army life had
given him a sort of claustrophobia. After half an
hour he'd give the door an apologetic thump and
take his leave.

When fall came I managed to take him hunting
with me once a week. But our afternoons afield
turned out to be sad affairs. Both of us had begun
to feel the years. My heart wasn't in it any more
and that Epicurean girth Choirboy had taken on
was no help at all to flashy field work. We simply
went through the strict formalities of the hunt,
never a point missed or slurred over on Choirboy's
part; we'd shoot a bird or two without verve, with-
out pleasure, both our minds harking back to other
days and other hunts when old Jesse had been
along. It was too damned depressing and before
long I gave it up.

The days and the weeks went by, a whole year
and a half of them; the town jogged peacefully
along; and Banner editions came out on unvarying
schedule.

And Choirboy's weird doings were also unvary-
ing. His great love had been distilled through
time and pain, and war and death, into the love of

dog, or every
fussiness and that
garrulousness had had their way, and he
in every sense except verbal oath,
ed Moose, an Elk, an Odd Fellow, a
of the World with a passion for evening
American Legionnaire and an enthusiastic
member of our Commercial Club, with a clean rec-
ord never a meeting missed.

He gave evident his unwavering support to all band
concerts, marriages, dances—and even funerals,
where he reflected the spirit of the occasion and
was pensive with his head beneath a chair, even
moaning miserably on one or two occasions. So
fervent a rooter had he become for the Baysport
baseball team that a special player had to be de-
tailed to keep him from lolloping over the diamond
when a game was in progress.

But he was going the way of most returned he-
roes by now; there was a definite sag to his fuselage,
and he was softening, slipping downgrade—a tame
and civic institution, so taken for granted that his
glorious record afield had practically become a
myth. And to become a myth while still alive is to
sit in the ash heap indeed. It looked like the curtain
had gone down on the second and last act of Choir-
boy's drama.

THEN one Saturday morning it went up sud-
denly on a surprise third act. It was near eleven
o'clock and Choirboy had looked in at the Citizens'
Bank to check up on Ed Hunnicutt, for after all Ed
had been closer to Jesse than most. Ed was at his
usual desk in the little railed-in front office, signing
up a workman for a loan, when Choirboy reared
up with a yawping sound of greeting, resting his
big front feet on the oak counter. Ed looked up,
sort of pleased as he always was at sight of the dog,
but he ordered Choirboy to get down. I heard it, for
I was in line at the teller's window with a pay check.

Choirboy was turning disconsolately toward the
door when into the bank strode two young men,
Mace Turner, of Winslow, Arizona, and Juan

Ba[illegible] of Socorro, New Mexico, rarely well known
to [illegible] marshals of five states and numerous FBI
agents, as we later learned. Turner wore gloves;
Bacca wore a Colt automatic, which he immedi-
ately produced, ordering the bank personnel and
the nine amazed customers to reach for the ceiling.
Turner vaulted the oak counter into Ed Hunnicutt's
office and thence into the tellers' cages where he
scooped all available money into a leather case.

"Everybody into the vault," Turner ordered.
"Step lively now, and nobody'll get hurt."

He too had a Colt in his hand now. We cus-
tomers and the entire bank force, with hands raised,
began a slow shuffle toward the rear of the bank
where the heavy vault door stood open. It was like
a scene from an old silent movie. Choirboy still
stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor, watch-
ing proceedings with mixed wonder and suspicion.
Guns. He didn't like them. He wasn't liking any
of it, it was plain; but everyone had forgotten
Choirboy, apparently.

Everyone, that is, but Ed Hunnicutt and me. I
looked at Ed's pale strained face and saw his glance
fix on Choirboy, and in that swift suspended mo-
ment I read his mind, got the overtone of it, or har-
monic, you might say. Choirboy, too, was looking
at Ed. He'd begun to bristle.

"Get him, boy!" came Ed's sudden sharp order,
his finger pointing at Bacca in the center of the
floor with his menacing gun. In the same instant
Ed dropped from sight behind the oak counter.

I saw Choirboy, a snarling, fanged and electrified
demon, drive straight for his mark—the weapon
wrist. Good old commando stuff. Bacca whirled,
and his revolver spat a couple of shots as the dog
came in, then fell to the floor as teeth closed on
bone. A moment later the fellow's voice rose in a
weird choking cry from the floor as Choirboy stood
over him, white fangs snicking but a few inches
from his throat.

Turner, unwilling to risk a shot because of the
close tangle of the Mexican and the dog, came to
Bacca's aid. He vaulted *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why . . . DDA

. . . HERE'S THE

IN SEPTEMBER, 1945, Generalissimo Joseph V. Stalin gave former Senator Claude Pepper this message for the American people:

"Just judge the Soviet Union objectively. Do not either praise us or scold us. Just know us and judge us as we are and base your estimate of us upon facts and not rumors."

The purpose of this editorial is to try to follow Stalin's advice. We are going to take an objective look at the Soviet record. We are going to base our estimate upon facts that are too frequently forgotten. They are forgotten in a trend toward wishful thinking which has increased with the growing threat of war.

Throughout the world today there are people who think that the present crisis can be resolved through some sort of deal with Russia. There are Americans who would cancel all of our government's commitments outside our own territory. There are Europeans who would abandon all plans to rearm their continent. These people would put their faith in diplomacy alone. Unrealistically, they would risk the preservation of peace on a naïve belief in the honesty, good faith and good intentions of the Soviet government, in spite of world Communism's aggressions and building up of military might.

What are the odds in such a fateful gamble? Let us try to find out. And let us begin with a short history of Soviet diplomacy.

In the past 25 years the Russian government has denounced or violated 28 treaties of neutrality, nonaggression, friendship or military alliance.

Russia and Finland signed a nonaggression pact in 1932. Russia invaded Finland in 1939.

Russia had treaties of nonaggression and military alliance with Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Russia annexed those three Baltic republics in 1940.

Russia had a nonaggression pact with Turkey, and denounced it in 1945.

Russia signed a nonaggression agreement with Nationalist China in 1937, and a treaty of alliance in 1945. Almost immediately after signing the latter, the U.S.S.R. began looting Manchurian industry and giving to the Chinese Communists the Japanese arms which they seized as a result of their brief participation in the Pacific war. Yet, these treaties remained formally in force until Moscow recognized the Mao Tse-tung regime in 1949.

Russia still has a military alliance with France. But the Kremlin has given diplomatic recognition to the Communist Viet-Minh rebels in French Indochina.

The list of examples can be extended, but the pattern is the same.

Now let us see how faithfully the Russian government has carried out the terms of the Yalta and Potsdam declarations, the armistice agreements, the Allied control pacts and the peace treaties that so far have been signed.

The Yalta conference agreed to help liberated countries form "interim government authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population and pledged to the earliest possible establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people."

That was in February, 1945. On the 27th day of that month, Andrei Y. Vishinsky, now Soviet Foreign Minister, showed up in Bucharest and gave King Michael just four and a half hours to dismiss the Rumanian Cabinet and install a new one, handpicked by Russia. Immediately after the Moscow Foreign Ministers' conference in December of 1945, Rumania's Communist Premier Petru Groza promised representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Russia that his government would maintain freedom of speech, press, religion and assembly, and hold "free and unfettered" elections. All these promises were violated.

In Hungary the Soviet members of the Allied Control Commission consistently acted without consulting their American and British colleagues, in violation of the Yalta and armistice agreements. They arrested political leaders of the opposition, and allowed the Hungarian Communist minority to force an elected government out of power. They dissolved Catholic youth organizations and dictated the size of the Hungarian army —all on their own.

Russia's domination of Poland dates back even before January, 1945, when the Kremlin formally recognized the "Lublin Committee," which it sponsored and controlled, as the provisional government of Poland. But Stalin agreed at Yalta to a coalition government for the country. A month later, Red Army authorities arrested 16 Poles whom they accused of working for the Polish government in exile, then functioning in London. In 1946 they started closing down the Polish Peasant Party of Former Premier Stanislaus Mikolajczyk.

The fiction of Polish independence was finally dissipated in November, 1949, when a Soviet officer, Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, was appointed Poland's minister of national defense.

In Bulgaria, the Soviet chairman of the Allied Control Commission succeeded in blocking free elections in 1946.

Czechoslovakia remained independent until 1948. Then, with a Soviet deputy Foreign Minister on the scene, the Czech Communists whipped up a government crisis and took over—just before the scheduled national elections, which they seemed certain to lose.

Russia has blocked all efforts to write a peace treaty for Austria. It has seized industrial plants and other equipment. It has thwarted the establishment of democratic self-government. It has confiscated American publications. It has terrorized and arbitrarily arrested Austrian citizens. All these actions are in violation of Allied agreements.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can't be Trusted

RECORD

The long and continuing story of broken agreements in Germany is familiar. But let us not forget that the Soviet government solemnly and formally pledged itself to treat Germany as an economic unit, to allow and encourage all democratic political parties, to limit reparations and to report on their removal, to stabilize taxes and wages in all zones, to guarantee freedom of speech and press, to permit free exchange of information, to wait for a final peace settlement before fixing a permanent German-Polish border.

All these and many other pledges have been flouted, and Eastern Germany has become an indoctrinated, regimented copy of the Russian police state.

It should also be remembered that hundreds of thousands of German and Japanese war prisoners in Soviet hands are still unrepatriated and unaccounted for, more than five years after the end of the fighting in World War II.

But, some will say, it is still possible to reach a diplomatic agreement without the burdensome and dangerous attempt to match Russia's military strength. For, after all, hasn't Stalin said that it is possible for Socialism and capitalism to co-operate and live in peace?

He has indeed, on several occasions and in no uncertain terms. When Alexander Werth of the London Sunday Times, asked him if he thought a friendly, lasting collaboration of the Soviet Union and the Western democracies was possible, Stalin replied, "I do, unconditionally." He made similar statements to Harold Stassen, Elliott Roosevelt, Roy W. Howard, and Mr. Pepper, among others.

We don't believe that Stalin would care to be accused of deviation from the teachings of Lenin. Lenin is still the unquestioned interpreter of the Marxian gospel; Stalin is his heir and his disciple. The disciple quotes him frequently and reverently. Yet, it was Lenin who said that *any* war waged by the proletariat to strengthen and extend Socialism was legitimate and "holy." It was Lenin who bluntly disposed of any talk of friendly, lasting collaboration in a statement which Stalin has frequently quoted:

"We are living not only in a state, but in a system of states," Lenin said; "and the existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist states for a long time is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end comes, a series of clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states is inevitable."

Foreign visitors to Moscow may have been given the impression that Stalin yearns for peace, that he is a thwarted planner of an international love feast. But there is another side to his postwar philosophy that he expounds strictly for home consumption. It represents essentially the same point of view that he argued in 1939, when he said that Germany had not attacked France and England, but that those two countries had attacked Germany. Such reasoning fits snugly with the basic—and unchanging—Marxist line that capitalism breeds conflict, and that as long as capitalism exists wars will continue.

After the Nazis invaded Russia, Stalin did a lot of talking then about democracy and freedom-loving people and a "war of liberation." But once victory was won, he put the war back into Marxian perspective.

His first major policy pronouncement after the Nazis' defeat was his pre-election day speech of February 9, 1946. It was written in the usual jargon of dialectic materialism. But its effects were important enough to justify a few quotations here.

World War II, said Stalin, was the "inevitable result of the development of world economic forces on the basis of monopoly capitalism." Marxists know, he continued, that capitalism proceeds not by smooth and even progress but through crises and emergencies. Thus, World War I resulted from the first crisis of the capitalist system of world economy, and World War II from the second.

Stalin's speech gave no word of thanks to his partners in the struggle, though he had been grateful enough when the help was needed. Since then, Soviet propaganda has increasingly insisted that the U.S.S.R. won the war singlehanded. It is clear from what followed that the 1946 elections speech was the signal that the wartime honeymoon was over.

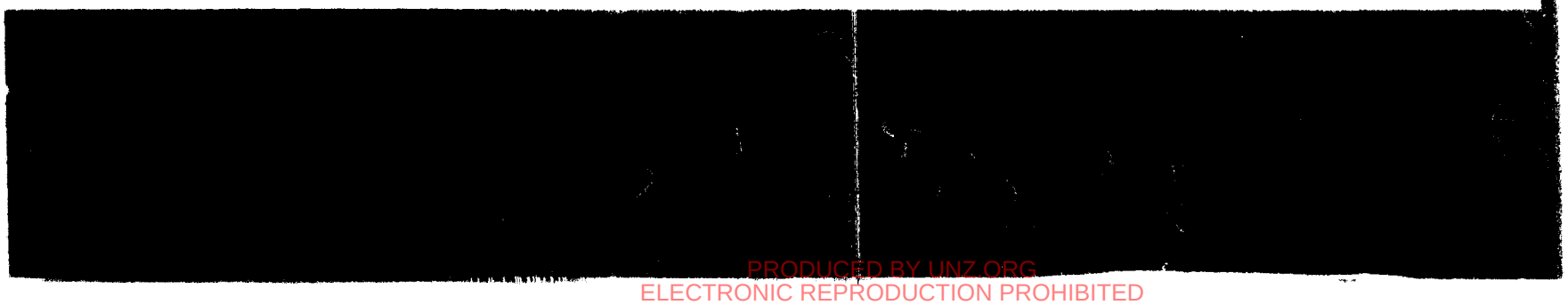
Now, how are we to explain Generalissimo Stalin's contradictions? Perhaps it would be best to let him explain them in his own words. In commenting on diplomatic statements, he once said this:

"Words must have no relation to actions—otherwise what kind of diplomacy is it? Words are one thing, actions another. Good words are a mask for concealment of bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or wooden iron."

This very condensed record shows, we believe, that the deeds and not the words are the guideposts to Soviet intentions. And we also believe there is nothing secret or mysterious about those intentions. It seems impossible that anyone could honestly hope, after reading even this brief summary, that appeasement, or concession unbacked by force, will limit the advance of Communism. It seems impossible to doubt that, as Thomas E. Dewey has phrased it, "Russia wants less than the whole world." Agreement may well be possible, but only at a time when the Soviet government finds itself faced by a strength and determination as great as its own.

The process of acquiring such strength is painful and prolonged. It demands effort and sacrifice. But there is no safe alternative course. So it must be done. And it can be done if our friends abroad and in the United Nations will hold fast to the sober realization that strength is the first requirement and the ultimate salvation.

—THE EDITORS



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt of the TRIFFIDS

By JOHN WYNDHAM

The Story: The end of the world is a bad beginning for a love affair—but JOSELLA PLAYTON and I met on the day when the only world either of us had ever known came to an end. I am BILL MASEN, a scientist of sorts; I was wounded by a triffid (you'll hear about the triffids presently) and I woke up in a hospital on the outskirts of London one morning with bandages on my eyes. The night before, brilliant streaks of light had flashed across the heavens, and showers of what most people took to be comet dust had rained down on the earth. At the time, I knew about this only from radio broadcasts and what the people in the hospital told me, for my eyes were securely bandaged.

When I took the bandages off, I learned that almost everybody in London had been stricken blind. The special irony for me was that my sight had been saved by an odd sort of accident. I did research work for a big company which raised triffids; the triffids were walking plants, carnivorous and ugly, which had taken root all over the earth some years before, after falling from the planet Venus. A triffid struck me across the eyes—and that's how I happened to be sent to a hospital.

I rescued Josella—a young girl of great beauty and courage—from a blind man who was holding her captive. Together we went to her home in a London suburb and found her father and others dead of triffid wounds. We joined a group of sighted people who had made their headquarters at London University. A mob of blind people, led by a sighted man named COKER, raided the university and kidnaped many of us. I was forced to forage for food and other necessaries for the group of blind men who abducted me. I supposed that something of the same sort had happened to Josella. I managed to escape from my group; and my search for Josella took me to a London hotel where, I had been told, I might find her. As I entered the lounge, a man called out to me. He was lying on a couch and was obviously very sick.

IV

THE man's eyes stared, but I knew almost at once that they were staring at nothing: he was blind. "You there?" he called again.

"Yes," I said. "I'm looking for—"

Hoarsely he interrupted. "Get me some water, mate. I gotta have some water."

I went over to the dining room and into a service room beyond. The taps were dry, but there were several siphons of carbonated water; I squirted some of this into a big jug and took it back with a cup. I put them down beside the blind man, within easy reach.

"Thanks, mate," he said, fumbling for the cup. "I can manage. You keep clear o' me."

He lifted the cup, dipped it into the jug and then drained it thirstily. "I needed that," he said. "Wotcher doin' 'ere, mate? It ain't 'ealthy around 'ere. You be careful you don't get what I got—whatever it is."

"I'm looking for a girl—a girl who can see. Her name's Josella. Is she here?"

I had forgotten about Susan until a voice came from above. "You are getting wet, you silly," she said. "Why don't you kiss her indoors?"

"She *was* here. But you're late, chum."

A sudden suspicion struck me like a physical stab. "You don't mean—"

"No. Ease off, mate. She ain't got what I got. No, she's gone—same as all the rest, what could."

"Where did she go, do you know?"

"Can't tell yer, mate."

"I see," I said, heavily.

"You'd better be goin' too, chum. You hang around here too long, an' you'll be staying for keeps, like me."

He was right. I stood looking down at him. "Anything else I can get you?"

"No. This'll last me. I reckon it won't be much longer I'll need anything." He paused. Then he added: " 'By, mate, an' thanks. An' if you do find 'er, look after 'er proper—she's a good girl."

"I will," I said, and walked out of the suffocating place into the daylight once more. I went back to the car, and without any conscious plan I started off in the direction of the university. There was a forlorn, half-conscious hope that some of our dispersed party might have drifted back there. I could see no sign of other groups—though surely in a place the size of London there must have been many. But I supposed they would wisely have left the place days ago.

Two flags still hung above the tower, limp in the warm air of the early evening. Of the two dozen or so trucks that had been accumulated in the forecourt, five still stood there, apparently intact. I parked the car beside them, and went into the building. My footsteps clattered in the silence.

"Hullo!" I called. "Is there anyone here?"

My voice echoed away down corridors and up wells, diminishing to the distorted parody of a whisper, and then into silence. I went to the doors of the other wing, and called again. Once more the echoes died away, settling softly as dust into the silence. It was only then, as I turned back, that I noticed the inscription chalked on the wall inside the outer door. It was in large letters, and gave simply an address: TYNSHAM MANOR, TYNSHAM—NR DEVIZES, WILTS.

I looked at it, and considered. In another hour or so it would begin to grow dusk. Devizes I reckoned at a hundred miles distant, probably more. I went outside again and examined the trucks. One of them was the last that I had driven in—the one into which I had stowed my despised anti-triffid gear. I recalled that the rest of its load was a useful assortment of food and supplies. It would be much better to travel with that than empty-handed in a car.

At the same time, unless there were any urgent reason for it, I did not fancy driving anything, much less a large, heavily loaded truck by night along roads which might reasonably be expected to produce a variety of obstacles. If I were to pile it up, and the odds were that I should, I would lose more than the time I had saved in transferring the load. An early start in the morning offered better prospects. I carried my boxes of cartridges from the car to the cab of the truck in readiness. The gun I kept with me.

The room from which I had rushed in answer to the faked fire alarm was exactly as I had left it: my clothes on a chair, even the cigarette case and lighter where I had placed them beside my improvised bed.

It was still too early to think of sleep. I lighted a cigarette, put the case in my pocket, and decided to go out.

Before I entered the Russell Square Garden I looked it over carefully. I was already beginning to regard every open space with suspicion. I was not very surprised to spot a triffid. It was in the northwest corner, standing perfectly still, but considerably taller than the bushes which surrounded it. I went closer, and blew the top of it to bits with a single shot. The noise in the silent Square could scarcely have been more alarming if I had let off a howitzer. When I was sure that there were no others to be seen, I went into the garden, and sat down comfortably with my back against a tree.

IT WAS peaceful, and even quieter than it had been on the evening I had been there with Josella. Then, there had been shufflings, tappings, the occasional clatter of something overturned. Now the silence was profound. The whole huge city had sunk a stage further into its last long sleep.

The sun was low now, and half the Square thrown into shadow. Soon I should have to go in. While it was light I could sustain myself; in the dark, things could steal upon me. As I stood there I heard the gritting of footsteps on the road. The slight sound in the silence was as loud as a grinding millstone. I turned, with my gun ready. Crusoe was no more startled at the print of a foot than I at the sound of one, and the steps had not the uncertainty of a blind man's. I caught sight of the figure in the dim light as it left the road and entered the garden; I could see that it was a man.

Evidently he had seen me before I heard him, for he was coming straight toward me. "You needn't shoot," he said, holding empty hands wide apart. It was Coker, the man who had led the blind people in the raid on the university.

I did not know him until he came within a few yards. Simultaneously he recognized me. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.

I kept the gun raised. "Hullo, Coker. What are you after? Wanting me to go on another of your little parties?" I asked.

"No. You can put that thing down. Makes too much noise, anyway. That's how I found you. No," he repeated. "I've had enough. I'm getting out."

"So am I," I said, and lowered the gun.

"What happened to your bunch?" he asked.

I told him. He nodded.

"Same with mine. Same with the rest, I expect. Still, we tried."

"The wrong way," I said.

He nodded again. "Yes," he admitted. "I reckon your lot had the right idea from the start. I'd got it wrong. I thought I was taking it seriously—but I wasn't taking it seriously enough. I couldn't believe that it would last, or that some kind of help wouldn't show up. And now look at it! And it must be like this everywhere. Europe, Asia, America—think of America smitten like this! But they must be. If they weren't they'd have been over here long before this getting the place straight and helping out—that's the way they'd see it. No, your lot understood it better."

Neither of us spoke for some moments. Then I said, "This disease, plague—what do you reckon it is?"

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Doll in Guys and Dolls

By ARTHUR D. HORSE

Hollywood wouldn't give Vivian Blaine the kind of roles she wanted, so she hied herself to Broadway, where she has 'em standing to hear and look. Now the movies want her back

VIVIAN BLAINE of Broadway's Guys and Dolls is busy founding a myth. A delayed-action discovery for show business, this striking blonde is mixing a brew of comedy, song and dance that seems to be undiluted intoxication.

As Miss Adelaide, the dumb but pure-in-heart cabaret entertainer who has been engaged for 14 years, Vivian wanders wide-eyed through a collection of Damon Runyon's most raffish characters, playing to sellout audiences who wonder where she's been all these years.

Hollywood can answer that question. A few years ago 20th Century-Fox billed Vivian Blaine as "The Cherry Blonde," starred her in a parade of musicals that gave her little opportunity to act, then let her go. It is therefore safe to say that her current Broadway success has doubled the number of ulcers on the West Coast.

In Guys and Dolls, playwright Abe Burrows has breathed new life into the sentimental gamblers and tinhorns of Damon Runyon's Broadway. Although there is no Miss Adelaide in Runyon's writings, there are a number of perpetual fiancées who resemble her, and Burrows' script has developed her hilarious pursuit of an elusive spouse-to-be, Nathan Detroit.

Nathan, played with apoplectic frustration by Sam Levene, is the proprietor of "the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York." His colleagues include such single entrepreneurs as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Rusty Charlie, Harry the Horse, Angie the Ox and Big Jule from Chicago, a group which interferes no end with Adelaide's wedding plans. Furthermore, these lovable sinners are being sought by the earnest salvationists of the Save-a-soul Mission, a situation that leads to some of the most improbable scenes in Broadway history.

But nothing in Guys and Dolls tops Vivian Blaine's singing of Adelaide's Lament. From a bare corner of the empty stage she describes the psychosomatic woe that afflicts her as a result of her 14-year engagement. It is one of those moments when the audience just sits back and lets the artist take over. The bouncy, irrepressible Adelaide becomes a figure of abject dejection. Her blue saucer-eyes become mournful, her delicate features freeze into expressions of utter unhappiness, and even her impressive physique seems disconsolate. Sung in the squeaky, nasal New Yorkese that characterizes Adelaide, the Lament is an unforgettable show-stopper. Night after night, the house listens to Adelaide's complaints in an exhilarated hush, but the most thoroughly hypnotized listener is always Manny Frank, Vivian's husband and manager.

Manny wanders nervously through the theater during each performance—reconnoitering the rear of the audience, filtering through the horde in the lobby or peering down at the stage from a balcony staircase. To dispel his excitement, he occasionally whisks to the telephone inside the stage door and haphazardly calls a swarm of acquaintances. Many nickels later he will reappear within the theater, arriving in Vivian's dressing room a few seconds before the closing curtain. When they meet after the show, Vivian is usually contrastingly calm.

The dressing room, like Vivian's off-stage personality, is without frills. Her simplicity has endeared her to the chorus, the stagehands and her maid, Lillian. Since Vivian shares top billing with Robert Alda and Sam Levene, Guys and Dolls has no one star, but her Hollywood background led the rest of the company to fear that she might turn out to be a prima donna. This fear was dispelled at the first rehearsal. One of the chorus girls brought the subject up. "That one's really a trouper," she said. "I don't even think she has any enemies in the cast and, brother, that's saying something in this racket."

When Abe Burrows (left), who wrote the show, discovered how terrific Vivian was on tryouts, he expanded the script to give her more lines. They're shown with Manny Frank, her husband

First Night Was Her "Magic Time"

Although this is Vivian's first Broadway role, she had no real butterflies on opening night. "Manny and Lillian were jittery as kittens," she says, "but I felt okay. A few summers ago I played in Light Up the Sky and there was a line that described the time between five and eight o'clock of an opening night as 'magic time.' On November 24th, I just kept thinking: This is the magic time."

In spite of Vivian's calm, she rigorously observes one superstition. There are three rubber animals in her dressing room—a Mickey Mouse, a Peter Rabbit and an elephant. Vivian gives each animal three squeezes before she goes on. The rabbit and the mouse are gifts from Manny, and the elephant is a special present from Lillian.

These three charms have been dependably lucky, but an accidental bit of good fortune back in June, 1950, opened the way for Guys and Dolls.

Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, producers of Where's Charley?, were strolling down Fifty-fourth Street, discussing the casting problems of their second theatrical venture, Guys and Dolls. Being human, they couldn't help noticing a fluffy blonde jouncing along on what appeared to be the shapeliest legs in the world. She was loaded down with packages and looked very cute, indeed, as she turned to enter her hotel.

"Why, it's Vivian Blaine without her red hair," gasped Feuer and Martin.

At this, Vivian turned her blue-eyed dollface toward them and said how nice it was to see them again. Actually, Feuer and Martin had disappointed her terribly in Hollywood when she had auditioned for the part of Sarah Brown, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sam Levene, a gambler in the show, chases Vivian with his eyes. The ladies (l. to r.): Geraldine Delaney, Marcia Maier, Bev Tassoni, Lee Joyce

Mission Doll of Guys and Dolls. Then, the producers had told her that she was too strong a personality for the prim ingénue role. So after chattering politely with them, she marched proudly into the hotel, her yellow hair flying defiantly and her packages slipping away in all directions.

"So help me," said Feuer, "she looks like Adelaide."

"You're right," said Martin, "let's call Loesser."

For months Feuer and Martin, along with composer-lyricist Frank Loesser and playwright Burrows had searched for the right Adelaide. No matter where they looked they could not find an actress who could dance, be delightfully sexy and pleasingly dumb. Too, she had to combine these qualities with the basic ingredients of a lady.

"I have always treated these mugs as gentlemen and ladies," Burrows had said in his gravel-throated manner. "I must handle them sentimentally and respectfully, just like Damon did—and I know that this Adelaide is a complete lady."

In Guys and Dolls, Adelaide is the principal entertainer at the Hot Box honky-tonk, but she also longs for "an apartment with wallpaper and book ends."

After the chance meeting with Vivian at her hotel, Feuer and Martin asked Loesser to prepare her for an Adelaide audition. He spent several hours with her, but he was strangely silent about her progress and there was little optimism the day of the tryout.

Sitting in the big, bare St. James Theater in New York City were Loesser, Burrows, Feuer and Manny Frank. The moment Vivian began Adelaide's Lament the casting problem was solved.

"She fractured us," recalls Burrows. "You're usually cagey at these auditions because if the gal is good, it'll cost you money if you get too excited —so you just say, 'How nice!' even if you adore her, and you never, never applaud. Well, this time we couldn't help ourselves. Vivian was so terrific that we just applauded and said, 'Vivian—you're terrific!' "

Everyone agreed that Vivian was Adelaide, and even Manny became a little less jittery.

"I knew it the first time I heard her," said Loesser. "I wanted to surprise you."

Vivian and Manny quickly came to terms with the producers, but left for some summer theater engagements without actually signing a contract.

Casting had to be cleared with director George S. Kaufman, who was then in France. Informed over a murky connection on the transatlantic phone that Vivian Blaine was to be Adelaide, Kaufman said, "She's not right for the part," and he urged them to find someone else.

Taken aback by this *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The AUCTION

How I and Claudie got into the auctioneering business—sort of—and then got out of it strictly on purpose—with the help of a ouija board that [illegible] but we got out of it strictly on [illegible] Claudie couldn't keep from telling the truth

By DILLON ANDERSON

NORTH FORT WORTH is a nice enough place when you are not downwind from those stockyards, but all that winter we spent there it seemed to me that the Dolly Dimple Trailer Court was located a little downwind from them, no matter where the wind blew.

I and Claudie stayed on at the trailer court, though, long after spring broke, and there were several reasons. We did not have a car to pull our trailer house; that was one. Another was that Claudie had a job at the stockyards that helped us pay for groceries and stuff while I thought a lot about several things I might invent and broadened my contacts here and there. The other reason we stayed was that a Mrs. Spilt owned the Dolly Dimple Trailer Court, and she was claiming some sort of a lien on our trailer house for what we owed her.

One Saturday in May, Claudie didn't come straight from work after he got paid off; in fact, he didn't get back to the trailer house until after I went to sleep that night. The next morning I slept late the way I always do on Sundays, and Claudie had the whole trailer house full of coffee and bacon smells when I woke up. As he brought me my breakfast I said, "Claudie, you can quit your job at the stockyards now. I've got us a brand-new line."

That seemed to scare him some, as it always does when a change is brewing. He knows I have a very active mind, and he's never sure that he'll be able to keep pace with it. "Kindly step out of the trailer house and look what I've got painted on the side," I told him.

He went outside, and when he came back he was grinning like a mule with briers in his teeth.

"The sign says: COLONEL CLINT HIGHTOWER, AUCTIONEER," Claudie announced. "Looks like you've been promoted Clint."

"In Texas," I explained, "if you are an auctioneer, you are a colonel. It's sort of automatic."

"I didn't even know you was a auctioneer," Claudie said.

"Well, I certainly am," I told him.

"Since when?"

"Since I got hired yesterday to run a big auction."

"By who?"

"By a college man named Earl Stutter."

"A real college man?" he asked.

"Sure he is; he is a student in Grubb's Vocational College over at Arlington. When he came in to Fort Worth to hire an auctioneer, he found me. Hurry up now and get this trailer cleaned up inside because that college man will be along before noon to hook on and pull us out to the place where I'm going to do the auction."

"What about that money we owe Mrs. Spilt?" Claudie wanted to know.

"I've got that figured out, too," I told him. "Your last pay check will just about cover it, Claudie."

He looked down and started twisting a button on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the front of his shirt. That was when I learned about the ouija board. Claudie had gone by a place near the stockyards for a beer and a game of dominoes after work, and before he'd made it to bed he'd gone and spent about all the money he had left on the ouija board. But it was the classiest one I'd ever seen, and I hardly blamed him for buying it. It had some real frilly decorations painted around the *Yes* and the *No* at opposite ends of the board. The letters of the alphabet were blue, and the figures through nine were green. The zero was canary-bird yellow.

I managed to square things with Mrs. Spilt just before she called in a policeman, but it took about everything I and Claudie could rake and scrape out of the trailer to do it.

IT WAS nearly noon that Sunday morning when Earl Stutter came for us in an old touring car. He was a very large young citizen of twenty or twenty-one, and he had a nice, polite set of college manners, including a handshake that nearly knocked me down. Earl was not wearing a hat, and his hair was cut so short that it looked like oat stubble. He had a big, long jaw, and he was smoking a heavy black pipe that a lighter-built jaw wouldn't have held up.

While Claudie was getting our trailer house ready to roll, I showed Earl Stutter the big auctioneer sign I'd painted across the side of it the day before, but I didn't let him get close enough to see that the paint was still wet. I could tell he was mighty proud to know me, because he offered to shake hands again. I braced myself, and as we shook I said, "I don't believe you told me what it was you wanted auctioned off, Earl."

"Livestock, Colonel Hightower—some cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep at Papa's farm over close to McKinney," he told me.

"I specialize in livestock," I said. "Claudie here, my assistant, is good at handling animals too. He's even had stockyard experience."

Pretty soon Claudie had the trailer house hooked on behind Earl's car, so we pulled out. I and Claudie rode back in the trailer so he could keep things from jostling about too much and I could practice auctioneering.

All the way to McKinney I practiced on Claudie. I auctioned off everything we had left in the trailer house to him. Then I said, "Claudie, now let's suppose this old lantern here is a nice young Poland China shoat, and you are the crowd at Mr. Stutter's farm."

"I s'pose so," Claudie allowed, but it was pretty hard for him to follow me.

"All right, gentlemen," I went on, "what am I bid on this fine animal? Look at him! What a frame for pork! Look how broad he is across the hindquarters! Look what hams he'll have when he fills out! Think of the chitlins and cracklings, the souse and the sausage he'll make! The backbone, the pork chops, and the ribs! I've auctioned off pigs from one end of this great state to the other, gentlemen, but if I've ever seen a finer prospect for real hog meat than this one, my name is not Colonel Clint Hightower. Man and boy, I've never seen the like of this one. What a shoat! What am I bid? . . . How am I doing, Claudie?"

"A lantern is a lantern," Claudie said. That will show you how much help Claudie is along any line except manual labor. That's all he was ever meant for.

But I went on: "Another thing, gentlemen—time flies. Here it is spring already. Summer is right on us. Fall will be here in no time; then the first norther; cold weather! Hog-killing time. Hog meat! This here shoat is as bright and wide-awake a one as I've ever seen. He won't have to be slopped half as often as the ordinary pig, and I'll tell you why. Look what a keen eye he's got. He'll make his way, he'll find acorns, he'll find spoiled fruit in the orchard; and by winter it will all be turned into pork. Why, gentlemen, you are buying a machine that Henry Ford couldn't make for a million dollars, a machine that will turn scraps and slop and garbage into sweet pork by the time winter gets here. What am I bid, gentlemen? . . . Damn it, Claudie, what am I bid?"

"About a dollar, I expect," was all I got from Claudie, who is a clod.

"Thirteen dollars is the bid by the gentleman back there in the blue jumper. Thank you, sir! You can tell a real shoat when you see one. Thirteen dollars! Going at thirteen—thirteen I'm bid. Gentlemen, you wouldn't want to steal this fine shoat, would you? Who'll make it fourteen?—Are you done?—all through—going, going—are you through?—who'll make it thirteen fifty?"

About this time I looked outside and noticed that we were parked in front of a filling station in McKinney. I didn't know how long we'd been there, but I could see that quite a good crowd was gathering around us.

"Just warming up," I told Earl Stutter when he came back and looked in the trailer. He didn't seem to understand what had been going on any better than Claudie had. "By the way, Earl," I asked him, "how much farther is it to the farm?"

"About thirteen miles, Colonel," he said.

As we went on from McKinney, I sat up in the car with Earl while Claudie rode back in the trailer alone. Earl told me a lot about himself and his folks. He had a large vocabulary of words, as college men often do; his talk was full of such things as "apropos," "necessarily" and "quaint," but he didn't get as much said as a lot of people who are much plainer in their talk.

"Why are you all having the auction?" I asked him. I figured I might as well know.

"Mama and Papa are going to send me up North to finish my education, and the auction will raise the money," he said.

"Why is it, Earl," I asked him, "that you wish to get more education? Sounds to me like you have taken on a hell of a lot already."

"Mama has always wanted me to become a college professor," he answered. "I'll need a master's degree to do that."

"What'll you be teaching, Earl?" I asked.

"Vocational agriculture," Earl said.

"What does your old man think about that?" I asked him, but before he could answer we passed a very pretty girl standing by a yellow pickup that was parked facing us on the far side of the road.

"Hold it, Earl," I said. "Hold it. Do you see what I see?" Earl put on the brakes and stopped.

"Yes," Earl said in a kind of slow, strained way. "It's Fanny Lou Dilworth; she seems to have a flat tire."

He backed up until we were next to the yellow pickup, and we saw that it was filled with fresh garden sass—big handsome heaps of green onions, radishes, beets, mustard greens and turnips. Vegetables scarcely ever grow in the garden as pretty as they look in the seed catalogues, and hardly any girls grow as smooth and even in person as Sears and Roebuck show them. But we saw enough right before our eyes to give a man new faith in the catalogues.

FANNY LOU had the prettiest lines I ever saw, except maybe in the corset ads. Her hair was silky black, and her eyes were the same clean blue as the early morning sky after a quick shower. There were a few freckles on her nose, but no man in his right mind would have wanted a single one of them removed. She stood with her hands on her hips and there was plenty of room—but not too much—for each hand.

Earl said, "Hello, Fanny Lou," and she said, "Hello there, Earl," then they both looked away from each other. Damnedest thing I ever saw. Earl would hardly glance her way at all, I could hardly keep from it, and Claudie just stood there looking like a little boy that sees a stained-glass angel in a big church window.

I said, "Can't we help, lady?" and she said, half crying, to Earl, "My jack is broken. If I don't get to McKinney with these vegetables today, I won't win the spring garden prize; the judging starts in the morning. Who are these people?"

"Auctioneers," Earl told her, and Claudie's face brightened up the way it does when he sings bass.

"Lady," I said, "do you have some cold patches for the inner tube?"

She said she thought she *(Continued on page 50)*

Earl would hardly glance at Fanny Lou at all, and Claudie looked like a little boy that sees a stained-glass angel in a big church window. "Can't we help, lady?" I asked her

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Because tiny cable cars carry skiers to crest of Cranmore Mountain, Shedd calls it "Kiddy-Car Hill." His office is in nearby North Conway

SKI DOCTOR

By [illegible]

No surgeon in the nation patches up more shattered snowbirds than Dr. George Harold Shedd. To old-timers his hospital is "the Country Club"—a fine place to meet over a plaster cast

NELSON MORRIS

ONE day last spring a skier came hurtling down the snowy head wall of Tuckerman Ravine, high on the slopes of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. His parka snapping in the wind like the jib of a gale-tossed schooner, he took the 45-degree slope in four sweeping turns, dropping toward the floor of the ravine at 50 miles an hour. Suddenly something went wrong. The skier tripped, rolled, and then cartwheeled across a pile of jagged boulders before the eyes of some 1,500 horrified spectators.

The first rescuers to reach him found one foot doubled under his body at a crazy angle, and one arm flopping uselessly. His head lolled back, his eyes were closed, and blood streamed down his face.

As the ski patrol chalked up another broken leg and dislocated shoulder for Tuckerman Ravine, the battered casualty suddenly came to. "I'll be okay," he said thickly. "Just put me on a toboggan, run me down the hill, and let Doc Shedd take over. He'll have me back on skis before the end of the season."

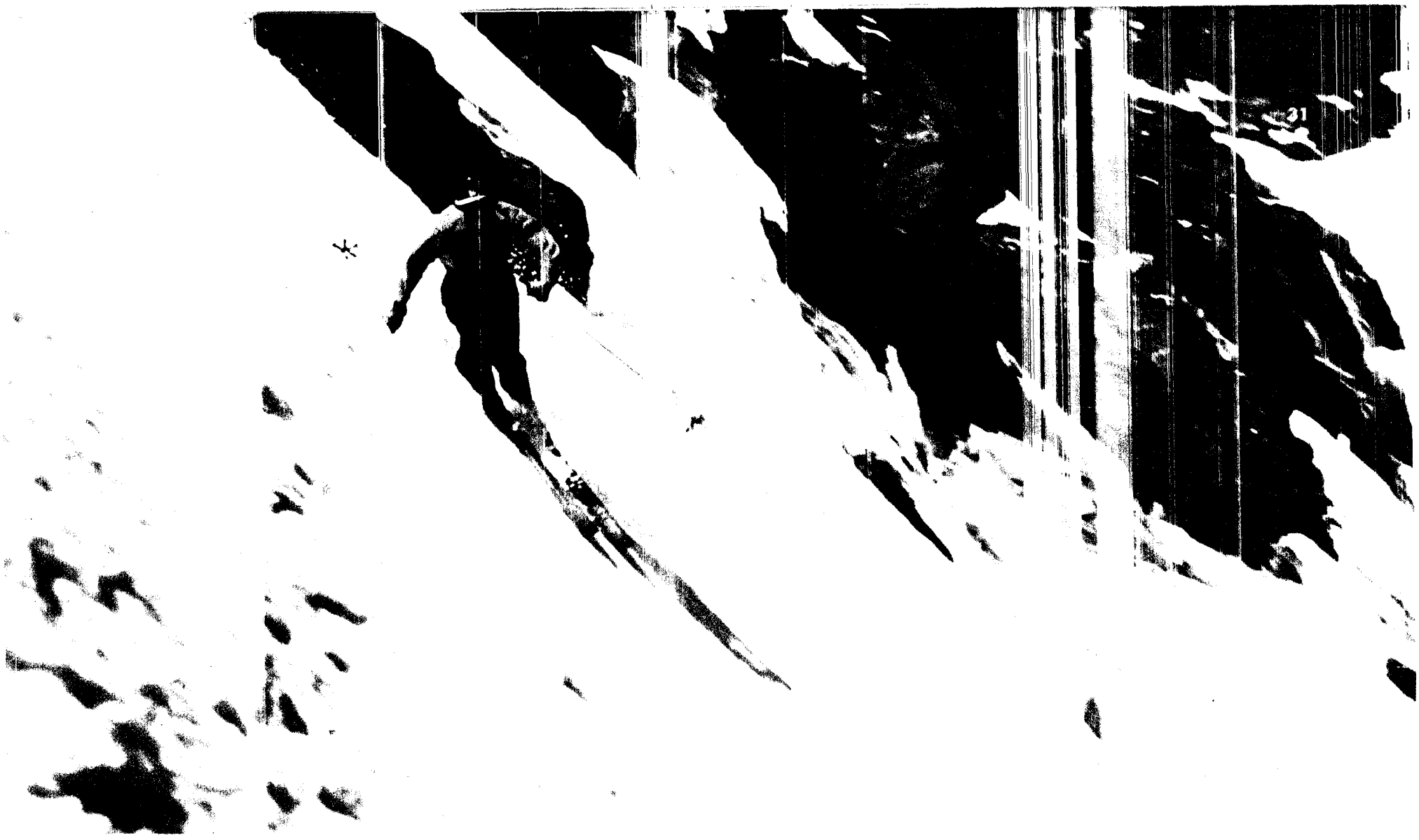
The forecast turned out to be optimistic—he didn't start skiing again until this winter—but the skier's faith was fully justified. Dr. George Harold Shedd, of North Conway, New Hampshire, has turned more shattered sportsmen loose to break their bones again than any other surgeon in the United States.

Since 1932, when skiing came of age in this country, he has reassembled nearly 4,000 broken ankles, legs, arms and wrists. In the process, he has become a notable figure in medicine and a legend among those who take their pleasure plummeting down snowy mountainsides.

Strangers in the White Mountains, bemused by Shedd's prodigious reputation, are apt to jump to the conclusion that he is a modern Paul Bunyan—big, hearty and boisterous. Upon meeting him, they are invariably amazed to discover that he is a gray-haired, snub-nosed and inordinately shy little man of sixty-eight, given to long periods of embarrassed silence, and grimly determined to be judged on his merits as a country doctor.

Some thousands of New Hampshire families can testify that his merits as a country doctor are considerable. His practice covers an area of tumbled mountains and placid valleys some 20 miles wide by 40 miles long in the most rugged section of the eastern United States. For every high-velocity skiing accident Dr. Shedd handles, there are a dozen less dramatic cases of mumps, measles, appendicitis, arthritis and just plain sniffles. The last ailment is common among the mountain youngsters,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Five skiers have died and hundreds of others have been injured on the steep, perilous ice of Tuckerman Ravine, high on Mount Washington, N.H.

and never very serious, but Dr. Shedd gives it the same earnest attention he devotes to a fracture of the upper leg.

The northern end of Shedd's domain, an area five to 20 miles wide, is known as the Eastern Slope Region. This enclave, blessed with three ski lifts and the only naturally treeless bowl this side of the Rocky Mountains, provides the doctor with his most spectacular cases. The ski season begins there in mid-December, and does not peter out on the wide-open slopes of Tuckerman Ravine until late May or early June. During this period, some 50,000 skiers crowd the inns, skid over the highways, and produce an infinite variety of injuries.

Last year, 370 fractures and dislocations jammed the corridors of Memorial Hospital, at North Conway, where Shedd presides as chief of staff. Roughly another 700 skiers suffered minor abrasions and contusions. The total number of injuries, though representing only 2 per cent of those who took to the hills of the Eastern Slope, set the national record for an area of this size in the country.

The racer who cracks up while schussing—skiing straight down—Tuckerman Ravine, a bloodcurdling feat requiring iron nerves and the ability to stay upright while moving at better than 60 miles an hour; the tired novice who rides the Cranmore Mountain lift once too often, and fractures an anklebone while trying to get back to the bottom of the hill; the young blood, determined to get his money's worth out of the uphill transportation on Black or Thorn Mountains, who rams a tree during his hasty descent—all of them are ensured a trip to the operating table at Memorial Hospital.

Old-timers refer to the hospital as "the Country Club." There's generally some bedrid friend there to greet them as they are carried in. Frolicsome letters, bearing this address, are automatically delivered to the hospital, a rambling, white frame structure with 60 beds and a staff of 20 nurses. Often, on a busy week end, the country-club atmosphere is overpowering. Four stretchers, three wheel chairs, and most of the seats in the waiting room will be filled with injured skiers waiting their turn to see Shedd. Romances have flowered in this intimate setting, and hundreds of new friendships have been born. To skiers, there is a special dignity in an injury. It is something to be accepted with an almost unaccountable cheerfulness.

One busy week end, when I visited the hospital, a pretty girl from St. Louis lay on a stretcher, swathed like a mummy.

"What happened to you?" asked a ski racer from Boston, leaning forward in his wheelchair and talking across a stiffly splinted leg.

"Heck," she said, "I climbed up a gully in Tuckerman's just after a two-foot snowfall, and it avalanched with me. Broke my pelvis."

"Don't let it worry you," said the racer, reflectively rubbing his close-cropped head. "You're really a lucky girl. Now you can join the Broken Bone Club. Darn few skiers ever get to be members."

The Broken Bone Club was born on the slopes of Mount Washington, and is the sport's most exclusive organization. The initiation ceremony, which is involuntary, consists of shattering some part of the human frame. This accomplished, the lucky member is awarded a tiny gold pin, appropriately duplicating a shattered leg. The permanent president is Alexander H. Bright, a Boston broker, now in his late forties, who has broken both legs—one of them twice—and both of his wrists during a long and distinguished ski-racing career. It was Bright who gave the club its name.

Heart Condition Makes Him Cautious

The good-natured title vastly amuses Shedd, who likes to ski himself, but has never been injured. A heart attack, eight years ago, reduced his skiing to an occasional gingerly slide down "Kiddy-Car Hill," his private nickname for Cranmore Mountain, where skiers are transported to the summit in tiny, rubber-tired cable cars on a wooden track.

He still dons ski boots when the first snow comes, however, and thereafter strides squeakily through the hospital until the spring thaws put him back in low-heeled shoes. In summer he is apt to pad down the corridors in tennis sneakers, a T-shirt and flapping shorts.

Though his reputation as a fracture specialist is monumental, Shedd likes to point out to his friends that this came about accidentally. In 1912, armed with a Harvard medical degree and nearly three years' internship in Boston and New York, he came back to North Conway to practice with his father, Dr. George Hozley Shedd. As a country doctor, during the next 20 years, he administered mainly to north-woods lumberjacks, to farmers and to the more elegant summer visitors who have crowded the White Mountains ever since the Civil War. In 1918, the year his father died, the community's struggling hospital collapsed for lack of funds.

"If you can't run the damned place, I will!" young Shedd vowed to the board of trustees. He transferred the hospital into the rambling, yellow frame house that is still his home. He moved in a dozen beds, used the family linens, and his elderly mother went to work as a nurse. That Fourth of July, there were four major operations, all of them conducted on an operating table in the kitchen.

In 1920, large gifts from the wealthy summer colony made it possible to build and open the present hospital. Four years later, Shedd married the former Gertrude Greely, daughter of the noted arctic explorer. Mrs. Shedd, a tall, white-haired woman, acts as a balance wheel for her husband, who has an explosive temper and an inexhaustible supply of nervous energy. When he can find nothing else for his hands to do, he bakes the family's bread, using a recipe which calls for a liberal amount of beer.

The three Shedd children—George, now twenty-five, Henrietta, twenty-four, and Sally, seventeen—grew up in a household where, as friends recall, "there always was some sort of side show going on." George and Henrietta now are married and living away from North Conway. Sally, a student at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the only one of the trio who shares her father's enthusiasm for skiing and for puttering. Recently, she sent him a problem in trigonometry that was over her head. Between operations and house calls, Shedd spent most of one day figuring it out. He came up with five different methods for solving the problem.

Until 1932, though, *(Continued on page 66)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon they were dragging her into the midst of the celebrants, lifting her to a chair, demanding, "Speech! Speech!"

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Run No More

By BRENDA WEISBERG

How could they understand all that this moment meant to Hannah? How could they know that she must welcome the new voyager in her own way, and share in her own way the refuge that had once been hers?

AT THE last minute Hannah Singer told the others that she wasn't going with them to meet her grandniece, Miriam. It was ten minutes of ten and she was dressed and ready, except for adjusting the hat with the velvet violets just so on her gray head. They were all waiting impatiently, her sons and her daughters and their husbands and wives and their children, for they hadn't too much time left to reach Boston Harbor before Miriam's boat landed its cargo of DPs.

Dave, the oldest son, the doctor, had been looking intently at his wrist watch for a full minute in the annoying, concentrated way he had, as though he were counting a patient's pulse. And his wife, Erminie, was holding out Hannah's gloves as a gentle reminder that time was of the essence. It was then that Hannah turned and said, with a bright little smile:

"Children, I think I won't go with you, after all! I shall wait here."

They couldn't believe it. Not go to meet Miriam? Not be the first to greet the single remnant of Great-Aunt Sophia's family? Not welcome one of those haunted few who had survived the Warsaw inferno?

Lily Barron, the widowed eldest daughter, asked in a low voice, "Are you all right, Mama?" When Hannah nodded reassuringly, Lily turned to the others. "If we stand here arguing much longer, nobody will meet her," she declared, and she herded them out briskly, these half brothers and sisters of hers, and their families. At the door she turned and smiled. It meant she understood. Well, thought Hannah, she, of all of them, should! She stood listening for a moment to their receding footsteps. Then she removed her hat and pinned back in place a loosened, intricately contrived coil. (Strangers sometimes thought it was vain in a woman of Hannah's years to spend as much time as it must take for such an involved hairdo.)

Then, from her room, she brought a small, old-fashioned walnut center table with fluted legs and claw feet clutching crystal balls. Over it she spread a delicate linen cloth with a garland and border of cross-stitch roses, a cloth that had been new when Hannah first looked upon it on a June morning nearly fifty years before. She smoothed it lovingly and smiled down upon it as upon an old friend.

She went to the kitchen and took down the milk-white bowl that was fashioned like a sewing basket. From the refrigerator she withdrew the dish of plums that she had brought from the market early in the morning, before any of the children had come. She had selected them carefully, one by one, the largest, the firmest, the purplest she could find, and she looked now with delight at their perfection and at the frostlike patina which the arctic atmosphere had spread over the fruit. When she had filled the white bowl with the plums she carried it into the living room and placed it in the exact center of the linen cloth so that the cross-stitch garland made a lovely wreath around the bowl. Then she pulled open the marquisette curtains and let the spring sunlight stream in.

Now she was ready; all that was left was to throw wide the door and wait. Let it stand open in welcome as it had stood when she had been the stranger and the house to which she came had been her parents' house. A stranger in flight, and alone—yes, even with all the kinfolk who had come to meet her, alone—except for the child, Lily, held close in her arms; Lily, whose hair, now almost as gray as her own, was the color of wild honey in the sunlight and whose round, grave eyes had seen too much for a little girl not two years old.

She had walked falteringly down the long, dim, well-scrubbed hall to her parents' flat with her father at her side, his hand on her arm to comfort her, to assure her that the flight was at an end. But she could not believe it, not yet. It would have been easier if David had escaped with her and their child, but he had not escaped, and how could she accept life and safety when there were none for David? Her father, as if reading her thoughts, whispered, "For the child's sake—"

She bowed her head and held the child closer. Then she heard one of the kinfolk saying, "The tragedy started when they set out for America three years ago and left Hannele behind!" *Left* her! As if they could have made her come! She had *loved* David, didn't they understand that? Her mother and father had understood. They had stayed long enough to see her and David married, and then, with the other children, they had sailed away. She wanted to say to her father, "Tell them how it was; how it couldn't be any other way." But she could not speak. Lily lay heavily against her pounding heart and hot tears crowded at her eyes. "David, David, David!" her heart cried out, and she thought she could not bear the silence that answered.

Then, suddenly, a door was opened wide. And there was her mother in a flower-sprigged muslin dress and a starched white apron and her arms open to receive them. Beyond her on a little, claw-foot table, in the center of a cross-stitch cloth, stood purple plums in a white bowl and sunlight touched the fruit like a benediction. In that moment, the sunlight, the fruit, and her mother in the doorway were all part of one another and she and her child were drawn into their fellowship, and peace descended upon them.

HANNAH moved slowly to the spinet piano where three silver-framed photographs stood. One was a group of all her grandchildren, the second, a gentle-faced man of middle age, and the third was of Hannah herself, with Lily in her arms. She sat, in the photograph, beside the claw-foot table; her wide, sad eyes looked from beneath a black lace scarf that completely covered her head.

She had been alone in the house when the roving photographer came up to the flat and rapped smartly. Her mother had gone to market, and the others—her father, the brothers, the uncles and aunts and cousins—were at work or in their own homes.

"No English," she said, haltingly, as she opened the door a crack.

"Naturally!" he replied in the mother tongue, pushing his way past her into the room. "If you spoke English you would not be a greenhorn and if you were not a greenhorn I would not be here."

Was he an official, she wondered fearfully, come to tell her she should not have been allowed off the boat after all? She went to stand protectively beside Lily, who sat on the floor, staring in complete silence at the colored blocks that Alec, Hannah's youngest brother, had given her.

"It is the custom," the photographer explained, setting up his tripod, "so that in years to come, when you are a genuine American, a real Yankee, you will look at this picture that I will take and laugh at yourself when you were a greenhorn!"

BY THE time he was ready, Mrs. Kalish, Hannah's mother, returned. She knew the photographer, a Mr. Miller.

"You didn't lose time, did you?" she exclaimed, with a touch of annoyance. Then, to Hannah, "Tomorrow you'll see something else! Immerman, the jewelry peddler, will come to sell you a gold watch for fifty cents a week. He will say, 'How can you be an American without a gold watch?' And I will tell him I was for a long time an American without a gold watch. The day your papa became a citizen I bought him a gold watch and chain from Immerman, and your papa elected two mayors and a governor and a President before I finished paying." But she approved of the photograph. "Someday, Hannele, you will look at it and you will remember this day."

"'Remember this day,'" quoted Mr. Miller, "when I have led you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Your Egypt was Kishinev!"

Hannah flinched and Mrs. Kalish darted an angry glance at the photographer.

"Bring some cold water from the icebox, Hannele," she said to her daughter; and to Mr. Miller, when Hannah left the room, "Control your tongue, man! In her own good time she will talk of Kishinev. It's not for you to introduce the subject!"

When they had all had a cooling drink, Mr. Miller unrolled a canvas backdrop on which was a painting of Niagara Falls with an improbable piece of marble statuary in the foreground. Against this he wanted to pose the young woman and her child, but Hannah whispered to her mother that she would rather sit beside the table where the fruit stood in the path of *(Continued on page 54)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TURTLE ROUNDUP in the Caribbean

A fine 200-pound specimen, still entangled in the net, is dragged out of the Caribbean by Malachi Whittaker (L) and Ashley Godfrey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DURING the eighteenth century when the Caribbean sea was still Spain's Golden Main, the people of three tiny islands 150 miles south of Cuba made a lucrative business out of supplying fresh turtle meat to cruising pirate vessels and slave ships. Today, their great-great-grandchildren are engaged in what is still the major industry of the Cayman Islands: the capture and marketing of green turtles.

An extraordinarily contented and harmonious people, the inhabitants of the islands vary in color from all white to pure Negro. All enjoy equal status as British subjects—British because the Cayman group is a dependency of Jamaica. Their speech is a strange, slurred mixture of Scotch burr and Cockney.

Although the Caymanians have a virtual corner on the world turtle market, there are very few of the creatures in their part of the Caribbean. To net the tasty sea reptiles, the Cayman turtlers must travel hundreds of miles in their trim little craft to the "pastures" off Central America's Mosquito Coast where the turtles feed. The voyage takes several days.

Typical Caymanian Capt. Carl Banks owns schooner Jemson

On their arrival, the fishermen wait until dusk to lower their handmade nets. The turtles sleeping on the sandy bottom must rise occasionally to breathe; when they do they become entangled in the webbing. By sunup, when the turtlers check the nets, they may find as many as a dozen struggling, grunting turtles snared in them, weighing from around 50 to over 200 pounds. (The largest ever caught weighed 850 pounds and measured five feet from beak to tail.)

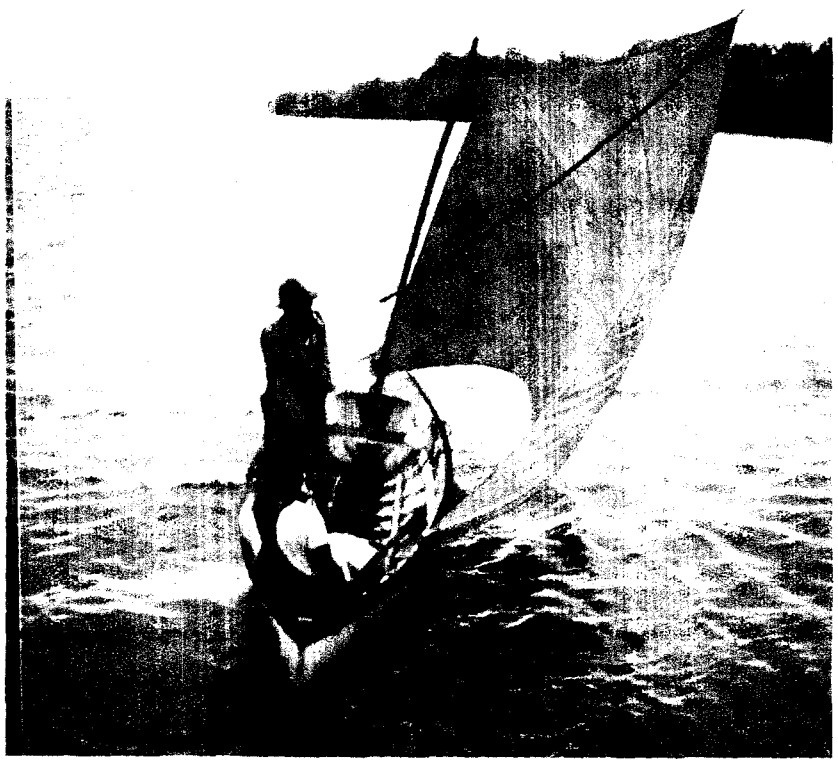
Once the boats are filled, the fishermen sail to a nearby group of islands called the Mosquito Cays, operating headquarters for the turtle industry. There the turtles are unloaded and penned in elbow-deep "crawls"—water stockades built of upright poles, like the African cattle kraals from which they take their name. They are kept in these pens until they can be hoisted aboard the ships which carry them alive to the markets of the world. Weight plays little part in the selling price; currently turtles are bringing the equivalent of about $7 to $10 apiece.

The principal breeding place for Caribbean green turtles is a section of the Costa Rican shore, many miles south of the feeding grounds, called Tortugueró. To this beach, for some reason no scientist has ever fathomed, turtles from all the Central American coast emigrate to lay their eggs. Cayman fishermen swear that during the mating season an unbroken stream of turtles extends hundreds of miles to the north, and that a similar stream comes from the direction of South America.

Millions of turtle eggs are deposited in the sand here every summer, but a heavy toll is taken by birds, jaguars and other jungle creatures. Scientists have estimated conservatively that fewer than one in every 200,000 eggs ever becomes a full-grown turtle.

Nevertheless, there are still enough of the adult hard-shells to provide a tidy living for the Caymanians, and in recognition of the turtle's importance to their economy the island folk have given it one of the highest honors they can bestow: a place of prominence on the islands' postage stamps. THE END

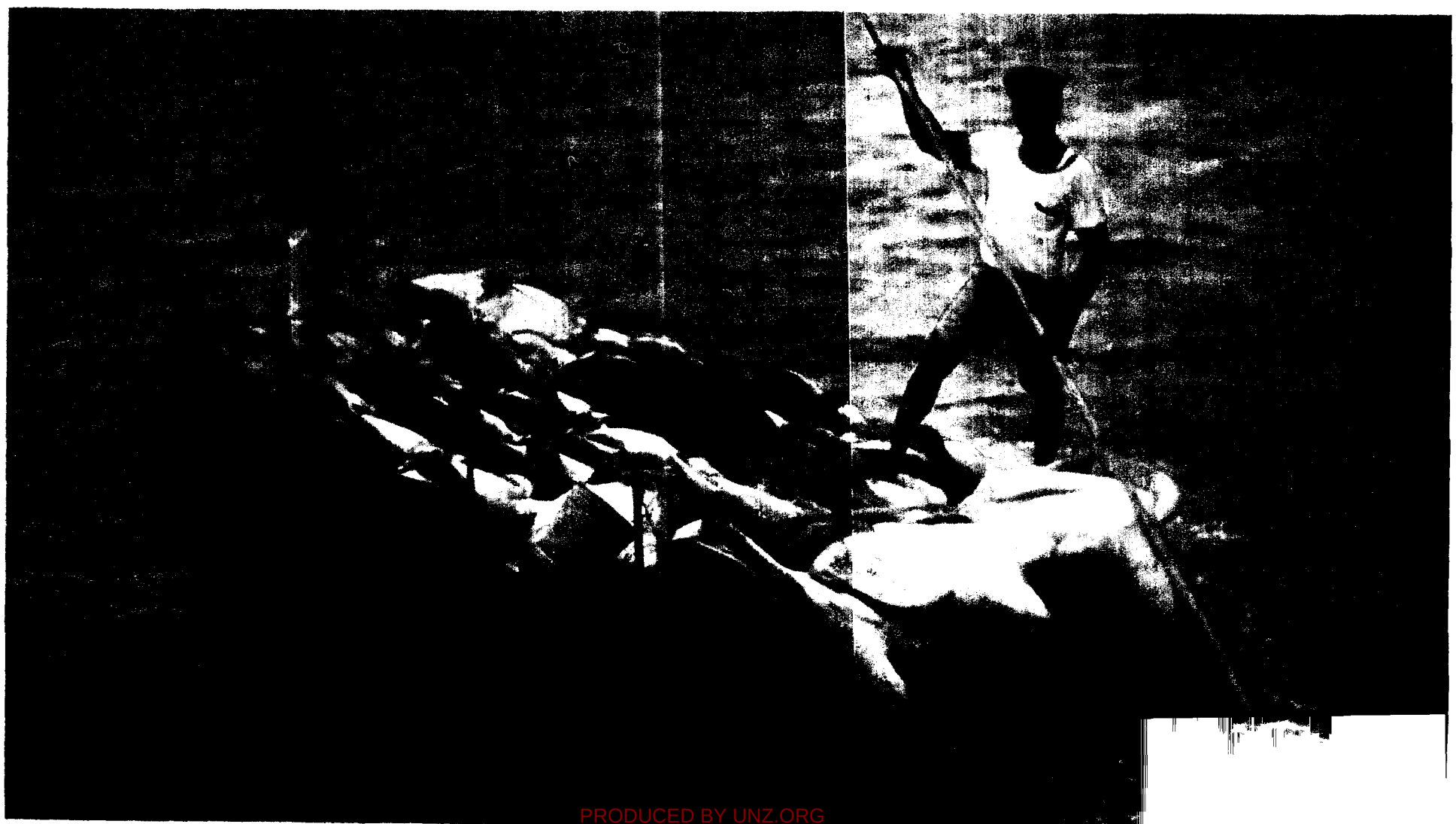
Fisherman Edward Nixon wrestles with a big fellow outside stockade. This is tricky, for turtle bite can do damage



Superbly made catboats are built by islanders themselves and used at fishing grounds to retrieve turtles from nets

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

This represents about half of one good day's catch. Although they are graceful in the water, turtles are awkward and helpless if kept upside down



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

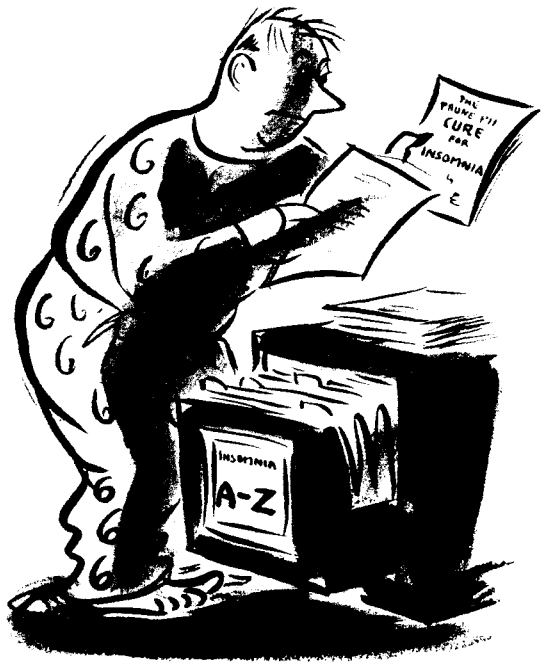
INSOMNIA?
Let Me Tell You!

How to get to sleep, in several confusing lessons

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Think of people whose names start with G

Crackers and coffee often do the trick



Many persons swear by the Prune Pit cure

ON THE eleventh day of December in the year 1950, a new champion was crowned. Up to that moment in history more millions of words had been written on Sex than any other topic. (Abraham Lincoln was running second, slightly ahead of cats.) Then, on that December day Sex, Abraham Lincoln and cats were overpowered by a dark-horse contender—Sleeplessness. A pamphlet titled The Prune Pit Cure for Insomnia was published in a suburb of Los Angeles, and Sleeplessness became the most-written-about subject under the moon.

I have read it. I never bothered to read all that stuff about Sex for the reason that I never suffered from it. But over a period of perhaps a dozen years I have been accumulating literature on the subject of insomnia, and the more of it I ingest into my system, the less I sleep.

Yesterday I got out of bed at an early hour of the morning and wandered down to my workroom and dug into a fat filing case labeled Insomnia Cures. I hadn't looked in that file since I established it and now I was mildly astonished at the diversity of its contents. There was, for example, an article on How to Tie a Bow Tie, with diagrams. I think it must have got in there by mistake, although it's possible I put it there on purpose.

Dozens of reliable insomnia cures were outlined and blueprinted, and most of them brought back memories of the times I had put them to the test. The most sensible one of the lot, I concluded, was a recipe out of the Ozark country which said: "If you can't sleep, stuff your shoes full of Jimsonweed leaves and put the shoes under the bed with the toes pointing to the nearest wall." That's supposed to be as effective as a sharp blow on the head with a ball bat.

And the most interesting character I found mentioned in all that jumble of material was a man who is unable to sleep because he can hear his heart beating and who, on other occasions, is unable to sleep because he *can't* hear his heart beating.

A celebrated actor contributes his cure for sleeplessness. He pulls the covers up to his chin and imagines it is five o'clock of a bitterly cold morning and he has to get up.

A man named Fanning, described as an expert on sleep, came along one day with a series of suggestions for the conquest of insomnia. If you can't go to sleep, he counseled, get out of bed and eat a head of lettuce. If that doesn't work, put on your clothes and go outdoors and run two miles. Returning to your home (provided the police haven't picked you up) try it again and, if sleep still evades you, drink a quart of beer. Finally, if none of these stratagems renders you numb, sit down and stare at some goldfish swimming around in a bowl.

In case the Fanning plan, or some part of it, appeals to you, I hasten to add that Mr. Fanning himself suffers occasionally from insomnia and says he cures it by eating a box of crackers which he washes down with four or five cups of black coffee.

J. P. McEvoy once announced triumphantly that he had found a sovereign cure for the black horror. The McEvoy system is this: You lie in bed and start relaxing, piece by piece. Start with the scalp. Think about the scalp, concentrate on it, dominate it, and compel it to relax. Then the head part underneath the scalp. Relax that. (I suppose Mr. McEvoy means the skull. I find it difficult to relax my own skull; however, other people may be different.) Next come the forehead, and the ears, and the sideburns, and the eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, chin, neck. You keep moving southward, taking up each part of the body as you reach it, and concentrating on getting that part relaxed before traveling on to the next.

Let me confess that I tried the McEvoy system one night and nearly went out of my mind. I concentrated so hard on my nose, for example, that my relaxed scalp would forget itself and begin twitching nervously. Then I'd have to go back and re-relax my scalp, leaving my nose half done. And before I could get my scalp settled down again, my ears would start to whir. Talk about a system for keeping yourself awake!

Every sleep-inducing method I've ever put to the test contributes to the celestial frenzy, the quiet desperation and the passive panic that go with insomnia. Mr. McEvoy's system can keep you squirming for a week, then you can follow the advice of Philadelphia's famous lawyer, George Wharton Pepper. After closing his eyes, he fixes a broad grin on his face and keeps it there. He says it keeps the head muscles relaxed.

The great value of most of these cures is that they take up a lot of time—some of them take up a whole night—and they get your brain so galvanized that even if you should drop off to sleep, you are almost certain to have dreams that would confuse an Arapaho medicine man.

Famous Names Put Editor to Sleep

An editor of my acquaintance, named Elder, once gave me his personal prescription for going to sleep. He said he selects a letter out of the alphabet and then begins trying to think of one hundred famous persons whose names begin with that letter. "I've never," he said, "been able to get up to a hundred yet before I'm dead to the world."

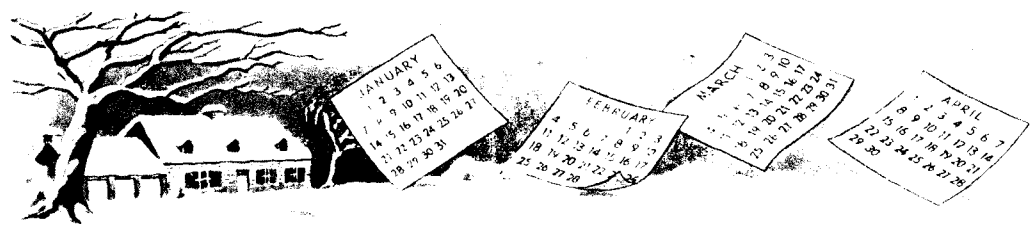
I detected a slight flaw in this system at once. It would be good for 26 nights (even if you used X), and then where would you be? But since Mr. Elder swore that it worked unfailingly for him, I decided to give it a try. After getting into bed and writhing around for a while, I settled down to work, having chosen the letter G. This is the way my thoughts ran:

Grant, Ulysses S.—Mary Garden—Horace Greeley—Harry Greb—Garfield, President—What the devil was his first name anyway?—Greer Garson—uh, uh, uh, Gladstone, lawbook man—Goddard—Don't tarry there, you twerp, or you'll never get to sleep—Gillette, King C.—Carter Glass—Guardia, La—No, that won't work—George, Senator Walter, foreign relations—George, Henry—George, Gorgeous—Wait a minute!—Can you use the same name more than once?—Maybe that wouldn't be fair—Got to have some rules—Wonder what Elder does about it?

I was stuck on a point of ethics and couldn't get past it, so I crawled out of bed and telephoned Mr. Elder to ask him if it was *(Continued on page 77)*

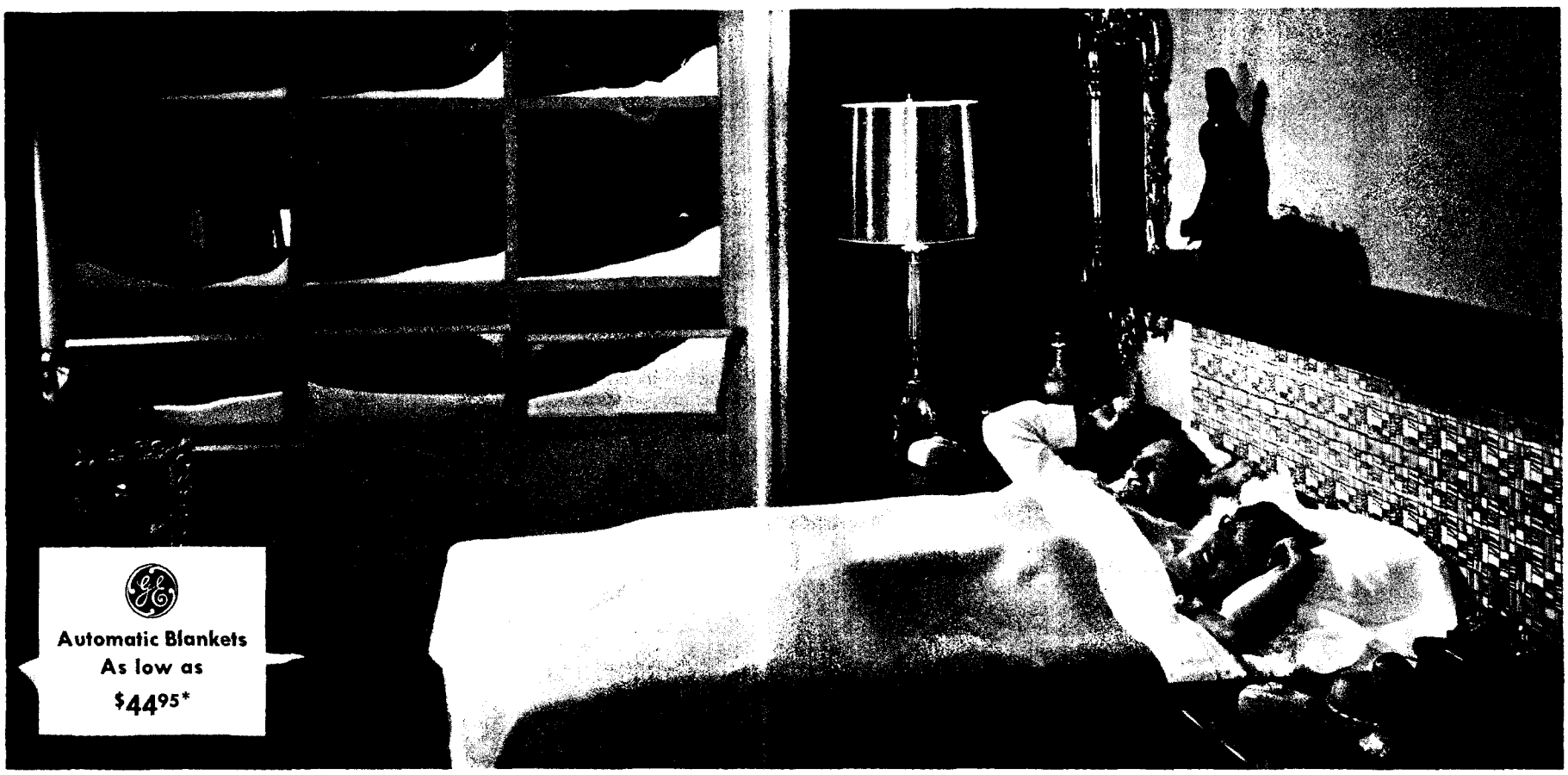
ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Winter's worst weather is still to come —protect your sleeping comfort with the

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC AUTOMATIC BLANKET



This one down-light cover will keep you blissfully comfortable through the cold blustery winter months ahead!

All you do is snap on your General Electric Automatic Blanket a few minutes before bedtime. The marvelously engineered new G-E circuit is your comfort-insurance, automatically sending gentle warmth from corner to corner of your blanket.

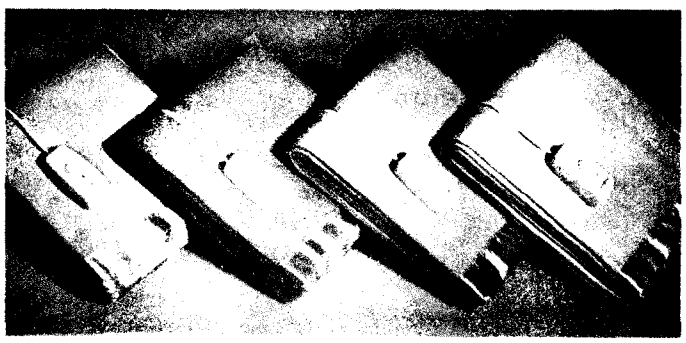
Begin now to enjoy the luxury of a pre-warmed bed! Benefit from the restfulness of undisturbed sleep . . . never waking chilled in the night, never restless under the weight of heavy covers.

Own the finest Automatic Blanket ever made! Costs more than other makes and worth it! Now available at your G-E retailer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

**Prices subject to change without notice.*

When you first use your G-E blanket, dial the degree of warmth you like on the sensitive Bedside Control. Thereafter, the blanket will *automatically* adjust itself to maintain that warmth in spite of variations in room temperature.

Look ahead when you shop. Consider the savings over buying ordinary blankets. Only one blanket to buy, one to store, one to launder for each bed! (Washes beautifully.) Makes bedmaking easier, too. An investment in comfort!



Costs only a few cents a night to operate, for all its luxury of comfort. Some other makes are cheaper at first cost, but the new G-E Automatic Blanket is outstandingly superior. Superbly engineered, G-E dependable. Single- and double-bed sizes; one- and two-control models. Colors are rose, green, blue, cedar.

More than 1,000,000 users have placed their confidence in G-E Automatic Blankets

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never neglect a splinter

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID,* the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name on the box

*BAND-AID means MADE BY

Johnson & Johnson

Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Search me. I thought it must be typhoid, but someone said typhoid takes longer to develop—I don't know. I don't know why I haven't got it myself—except that I've been able to keep away from those who have, and to see that what I was eating was clean. I've stuck to cans I've opened myself, and drunk bottled beer. Anyway, I've been lucky so far, but I don't fancy hanging around here much longer. Where do *you* go from here?"

I told him of the address chalked on the wall. When he had heard my shot he had been on his way to the University Building, but the sound of it had caused him to scout round with some caution.

"It—" I began, then abruptly I stopped. Somewhere to the west of us came the sound of a car starting up. We both turned our heads in that direction. It ran up its gears quickly, and diminished into the distance.

"Well, there's somebody else left, at least," said Coker. "*And* whoever wrote up that address. Have you any idea who that would be?"

I shrugged my shoulders. It was a justifiable assumption that it was a returned member of the group that Coker had raided—or possibly some sighted person that his party had failed to catch. There was no telling how long it had been there. He thought it over.

"It'll be better if there's two of us. I'll go along with you and see what's doing. Okay?"

"Okay," I agreed. "I'm for turning in now and an early start tomorrow."

COKER was still asleep when I awoke. I dressed much more comfortably in the ski suit and heavy shoes than in the garments his headquarters had provided for me. By the time I had returned with a bag of assorted cans he was dressed too. We decided over breakfast to improve our welcome at Tynsham by taking a loaded truck each rather than travel together in one.

"And choose one with a closed cab," I suggested. "There are quite a lot of triffid nurseries around London, particularly to the west."

"Yes. I've seen a few of the things about," he said, offhandedly.

"I've seen them in action," I told him.

We broke open a pump and filled up at the first garage we came to. Then, sounding in the silent streets like a convoy of tanks, we set off westward with my truck in the lead. . . .

The sight of the open country gave us hope of a sort. It was true that the young green crops would never be harvested when they had ripened, nor the fruit gathered; that the countryside might never again look as trim and neat as it did that day, but, for all that, it would go on in its own fashion. It had not, as the towns had, stopped forever. It was something one could work with and tend; a place that still offered a future. Even the sight of occasional triffids swaying across the fields usually in little groups, and of others at rest for a while with their roots dug into the soil, held no sense of hostility.

Near Devizes we pulled up to consult the map. A little farther on we turned down a side road to the right, and drove into the village of Tynsham.

There was little likelihood of missing the manor. Beyond the few cottages which constituted the village of Tynsham a high estate wall ran beside the road. We followed it until we came to massive wrought-iron gates. Behind them stood a young woman on whose face the sober seriousness of responsibility suppressed all human expression. She was equipped with a shotgun which she clasped awkwardly. I signaled Coker to stop behind me, and called to her as I drew up. Her mouth moved, but not a word penetrated the clatter of the engine. I switched off.

"This is Tynsham Manor?" I asked.

"Where are you from?" she countered, "And how many of you?"

I could have wished that she did not fiddle about with her gun in just that way she did. Briefly, and keeping an eye on her uneasy fingers, I explained who we were, why we came, roughly what we carried, and guaranteed that there were no more of us hidden in the trucks. I did not think she took it in. Her eyes were fixed on mine with that mournful detachment which bloodhounds manage to show without being in the least reassuring. She came from behind the gates and glanced into the backs of the trucks and verified my statements as correct. Then, with her eyes still wary, she threw the gates wide and signaled us to drive in.

"Take the right fork," she called up to me as I passed, and turned back at once to attend to the security of the gates.

Beyond a short avenue of elms lay a park, well-landscaped and dotted with trees which had had space to expand into full magnificence. The house, when it came into view, was not a stately home in the architectural sense, but there was a lot of it. It was inescapably a funny house, but friendly-funny, and reliable-looking.

The fork led us to a wide courtyard where several trucks already stood. Coach houses and stables extended around it, seemingly over several acres. Coker drew up alongside me, and we climbed down. There was no one about.

We made our way through an open rear door of the main building, and down a long corridor. At the end of it was a kitchen of baronial capacity where the warmth and smell of cooking lingered. From beyond a door on the far side came a murmur of voices and clatter of plates, but we had to find our way through a further dark passage before we reached them.

THE place we entered had, I imagine, been the servants' hall in the days when staffs were large enough for the term to be no misnomer. It was spacious enough to hold a hundred and more at table without crowding. The present occupants, seated on benches at two long trestles, I guessed to number somewhere between fifty and sixty, and it was clear at a glance that they were blind. While they sat patiently, the few sighted persons were busy. Over at a side table three girls were industriously carving chickens. I went up to one of them.

"We've just come," I said. "What do we do?"

She paused and, still clutching her fork, pushed back a lock of hair with the crook of her wrist.

"It'd help if you'll dish out the vegetables," she said.

Coker took command of the potato tub, and I of the cabbage. In the intervals of doling out I looked over the occupants of the hall. I did not see Josella—nor could I see any of the more notable characters among the group that had put forward its proposals at the University Building, though I fancied that the faces of some of the women were slightly familiar.

The proportion of men was far higher than in the former group, and they were curiously assorted. A few might have been Londoners, or at least town dwellers, but the majority wore countrymen's working clothes.

The women were more diversified. Some wore town clothes, quite unsuited to their surroundings, others were clearly country-women. Among the latter group only one girl was sighted.

Coker, too, had been taking stock of the place.

"Rum sort of setup, this," he whispered to me. "Have you seen her yet?"

I shook my head, desolately aware that I had been pinning more hope on finding Josella there than I would admit.

"Funny thing," he went on, "there's practically none of the lot I took along with you—except that girl that's carrying at the end there."

"Has she recognized you?" I asked.

"I think so. I got a sort of dirty look from her."

When the serving was complete we took our own plates and found places at the table. There was nothing to complain of in the cooking or the food: living out of cold cans for a week sharpens the appreciation. At the end of the meal, the gathering sorted itself into parties, each keeping in touch with his neighbor, and four of the sighted girls led them out.

I lighted a cigarette. Coker took one absent-mindedly, without making any comment. A girl came across to us. "Will you help to clear up?" she said. "Miss Durrant will be back soon, I expect."

"Miss Durrant?" I asked.

"She does the organizing," she explained. "You'll be able to fix things up with her.". . .

It was an hour later, and almost dark when we heard that Miss Durrant had returned. We found her in a small room that was lighted only by two candles on the desk. I recognized her at once as the dark, thin-

"Dear, come quick, and see how he manages his cup all by himself"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lipped woman who had spoken for the opposition at the meeting. For the moment all her attention was concentrated on Coker.

"I am told," she said coldly, her eyes still on Coker's, "that you are the man who organized the raid on the University Building?"

Coker agreed, and waited.

"I may as well tell you at once that in this community we have no use for brutal methods, and no intention of tolerating them."

Coker smiled slightly. He answered her in his best middle-class speech: "It is a matter of viewpoint. Who is to judge which were the more brutal? Those who stayed until there was no more that they could do —or those who declined one responsibility for another, and cleared out?"

She looked hard at him. Her expression remained unchanged, but she was evidently forming a different judgment of the type of man she had to deal with. Neither the reply nor its manner had been what she had expected. She turned to me.

"Were you in that, too?" she asked.

I explained my somewhat negative part in the affair, and put my own question: "What happened to Beadley, the colonel, and the rest?"

It was not well received. "They have gone elsewhere," she said, sharply. "This is a clean, decent community with standards—Christian standards—and we intend to uphold them. We have no place here for people of loose views."

She looked at me challengingly.

"So you split, did you?" I said. "Where did they go?"

Stonily she replied, "They moved on, and we remained. That is what matters. So long as they keep their influence away from here they may work their damnation where they please in the way they have chosen. And since they consider themselves superior to both the laws of God and civilized custom, I have no doubt that they will."

She ended this declaration with a snap of the jaw which suggested I would be wasting my time to pursue the question further at the moment. But there was one question I had to ask: I asked about Josella. Miss Durrant frowned.

"Josella Playton? I seem to know that name. Now where—? Did she stand in the Conservative interest last election?"

"I don't think so. She—er—she did write a book," I admitted.

"She—" she began. Then I saw recollection dawn. Miss Durrant must have been horrified by Josella's scarlet little book.

"Oh, that— Well, really, Mr. Masen, I can scarcely think she would be the type of person to care for our community."

I wasn't the type, either; and I let her know by my manner that I was glad of it. I demanded to know where Michael Beadley and his party had gone.

AT FIRST I thought she would refuse to tell me. My preference for other company was not pleasing. Also, it must be, in the circumstances, serious to lose the prospective help of an able-bodied man who could see. Nevertheless, she preferred letting me go to showing the weakness of asking me not to. She said, curtly, "They were making for somewhere near Beaminster in Dorset. But I know positively that Miss Playton was not with them. We never saw her again after Mr. Coker's friends raided the university." She looked at Coker coldly. "I can tell you no more than that." I turned to Coker. "I think I know where to look for Josella," I said. "Will you go with me?"

"No," he said. "I think I'll stay here."

Miss Durrant looked at him oddly; I could not quite tell whether she was pleased or horrified. A little of both, I suspected. Coker wore his usual cocky grin, but he too was divided in his emotions. I saw from the look on his face that he would rather have gone with me. The rigid puritanism of life under the Durrant regime did not by any means appeal to Coker. He was a man who liked his pint and an occasional fling with the girls. On the other hand, Coker was scared. I don't mean that he was a coward; he was far from that. He had seen enough of horrors in London; and—however reluctantly—he was convinced that simple survival was all that could be looked for in this new and terrifying world.

He knew that, with all of her primness, with all of her insistence on a conventionality that was as dead as mutton, Miss Durrant *had* succeeded in holding this little colony together. And, more than all this, I think Coker was tired. He was willing to stay anywhere, if a bed and a meal were guaranteed from one day to the next.

He looked at me in embarrassed silence for a moment. I laughed and said, "Whatever you like, Coker. I'd appreciate it, Miss Durrant, if I could have a place to sleep the night. I'll take the truck I've been driving. I want to make an early start tomorrow."

She nodded curtly. Coker shook hands with me, smiled warmly, though with some embarrassment, and said, "All the best to you, Bill. I hope you find her." Then Miss Durrant showed me to my room. She didn't bother to say either good night or good luck. I'll say that for her: she wasn't the usual kind of hypocrite.

I WOKE up before dawn and tiptoed my way out of the manor. Courtesies mattered less and less in the England that was left after the debris from the comets fell: I doubted that Miss Durrant would want me to wake her up to say good-by, and I knew that Coker would be grateful to have me slip away without formalities. I climbed into my truck and drove away. I was taking Miss Durrant's word for it that Josella wasn't with the Beadley group. If she was alive at all—I reasoned—she would have tried to reach the farm on the Sussex Downs. She had told me about it the first night we met. It belonged to friends of hers. Near Pulborough, she had said. Well, I would make for Pulborough and hope for the best.

Now I was on my own I could not shut out a sense of loneliness. I missed Coker; and in a sort of way I was even sorry to leave behind the self-righteous Miss Durrant. I had always thought of loneliness as something negative—an absence of company—and, of course, something temporary. But as I drove my truck, I was learning that loneliness was something more. It was something which could press and oppress, could distort the ordinary, play tricks with the mind. Something which lurked inimically all around, stretching the nerves and twanging them with alarms.

Only the conviction that I would find Josella at my journey's end kept me from turning back to find relief from the strain with Coker and the rest.

The sights I saw by the way had nothing to do with my mood. Horrible though they were, I was hardened to them by now. The horror had diminished just as the horror which hangs over great battlefields fades into history. Nor did I view it any longer as a vast, impressive tragedy. My struggle was a personal conflict with the instincts of my mind. An action continually defensive with no victory possible. I knew that I could not sustain myself for long, alone.

To give myself occupation I drove faster than I should and in a matter of a few hours I was guiding the truck into the New Forest. That was when I caught sight of a helicopter cruising low in the sky. It was some way ahead and crossing my course. By bad luck the trees grew close up to the side of the road and must have hidden it almost completely from the air. I put on a spurt, but by the time I reached more open ground the machine was no more than a speck floating away into the distance to the north. But even the sight of it was an encouragement.

A few miles farther on I drove through a small village lying neatly about a triangular green. At first sight it was as charming in its mixture of thatched and red-tiled cottages with their flowering gardens as something out of a picture book. But I did not look too closely into the gardens as I passed: too many of them showed the

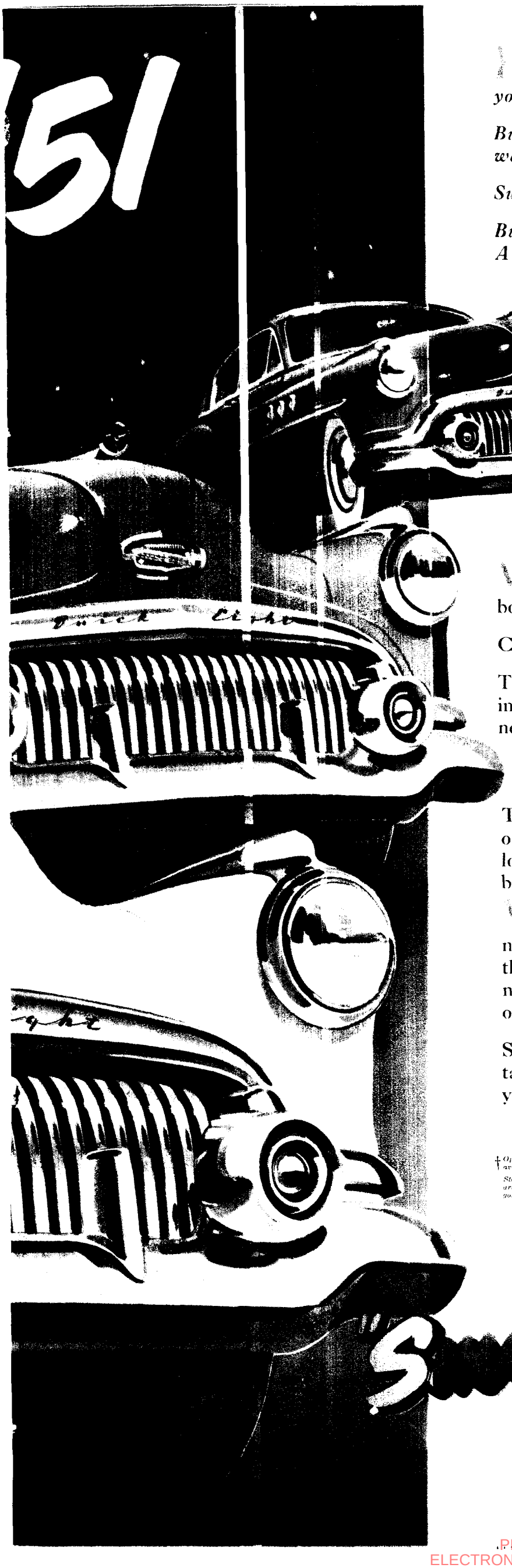
Just one question, Mom...
can you afford not to smoke
Marlboro?
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked — that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
YOUR CHOICE OF IVORY TIPS • PLAIN ENDS • BEAUTY TIPS (RED) •

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All-Star Line-up for

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

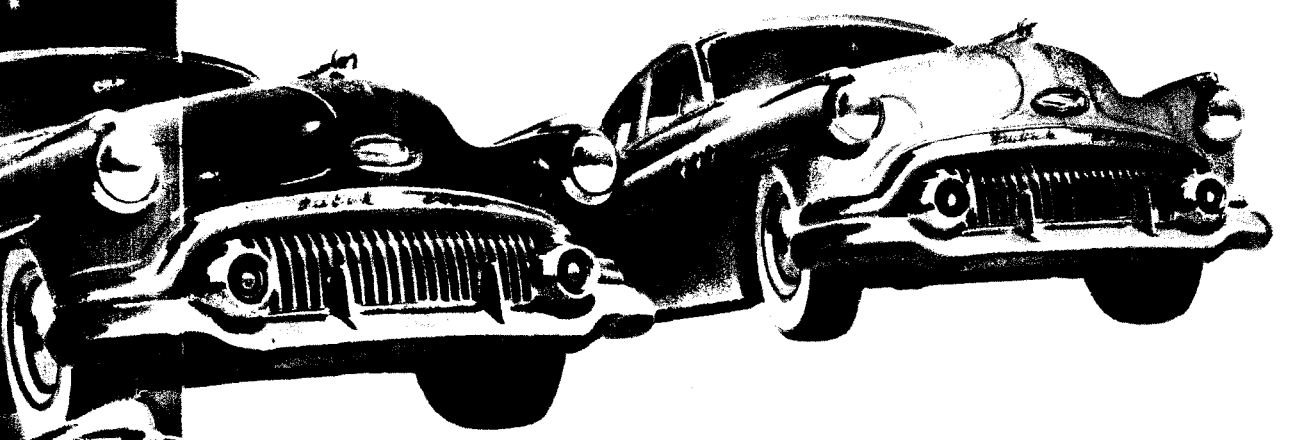


Our first eye-smacking look at the line of lovelies pictured here tells you that they've got what it takes in visual charm.

But the fellow who said a picture speaks louder than a thousand words wasn't talking about these superbly able 1951 Buicks.

Sure, they're smart to look at—smart in style and smart in dress.

But they're also smartly powered—smartly engineered—smartly priced. And it would take a book to describe in full their deep-down goodness.



What's been done for '51 is to take the best automobiles that ever bore the Buick name—and top them.

Come, look them over, and you'll see what we mean.

There's the SPECIAL which can accurately be titled "the newest car in the world"—new in structure, new in power, new in dimensions, new in thrift—and potent in price appeal.

There's the SUPER—that looks and is a smart new edition of its "best seller" forebear.

Then there's the ROADMASTER—that coddles your anatomy on luxurious new fabrics and cloud-soft cushions—pampers your pride with its lordly bearing—shoots a delicious tingle right up your spine by the exuberance of its power and action.

We could go on and on. This is the car that "breathes through its nose." This is the car that sports a brand-new front-end styling. This is the car with new high-visibility instrument dials, more easily read at night. This is the car with glare-and-heat-reducing glass† and a host of other news-making features you can't afford to miss.

So your No. 1 date this week end is with your Buick dealer. It won't take you long to conclude that he's offering the smartest buys of the year.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

† *Optional at extra cost—available on most models. (Not presently available in California, Kansas and Massachusetts.)*

Standard equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice due to governmental restrictions.

Buick's Buick

FIRST DISPLAY TOMORROW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alien shape of a triffid towering incongruously among the spring flowers. I was almost through the place when a small figure bounded out of one of the last garden gates and came running up the road toward me, waving its arms. I pulled up, looked round for triffids in a way that was becoming instinctive, picked up my gun, and climbed down.

THE child was dressed in a blue cotton frock and socks. She was aged perhaps nine, or ten. She was a pretty little girl—even though her dark brown curls were uncared for, and her face was dirtied with tears. She plucked at my sleeve.

"Please, please," she begged, urgently. "Please come and see what's happened to Tommy."

I stood staring down at her. The awful loneliness of the day was gone. My mind seemed to break out of the case I had made for it. I wanted to pick her up and hold her close to me. I could feel tears close behind my eyes. I held out my hand to her, and she took it. Together we walked back to the gate through which she had come.

"Tommy's there," she said, pointing.

A little boy about five years old lay on the small patch of lawn between the flower beds.

"The *thing* hit him," she said. "It hit him, and he fell down. And it wanted to hit me when I tried to help him. Horrible *thing.*"

I looked up and saw the cup of a triffid just visible over the fence that bordered the garden.

"Put your hands over your ears. I'm going to make a bang," I said.

She did so, and I blasted the top of the triffid.

"Horrible *thing!*" she repeated. "Is it dead now?"

"Yes," I said. "It's dead now."

We walked over to the little boy. The scarlet slash of the sting was vivid on his pale cheek. It must have happened some hours before. She knelt beside him.

"It isn't any good," I said gently.

She looked up, with fresh tears in her eyes.

"Is Tommy dead, too?"

I squatted down beside her. "I'm afraid so," I said, shaking my head.

After a while she said, "Poor Tommy! Will we bury him?"

"Yes," I said.

In all the overwhelming disaster it was the only grave I dug—and it was a very small one. We drove away and left it with a bunch of flowers she had gathered lying on top of it. . . .

Susan was her name. A long time ago—as it seemed to her—something had happened to her father and mother so that they could not see. Her father had gone out first, and he had not come back. Her mother went out later, leaving them with strict instructions not to leave the house. She had come back crying. The next day she went out again; this time she did not come back. The children ate what they could find, and then grew hungry. At last Susan was hungry enough to disobey instructions and seek help from Mrs. Walton at the shop. The shop was open, but Mrs. Walton was not there. No one came when Susan called, so she decided to take some cake, and biscuits, and sweets, and tell Mrs. Walton about it afterward.

She had seen some of the *things* hovering near as she came back. One of them had struck at her, but it had misjudged her height, and the sting passed over her head. It frightened her, and she ran home. After that, she had been very careful about the *things,* and on their further expeditions had taught Tommy to be careful, too. But Tommy had been so little. He hadn't been able to see the one that was hiding behind the hedge when he went out to play in the garden that morning. Susan had tried half a dozen times to get to him, but each time, however careful she was, she had seen the top of the triffid stir or quiver . . .

An hour or so later I decided it was time to stop for the night. I left Susan in the truck while I prospected a cottage or two until I found one that was habitable, and we scraped a meal together; it was a good enough meal, and we ate it hungrily. Afterward, I found a bed for her and—feeling rather like a fool—kissed her good night.

But not long after I had seen her to bed and come downstairs, I heard her sobbing again. I went back to her.

"It's all right, Susan," I said. "It's all right. It didn't really hurt poor Tommy, you know." I sat down on the bed beside her, and took her hand.

She stopped crying. "It wasn't just Tommy," she said. "It was after Tommy—when there was nobody. I was so frightened."

"I know," I told her. "I do know. I was frightened, too."

She looked at me. "But you aren't frightened now?"

"No. And you aren't, either. So you see we'll just have to keep together and stop each other from being frightened."

"Yes," she agreed. "That'll be all right . . ."

So we discussed a number of things until she fell asleep.

AS WE started off the next morning, Susan asked, "Where are we going?" I said that we were looking for a lady. "Where is she?" asked Susan.

I wasn't sure of that. All I had in mind was what Josella had told me about her friends' farmhouse hidden away somewhere in the Sussex Downs—near Pulborough.

"Is she a pretty lady?" asked Susan.

"Yes," said I, glad to be more definite, this time.

"Good," said Susan, with satisfaction, and we passed to other subjects . . .

By midday the clouds had gathered for a downpour. When we pulled up on the road just short of Pulborough late in the afternoon, it was raining hard.

"Where do we go now?" Susan said.

"That," I said, "is just the trouble. Somewhere over there." I waved my arms towards the misty line of the Downs in the south.

I had been trying hard to recall just what else Josella had said of the place, but I could recall no more than that she had said that the house stood on the north side of the hills, and I had had the impression that it faced across the low marshy country toward Pulborough. Now that I had got there, it seemed a pretty vague instruction: the Downs stretched for miles to the east and the west.

"Maybe the first thing to do is to see if we can find any smoke across there."

"It's awfully difficult to see anything in the rain," Susan said.

Half an hour later the rain obligingly held off for a while. We left the truck, and sat on a wall, side by side. We studied the lower slopes of the hills carefully for some time, but neither Susan's sharp eyes nor my field glasses caught any trace of smoke or signs of activity. Then it started to rain again.

"I'm hungry," said Susan.

Food was a matter of trifling interest to me just then. I was too anxious, now that I was so near, to know whether my guess had been right. While Susan ate I took the truck a little way up the hill behind us to get a more extensive view. In between showers and in a worsening light we scanned the other side of the valley again without result. The whole landscape was without life or movement save for a few cattle and sheep and an occasional lurching triffid in the fields below.

An idea struck me, and I decided to go down to the village. I was reluctant to take Susan, for the place would not be pleasant, but I could not leave her where she was. I found that I need not have worried; the sights affected her less than they did me. Children have a different convention of the fearful until they are taught to be shocked at the proper things. The depression was all mine. Susan found more to interest than to disgust her. My search, too, was rewarding. I returned to the truck laden with a head lamp like a minor searchlight which we had found on an abandoned car.

I rigged the thing up on a kind of pivot beside the cab window, and got it ready to plug in. Then there was nothing to do but wait for darkness, and hope that the rain would let up.

BY THE time it was fully dark there was little more than a spatter of rain. I plugged in, and sent a magnificent beam piercing the night. Slowly I turned the lamp from side to side, keeping its ray leveled toward the opposite hills, and anxiously trying to watch the whole line of them simultaneously for a light in response. A dozen times or more I turned it steadily, switching off for some seconds at the end of each sweep while we sought even a flicker in the darkness. But each time the night on the hills remained pitchy black.

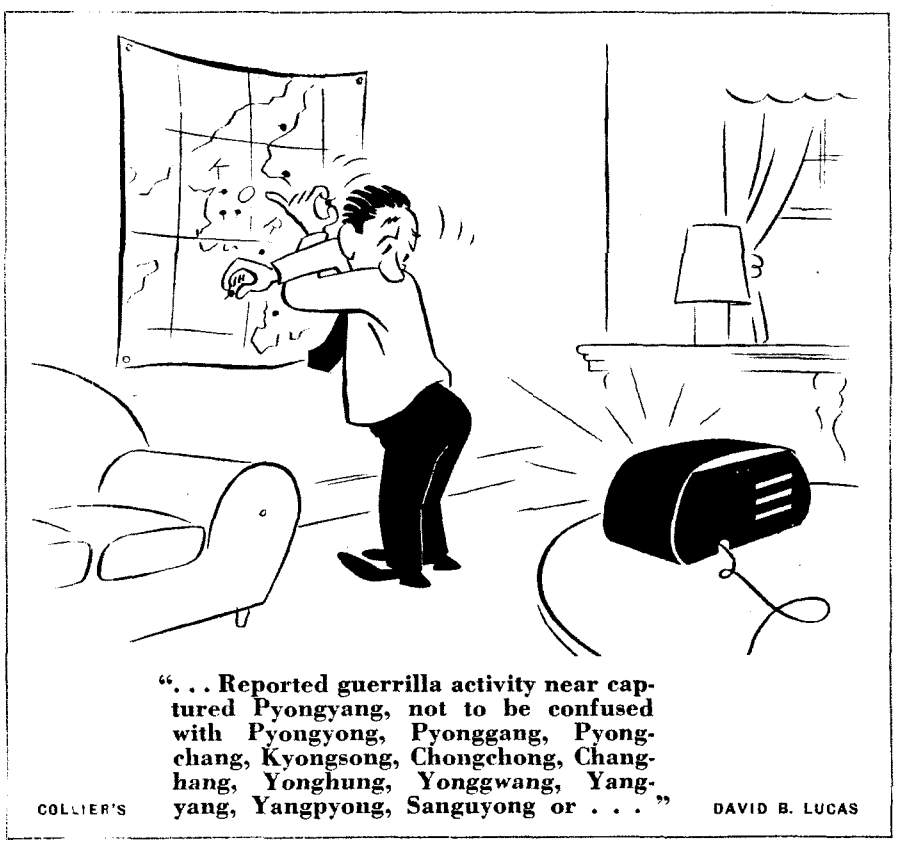
Then the rain came on more heavily. I set the beam full ahead, and sat waiting, listening to the drumming of the rain on the roof of the cab, while Susan fell asleep leaning against my arm. A couple of hours later the drumming dwindled to a patter and ceased. Susan woke up as I started the

Make getting there as much fun as being there...

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE PULLMAN COMPANY



COLLIER'S

". . . Reported guerrilla activity near captured Pyongyang, not to be confused with Pyongyong, Pyonggang, Pyongchang, Kyongsong, Chongchong, Changhang, Yonghung, Yonggwang, Yangyang, Yangpyong, Sanguyong or . . . "

DAVID B. LUCAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beam raking again. I had completed the sixth travel when she called out:

"Look, Bill! Look! There it is! There's a light!"

She was pointing a few degrees left of our front. I switched off our lamp, and followed the line of her finger. It was difficult to be sure; if it was not a trick of our eyes, it was something as dim as a distant glowworm. And even as we looked at it, it vanished as the rain came on us in sheets. By the time I had my glasses in my hand there was no view at all.

I hesitated to move. It might be that the light, if it had been a light, would not be visible from lower ground. Once more I trained our light forward, and settled down to wait as patiently as I could. Another hour passed before the rain cleared again. The moment it did, I switched off our lamp.

"It is!" Susan said, excitedly. "Look!"

It was. And bright enough now to banish any doubts though the glasses showed me no details.

I switched on again, and gave the V sign in Morse. While we watched, the other light blinked and then began a series of slow, deliberate longs and shorts which unfortunately meant nothing to me. I gave a couple more V's for good measure, drew the approximate line of the far light on the map, and switched on our driving lights.

"Is that the lady?" asked Susan.

"It's got to be," I said. "It's *got* to be."

That was a poorish trip. To cross the low marshland it was necessary to take a road a little to the west of us and then work back to the east along the foot of the opposite hills. Before we had gone more than a couple of miles something cut off the sight of the light from us altogether, and to add to the difficulties of finding our way in the dark lanes the rain began again in earnest. With no one to care for the marsh sluices some fields were already flooded and the water was over the road in places, so that I had to repress my eagerness and drive with a tedious care.

We had gone some way when Susan caught a glimmer between branches on our right. The next turning was luckier. It took us back at a slant up the side of the hill and clear of the trees until we could see a small, brilliantly lighted square of window perhaps a mile along the slope. Even then, with the map to help, it was not easy to find the lane that led to it. We lurched along, still climbing in low gear with the lighted window growing gradually closer. The lane had not been designed for ponderous trucks; we had to push our way along it between bushes and brambles which scrabbled along the painted sides as though trying to clutch us back.

A lantern waved in the road ahead, and moved on, swinging to show us the turn through a gate. Then it was set stationary on the ground. I drove to within a yard or two of it, and pulled up. As I opened the door, a flashlight suddenly shone in my face. I had a glimpse of a figure behind it, glistening in the rain.

A voice spoke with an effort at calm, but with a break in it. "Hullo, Bill. You've been a long time."

I jumped down.

"Oh, Bill. I can't—oh, my dear, I hoped so much—Oh, Bill . . . " said Josella.

I had forgotten all about Susan until a voice came from above. "You are getting wet, you silly. Why don't you kiss her indoors?" it asked.

THE sense with which I arrived at Shirning Farm—that most of my troubles were now over—is interesting only in showing how wide of the mark a sense can be.

Ever since her possible location had occurred to me I had pictured her, in a rather fanciful way, as battling bravely singlehanded against all the forces of nature. In a way, I suppose she was, but the setup was a lot different from my imaginings.

Shirning was charming. It was a farm only by courtesy of title; actually it was a country house. Sussex and the neighboring counties were well dotted with such houses and cottages which escaping Londoners had found adaptable to their needs. Inside, the house was as beautifully modern as any city dwelling. Outside, the yards and sheds had a suburban rather than rural tidiness, and had for years known no form of animal life rougher than a few riding horses and ponies, and several generations of dogs. The farmyard showed no utilitarian sights, and gave no rustic smells; it had been laid over with close green turf like a bowling green. The fields across which the windows of the house gazed from beneath weathered red tiles had long been worked by the occupiers of other and more earthy farmhouses. But the sheds and barns remained in good condition.

It had been an ambition of Josella's friends, the present owners, to restore the place one day to work on a limited scale, to which end they had continually refused tempting offers for it in the hope that at some time and in some manner not clearly perceived they would acquire enough money to start buying back some of the land rightfully belonging to it.

With its own well, and its own power plant the place had plenty to recommend it. I knew nothing of farming, but I felt that if we had to stay there, it was going to take a lot of work to feed six of us.

The other three had been there already when Josella arrived. They were Dennis and Mary Brent, and Joyce Taylor. Dennis was the owner of the house. Joyce had been there on an indefinite visit at first to keep Mary company, and then to keep the house running when the baby Mary was expecting should arrive.

ON THE night of the green flashes—of the comet, you'd say, if you were one of those who still believes in that comet—there had been two other guests, Joan and Ted Danton, spending a week of their holiday there. All five of them had gone out into the garden to watch the display.

In the morning all five woke to a world that was perpetually dark. First they had tried ineffectively to telephone, then they had waited hopefully for the arrival of the daily help. When she failed to arrive, Ted had volunteered to try to find out what had happened. Dennis would have accompanied him but for his wife's almost hysterical state. Ted set out alone, therefore. He did not come back. At some time later in the day, and without saying anything to anyone, Joan had slipped away, presumably to try to find her husband. She, too, disappeared completely.

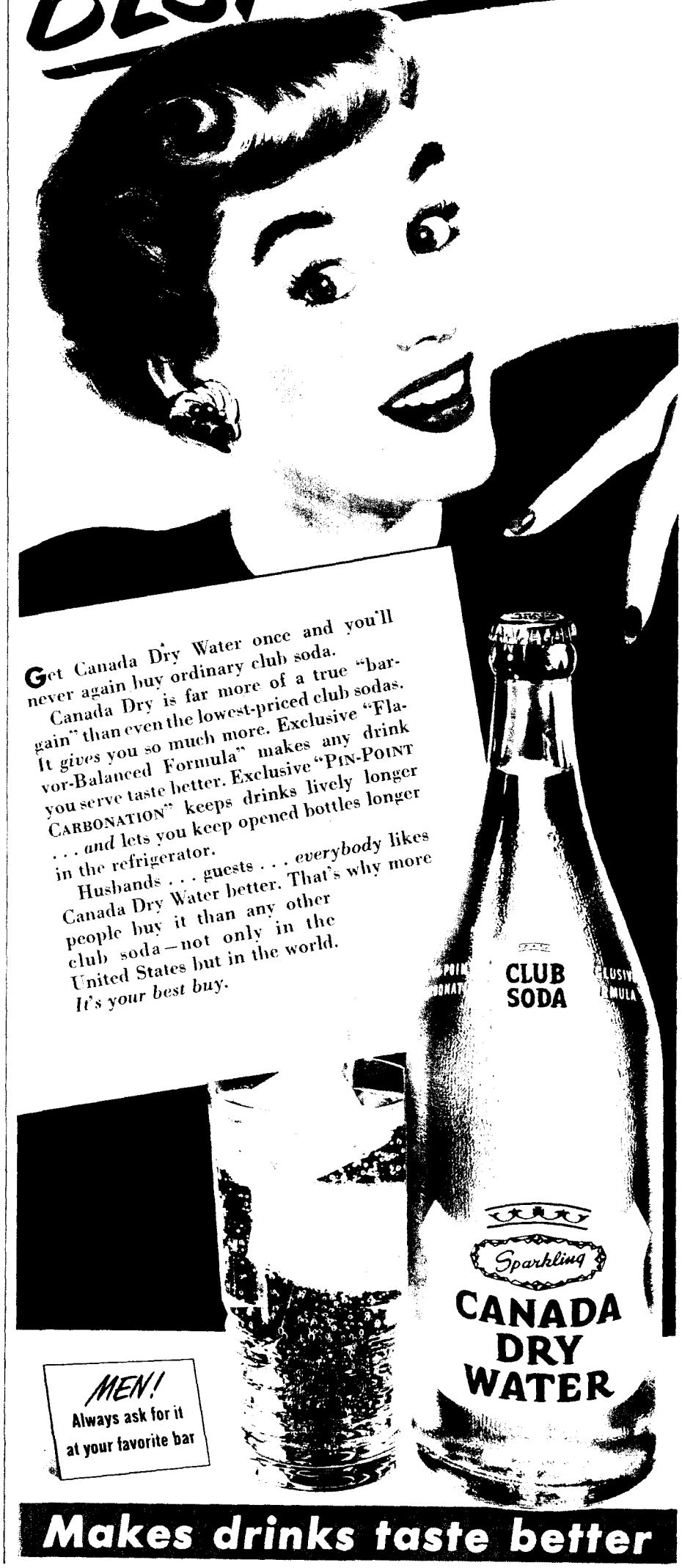
Dennis kept track of the time by touching the hands of the clock. By late afternoon it was impossible to sit any longer doing nothing. Dennis wanted to try to get down to the village. Both the women objected to that. Because of Mary's condition he yielded, and Joyce determined to go. She went to the door, and began to feel her way with her hands outstretched before her. She was barely beyond the threshold when something fell with a swish across her left hand, burning like a hot wire. She jumped back with a cry, and collapsed in the hall where Dennis found her. Luckily she had been conscious, and able to moan of the pain in her hand.

Dennis, feeling the raised weal, had known it for what it was. In spite of their blindness he and Mary had been able to apply hot fomentations, she heating the kettle while he applied a tourniquet and did his best to suck out some of the poison. After that they carried her up to bed where she had had to stay for several days until the effect of the poison had worn off.

Meanwhile Dennis made tests first at the front, and then at the back of the house. Opening the door slightly, he cautiously thrust out a broom at head level. Each time there was a whistle of a sting, and he felt it tremble in his hands as it was struck. At one of the garden windows the same thing happened: the others appeared to be clear. He would have tried to leave by one of them but for Mary's distress.

She was sure that if there were triffids around the house, there must be others nearby, and she would not let him take the

"I BUY THE BEST BUY!"



Get Canada Dry Water once and you'll never again buy ordinary club soda.

Canada Dry is far more of a true "bargain" than even the lowest-priced club sodas. It *gives* you so much more. Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula" makes any drink you serve taste better. Exclusive "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" keeps drinks lively longer . . . *and* lets you keep opened bottles longer in the refrigerator.

Husbands . . . guests . . . *everybody* likes Canada Dry Water better. That's why more people buy it than any other club soda—not only in the United States but in the world. *It's your best buy.*

MEN! Always ask for it at your favorite bar

Makes drinks taste better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

risk; luckily they had food enough to last for some time, though it was difficult for them to prepare it. Joyce, in spite of a high temperature, was managing to hold her own against the triffid poison. Most of the next day Dennis devoted to making a kind of helmet for himself. He had wire net only of large mesh so that he had to contrive it of a number of layers overlapped and tied together. Equipped with this and a pair of heavy gauntlet gloves he had started for the village late in the day.

A triffid had struck at him before he was three paces from the house. He groped for it until he found it, and broke its stem. A minute or two later another sting thudded across his helmet. He was not able to grapple with the triffid that time, though it made half a dozen slashes before it gave up. He made his way to the tool shed, and thence across to the lane, encumbered now with three large balls of gardening twine which he played out to guide him back.

Several times in the lane, stings whipped at him. It took an immensely long time for him to cover the mile or so to the village, and before he reached it his supply of twine had given out. And all that time he had walked and stumbled through a silence so complete that it frightened him.

When he reached the village, he soon learned that it was in no better plight than his own household. He sat down to think out what to do.

By the feeling in the air he thought night must have fallen. He had been away three or four hours—and there was nothing to do but go back. All the same, there was no reason why he should go back empty-handed. He picked up a stick and rapped his way along the wall and the fences until it rang on one of the tin advertisements which adorned the entrance to the village shop. Three times in fifty or sixty yards stings slapped on his helmet. Another struck as he opened the gate, and he tripped over a body lying on the path. A man's body, and quite cold.

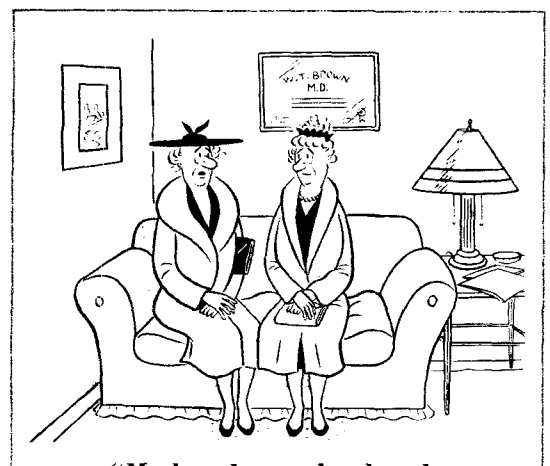
HE HAD an impression that others had been in the shop before him. Nevertheless he found a sizable piece of bacon. He dropped it, along with packets of butter or margarine, biscuits and sugar into a sack and added an assortment of cans which came from shelves which to the best of his recollection held food; certainly the sardine tins were unmistakable. Then he sought for, and found, a dozen or more balls of string, shouldered the sack, and set off home.

He missed his way once, and it had been hard to remain calm while he retraced his steps until he could place himself. But at last he found that he was in the familiar lane. By feeling right across the road he located the twine at last, and tied it to the string. With the twine to guide him, the rest of the journey back had been fairly easy.

Twice more during the following week he had made the journey to the village shop again, and each time the triffids round the house had seemed more numerous. There had been nothing more they could do but wait in hope. And then, like a miracle, Josella had arrived. . . .

It was clear to me at once that the notion of an immediate move to Tynsham was out. For one thing Joyce Taylor was still in an extremely weak state. When I looked at her, I was surprised that she was alive at all. Dennis' promptness had saved her, but their inability to give her proper restoratives or even suitable food during the following week had slowed down her recovery. It would be folly to try to move her a long distance in a truck for a week or two yet. And then, too, Mary's confinement was close enough to make the move inadvisable for her, so that the only course seemed to be to remain where we were until these crises should have passed.

Once more it became my task to scrounge and forage. This time on a more elaborate scale, to include not only food, but gas for the lighting system, hens that were laying, two cows that had recently calved (and still survived though they were lean from hunger), medical supplies for Mary, and other necessities.



"My last doctor developed the obsession that all my ailments were in my mind"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

It was an area more beset with triffids than any I had yet seen. Almost every morning revealed one or two lurking close to the house, and the first task of the day was to shoot the tops off them until I had constructed a netting fence to keep them out of the garden. Even then they would come right up and loiter against it suggestively until something was done about them.

I opened some of the cases of gear and taught small Susan how to use a triffid gun. She rapidly became an expert at disarming the *things* as she continued to call them. It became her department to work daily vengeance on them.

From Josella I learned what had happened to her after the fire alarm at the University Building.

She had been shipped off with her party much as I had with mine, but her manner of dealing with the two women to whom she was attached had been summary. She had issued a flat ultimatum: Either she became free of all restraints, in which case she would help them as far as she could: or, if they continued to coerce her, they would be likely to find themselves drinking prussic acid or eating cyanide of potassium on her recommendation. They could take their choice. They had chosen sensibly.

There was little difference in what we had to tell one another about the days that followed. When her group had dissolved, she had reasoned much as I had. She took a car to Hampstead, and started looking for me. She had not encountered any survivors of my group.

She had kept on until almost sunset, and then decided to make for the University Building. Not knowing what to expect, she had cautiously stopped the car a couple of streets away, and approached on foot. She had been still some distance from the gates when she heard a shot fired. Wondering what that might indicate, she had taken cover in the garden that had sheltered us before. From that vantage point she had observed Coker also making a circumspect advance. Without knowing that I had fired at the triffid in the Square, and that the sound of the shot was the cause of Coker's caution, she had suspected a trap.

Determined not to fall in with Coker again, she had gone back to her car. She had no idea where the rest had gone—if they had gone at all. The only place of refuge she could think of that would be known to anyone else was the one she had mentioned almost casually to me. She had decided to make for it, hoping that I, if I were still in existence, would remember, and make for it, too.

"I curled up and slept in the back of the car once I was clear of London," she said. "It was still quite early when I got here the next morning. The sound of the car must have waked Dennis because before I could get out of it he was calling from an upstairs window warning me to look out for triffids. Then I saw that there were half a dozen or more of them about the house for all the world as if they were waiting for someone to come out of it. Dennis and I shouted back and forth. The triffids stirred, and one of them began to move toward me, so I nipped back into the car for safety. When it came closer, I started up the car, and deliberately ran it down. But there were still the others, and I had no kind of weapon but my knife. It was Dennis who solved it.

"'If you've got a can of gas to spare, throw some of it their way—and follow it up with a bit of burning rag. That ought to shift 'em,' he suggested.

"It did. Since then I've used a garden syringe. The wonder is that I haven't set the place on fire."

Inexperienced though she was, Josella had managed to set up a routine of decent meals, and get the place more or less to rights. Working, learning, and improvising had kept her too busy to worry about a future that lay beyond the next few weeks. She had seen no one during those days, but certain that there must be others somewhere she had scanned the valley at intervals by day for signs of smoke, and in the evenings in search of lights. There had been no smoke, and not a gleam in all the miles of countryside within her view until the evening I came.

Worst affected of the original trio was Dennis. Joyce was in a semi-invalid condition still. Mary held herself withdrawn and seemed to be capable of finding endless mental occupation in the contemplation of prospective motherhood. But Dennis was like an animal in a trap. He did not resent his blindness with futile cursing, but viciously as though it had put him in a cage where he did not intend to stay.

Already, before I had arrived, he had prevailed upon Josella to find the Braille system in the encyclopedia, and make an indented copy of the alphabet for him to learn. He spent dogged hours each day making notes in it, and attempting to read them back. Most of the rest of the time he fretted over his own uselessness, though he did not mention it. He would keep on trying to do this or that with a grim persistence that was painful to watch, and it required all my self-control to stop me offering him help—one experience of the bitterness which unasked help could arouse in him was enough. I began to be astonished at the things he was painfully teaching himself to do. But the most impressive still was his construction of an efficient mesh helmet on the second day of his blindness.

THE days began to pass more quickly—certainly for the three of us who could see. Josella was kept busy mostly in the house, and Susan was learning to help her. And there were plenty of jobs waiting to be done by me when I was not away on some expedition. Joyce recovered sufficiently to make a shaky first appearance, and then began to pick up more rapidly. Soon after that Mary's pains began.

It was a bad night for everyone. Worst for Dennis in knowing that everything depended on the care of two willing but inexperienced girls. His control roused my helpless admiration.

In the early hours of the morning Josella came down to us, looking very tired. "It's a girl. They're both all right," she said, and took Dennis upstairs.

She returned a few moments later, and took the drink I handed her.

"It was quite simple, thank Heaven," she said. "Poor Mary was horribly afraid it might be blind, but it isn't. Now she's crying dreadfully because she can't see it."

Josella put her face in her hands. "Oh, God! Bill. Has it got to go on being like this? On—and on—and on—?"

And she, too, collapsed in tears.

Even when I had left Tynsham in search of Josella, it had been at the back of my mind that sooner or later I would return there. The formidable Miss Durrant was not my idea of a leader in whom one could have much trust; but the practical-minded Coker was with her now. And I was convinced from what I had seen at Shirning Farm that seven people—of whom one was a small girl and one a newborn baby—could not hope to survive all by themselves. In her dogmatic way, Miss Durrant had the right idea: it would take a colony of people, a miniature of society, to stand up against the triffids and all the horrors that disease almost certainly would bring in its wake.

And three weeks after the birth of Mary's baby, I drove over to Tynsham. I wanted especially to see Coker, for I knew he would be sympathetic to my plan for joining the colony. I took an ordinary car so that I could cover the double journey in one day.

When I got back, Josella met me at the door of Shirning Farm. "What's the matter?" she said, after one look at my face.

"I think we won't be going to Tynsham after all," I said.

She stared at me. "Don't they want us?"

"I don't know," I said. "There's nobody there."

"Nobody—?"

"Not a single living soul. Only triffids."

(To be concluded next week)

Christine Bruning was a shy, lonely girl, dedicated to her painting and to a life without love. But that was before Mark entered her life—Mark Seville, the tall, handsome Army captain who was to bring her a happiness greater than any she had ever known. He brought tragedy, too—tragedy almost overpowering, which demanded all the courage Christine could muster, and all the determination and all the faith.

Letter to a Child

By KAREN McKINLEY

is the most unusual love story of the year —the story of a woman who dared to respond to the dictates of her heart and bring her love to its noble fulfillment

Beginning in Next Week's Collier's

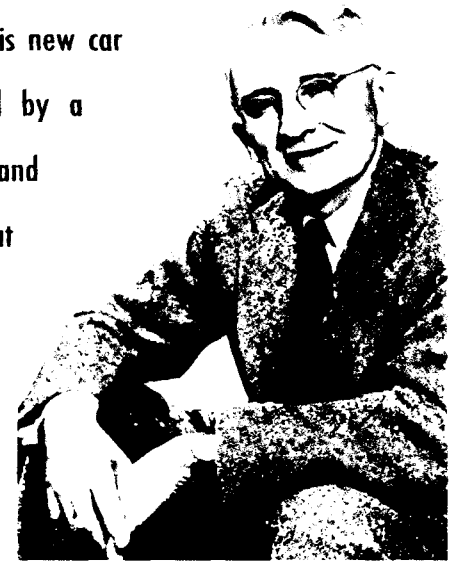
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S THE NEW 1951 CAR

New Inside... New Outside with a Completely New Kind of Ride

"WHEN I FIRST SAW this new 1951 car, its smart look, its new engineering advances made me put it in the expensive car class," says Ted Williams, baseball's great left-handed slugger.

Now the Secret's Out! In previews of this new car men and women in all walks of life were thrilled by a completely new riding principle, new styling and host of engineering improvements... amazed that any car offering so much, could cost so little.



"I THINK I KNOW what influences people, and this new car will do it," says Dale Carnegie, famous author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living."

"IT'S EXCITING TO LOOK AT and exciting to drive," says the beautiful young movie star, Joan Evans. "A car certain to win the hearts of young America." Miss Evans stars in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production "EDGE OF DOOM."

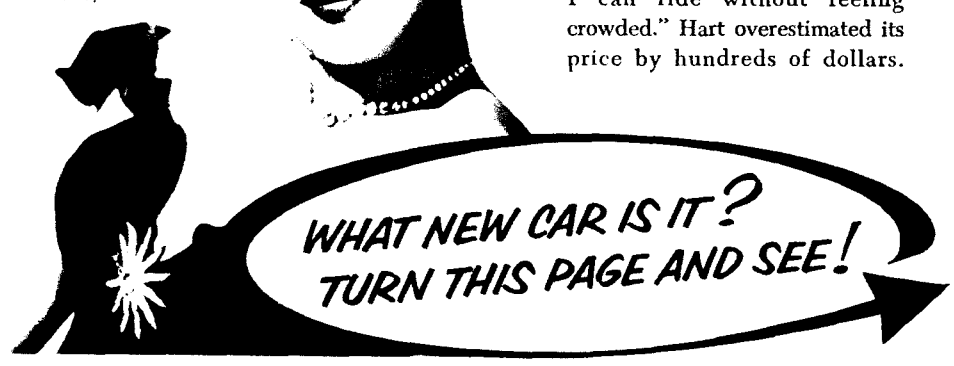
"IT'S SO BIG, SO ROOMY and with greater visibility for every passenger," says Betty Hutton,* famous for her own exuberant way of putting over a song, "and so luxuriously appointed inside and out."

BIG, HUSKY LEON HART, famous All-American football star, says, "This car will score big! It has the extra room a fellow my size needs. I can ride without feeling crowded." Hart overestimated its price by hundreds of dollars.

"HERE'S FRESH YOUTHFUL STYLING that's bound to set a fashion trend," says Dorothy Lamour,* famous screen star noted for her keen appreciation of beauty. "It's so sleek, so good-looking outside, so smartly styled inside."

*Soon to be seen in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth," a Paramount Release Color by Technicolor

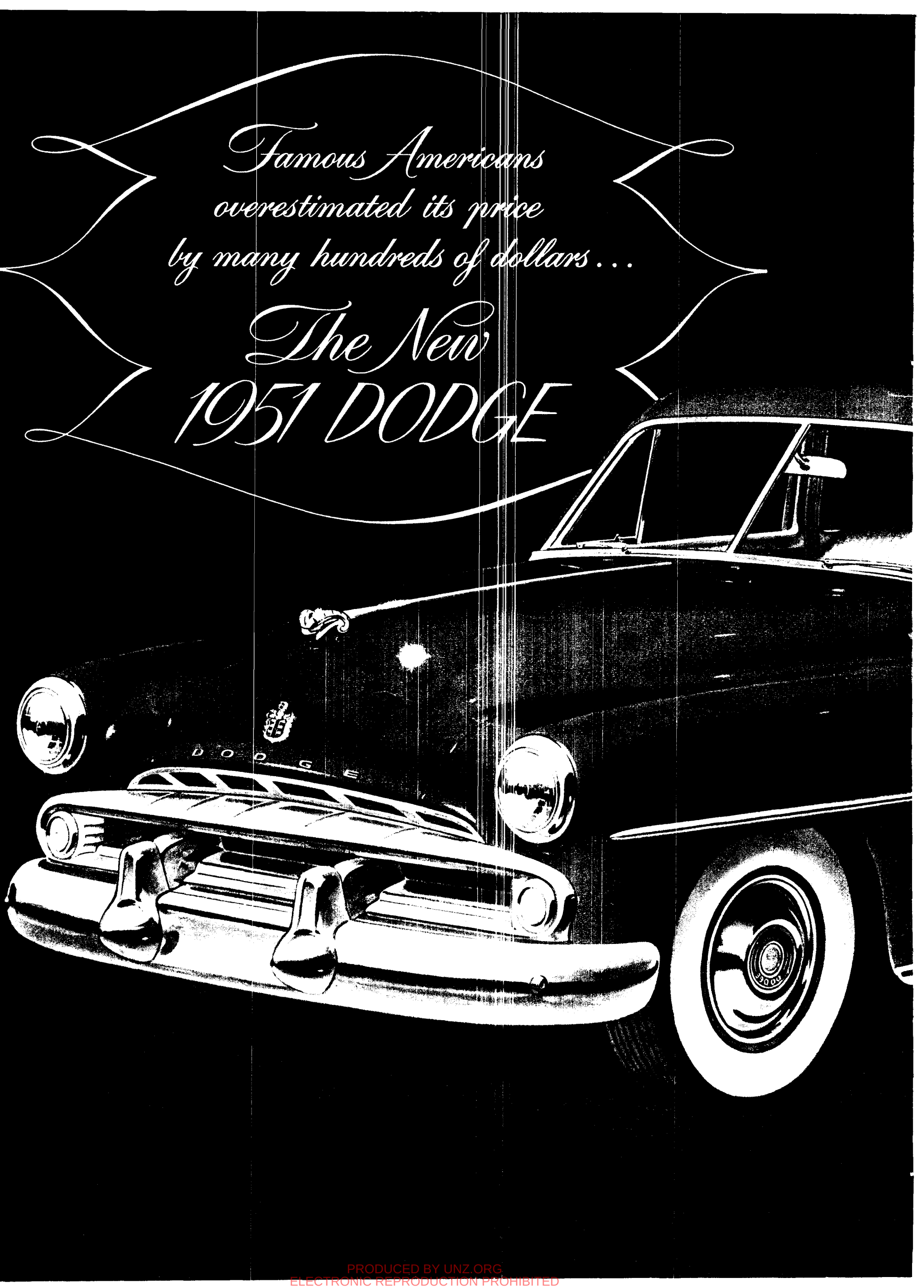
"I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE a car offering so much in the way of smart lines, economy and ruggedness could sell at so low a price," says John Robert Powers, discoverer of countless cover girls and top-flight fashion models.



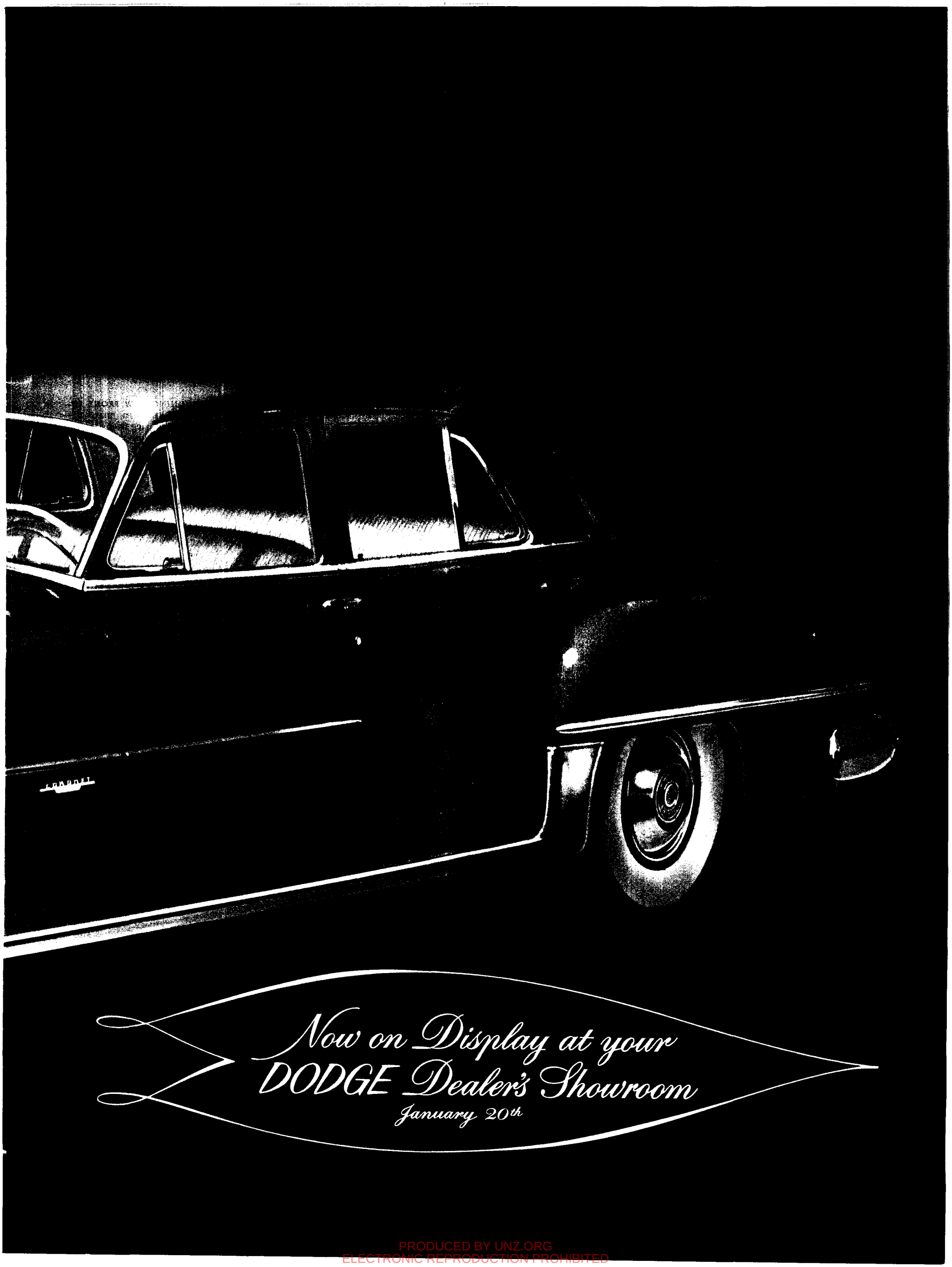
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous Americans
overestimated its price
by many hundreds of dollars...

The New 1951 DODGE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

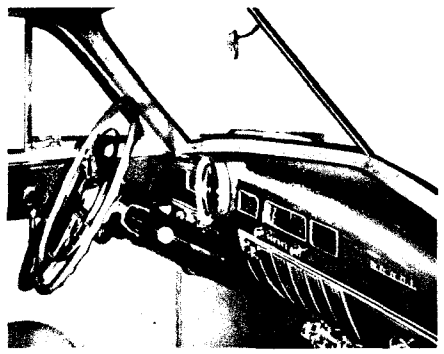


Now on Display at your
DODGE Dealer's Showroom
January 20th

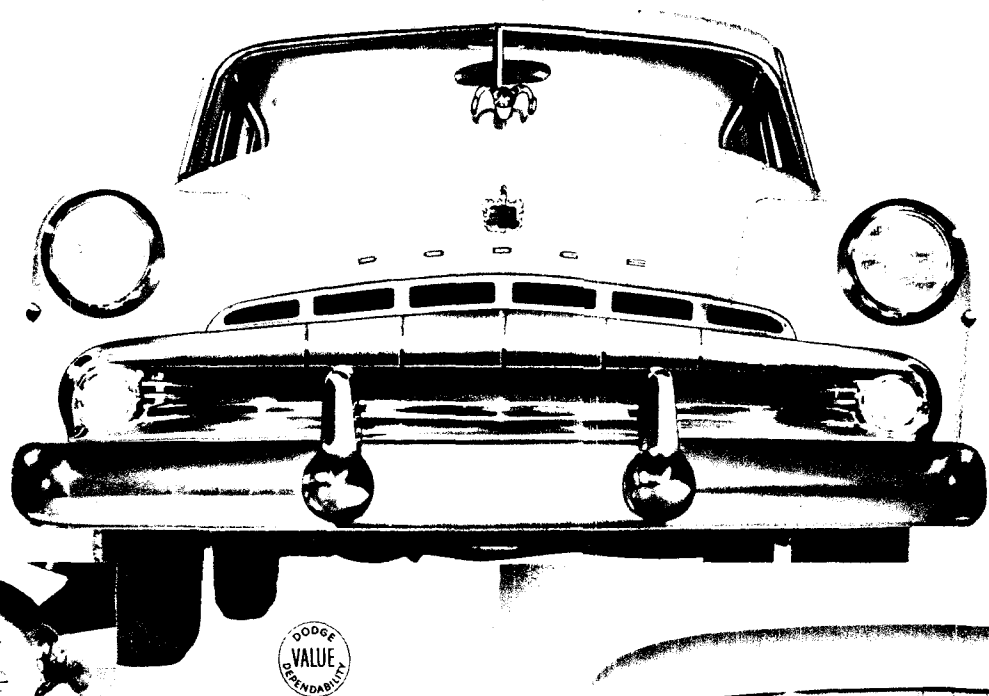
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW IN MORE WAYS THAN CARS COSTING UP TO $1,000 MORE

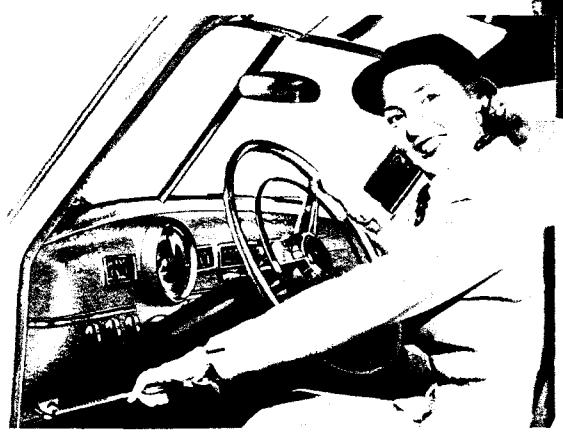
The New 1951 Dodge!



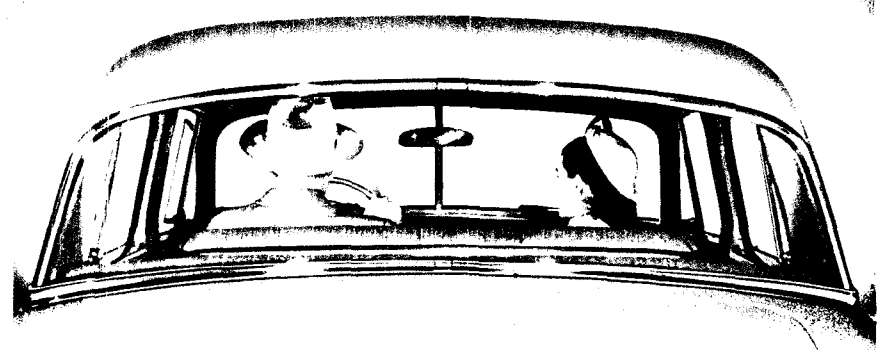
MODERN DECORATOR INTERIORS — Focal point of the beautiful Dodge interior is the ultra-smart, modern instrument panel. Dials and controls grouped for driver's convenience... eyes need scarcely leave the road to read the recessed speedometer.



STUNNING NEW FRONT ENSEMBLE — modern, massive — to set the pace in distinctive styling. Makes this brilliant new Dodge a standout in any company. Just one reason why famous Americans over-estimated its low price!

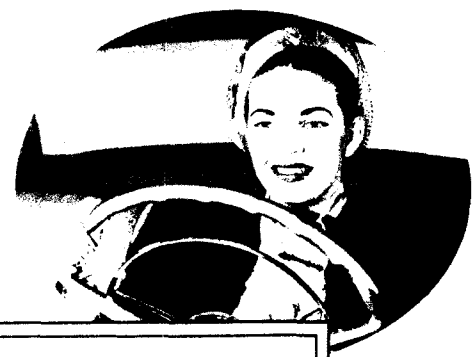


FEATHER-TOUCH PARKING BRAKE. Women especially will be delighted by the latest development in the famous Dodge braking system! New type "feather-touch" parking brake locks in position when you pull it . . . stays on until released by a flick of the wrist. So easy, so convenient!



WATCH-TOWER VISIBILITY in any direction, for every passenger! Wider windshield—with narrower corner posts. You can't miss a trick on the road ahead or beside you! And the new wider rear view mirror lets you take full advantage of the tremendous new "wrap-around" rear window—for safer driving!

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION is famous, dependable Dodge Gyro-Matic. Lets you drive all day without shifting . . . yet gives you the option of selecting gears for all driving conditions. Provides greater safety and economy.



"FLOATS" DOWN ROADS THAT STOP OTHER CARS! Revolutionary new Oriflow shock absorber system brings you a truly *new kind of ride!* Here's a *new smoothness*—over the same roads that jarred and "hammered" you in the past. City road or country road, cobblestones or corduroy—wheels *stay on the ground*—no wheel hop or bounce.

HOW THE GREAT DODGE DEALER SERVICE PLAN PROTECTS YOUR INVESTMENT

DODGE Dependable SERVICE PLYMOUTH DODGE TRUCKS

An added satisfaction you'll get in owning a Dodge is the complete service offered by over 4,000 Dodge dealers coast to coast. Their interest in your car doesn't stop with the sale. *For first check-ups,* and all regular maintenance service through the long life of your Dodge—remember that the great Dodge dealer organization is ready to serve you with the finest equipment, used by men trained in factory methods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good heavens, Paul," she said. "An anonym[illegible] Who on earth could have sent that?"

The Professor Awakes

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BRULE

WHEN Professor Stedman came home at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of going to class, his young wife, Sally, knew immediately what was up. This is it, she told herself when she heard his key in the front door. She glanced in the mirror, pulled her mouth down at the corners becomingly, and went forth to play her part.

"Darling," she cried, hurrying down the stairs, "you home at this hour?" She hugged him because, even though he was the most absent-minded husband in the world, she loved him. "What a wonderful surprise! I haven't seen you to speak to since last Tuesday. I was going to send out Boy Scouts."

"Now, now, I've been home since then," Professor Stedman said mildly, but he sounded doubtful. He was a scholarly, serious-looking chap, and at the moment he looked older than his thirty-seven years. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out an envelope, which he handed to her. It was a pink envelope with his name and box number at the college typed on it. Oh, darn, Sally thought. I shouldn't have used my own typewriter—he's sure to recognize that light *e*.

"Bad news?" she asked, looking blandly innocent; with her blond curls and big eyes, that wasn't difficult.

Professor Stedman continued to look solemn and long-faced. They went into the living room; he sat down on the divan, she at her writing desk in the window. He said in a tragic voice, "Read it."

Sally opened the envelope and took out the letter. Oh, he'd never notice a little thing like that light *e*. And he certainly wouldn't recognize the paper. Even she couldn't remember where she'd bought it or how long ago.

"Professor," she read aloud, "are you keeping an eye on your wife?"

For a second she stared at the paper, looking as bewildered as possible and collecting her forces for the histrionics ahead. Go to it, she told herself firmly, remember how you wowed 'em as Portia in high school.

"Good heavens, Paul," she said. "An anonymous letter! Now who on earth could have sent that? Why, if that isn't the silliest thing you ever heard of! Who could think I need watching? Me, of all people! Who could lead a duller, a more exemplary life?"

"I simply can't understand it," Stedman said. "We *are* happy, aren't we? It hasn't been a bad three years, has it?"

"Darling, a wonderful three years!" she cried, hurrying to sit beside him on the divan. "Such a silly question! A perfect three years! Why, I've done all the things I always wanted to. Before I married you, I never even had time to get my breath, what with my job and all—"

"And all the men who were running after you," Stedman said with a hollow chuckle.

"Oh, there weren't so many," she said modestly. "What a lighthead I was then, dancing and dashing around. And now—think of it. I've finished that braided rug for the dining room. That's how domestic I am. I love to make rugs. They're company for me when you're out so much in the evening. I've been thinking of taking up weaving this winter. But goodness," she cried, "you didn't come home to hear about all those dull details. Now, I think we should just forget all about that nasty letter."

He nodded, still glum. Sally, afraid he might be taking her at her word, plunged on. "Probably somebody saw me off in a corner with Freddy Phelps at some faculty party. You know how those things are." She permitted herself one wistful sigh. "I always get Freddy."

He looked at her as though she had said she always got chicken pox. "You do? I never noticed."

Sally bit her lip. "The minute we get in the door, somebody always buttonholes you to talk about your doctorate thesis. I suppose Freddy thinks he's rescuing me."

"Rescuing you? From what?"

"From being alone," she explained with what she felt was magnificent patience. "You can't help being so popular. Of course, Freddy's a lamb, and he's doing a study of yak breeding in Tibet which is probably fascinating, but—"

"But what?"

This time Sally's sigh was genuine. He was unusually dense today. She had long since discovered that, like Mount Everest, his summit was enveloped in a plume of fog.

"I just don't seem to care for yaks," she said.

"Oh, sometimes I get Dr. Parkhurst. He's a dear, too, but hardly the type one would write an anonymous letter about. After all, he is over eighty. It's simply amazing how much he knows about deep-sea vegetation. Of course, he's a nice dancer."

"Old Iggy?" Stedman asked unbelievingly. "*You're* a beautiful dancer."

"Thank you," Sally said demurely. "As I remember, you are, too. But, of course, Dr. Parkhurst and I only do the two-step. I suppose he feels he's rescuing me, too."

"Gosh," Professor Stedman muttered. "Why, it's a wonder you aren't bored to death at those parties."

AT LAST the fog was beginning to lift! Sally pounced. "Bored?" she cried. "Why, of course not! That's practically the only time I get to see you—even if it is from a distance. You're *such* a busy man, dear."

Again his face took on that vaguely puzzled look, and she wondered anxiously if the cloud had descended again. He said, "Well, yes, I've been away a lot of evenings, now that I think of it."

"Oh, I don't mind," Sally protested warmly. "I've read War and Peace three times since we've been married. And sometimes I go to the movies with the girls—when they aren't off someplace with their husbands, of course. It's not as if it were *dull* or anything." She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

For a time Professor Stedman was silent, and his wife stayed quietly beside him, her fingers crossed to the elbows. Finally he said in a ringing voice, "By golly, it *is* dull! It must be! I haven't even been home to dinner since last Wednesday—"

"Tuesday," she corrected.

"Sally, that letter has waked me up. I've been neglecting you!"

Sally opened her eyes wide. "Paul Stedman, what in the world put that idea in your head?"

"It's absolutely true," he cried, giving the coffee table a whack. "You're young, pretty—you shouldn't be braiding rugs, letting old Freddy Phelps talk your arm off. Good grief, what have I been thinking of? What a selfish—"

"Paul!" She put her arm around him. "Of all the nonsense. Why, a teacher's wife doesn't expect to go anywhere—"

"What a sport you are!" he marveled. "What a loyal, sweet—and what a lout I am!"

"Now, dear," she soothed him. "You've been busy. I understood. And you've been wonderful about birthdays and anniversaries. Why, only last year on our anniversary you took me to a delightful lecture—on the problems of town management in central Tasmania, I believe."

"A lecture," Stedman groaned. "What did we do *this* year?"

"Oh, goodness, what does it matter?" Sally protested hastily. "You can't think of everything, with all you have on your mind. Why, we went to the theater only last month. No, it was the month before, and it was the faculty children's dance recital—"

"Gad, I'm going to miss my four-o'clock," Stedman exclaimed, rising. "Mrs. S., what are you doing tonight?"

"I was planning to polish the silver," Sally said eagerly. "I polish it every Friday night. Did you have something in mind?"

"Dinner at the Blue Door. Steak. A Manhattan or two. Maybe a two-step. Yes?"

"Yes, yes, and more yes," Sally said, her eyes dancing. She walked to the door with him.

He bent and kissed her. "Maybe this letter was a good idea. Whoever wrote it did us a favor."

Conscience was prodding at Sally. "Paul," she said in a small voice, "I know who wrote the letter."

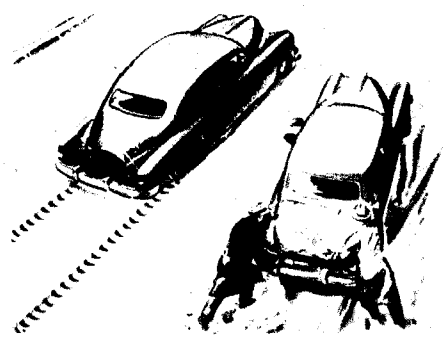
Her absent-minded professor grinned. "Sure. So do I. I knew *who*, I wanted to find out *why*. You see, I gave you that pink stationery last Christmas, dear."

Sally's mouth fell open. "You—I—you knew? But I—how could you pretend—"

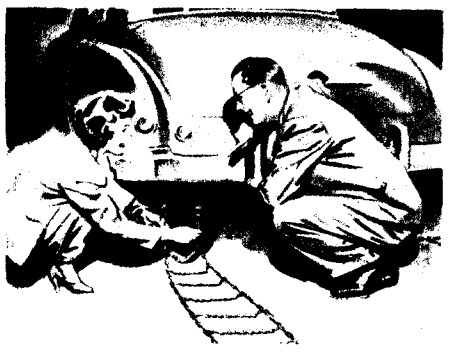
"You are a fair actress," the professor said loftily. "But in my senior year of high school, *I* played Hamlet!"

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

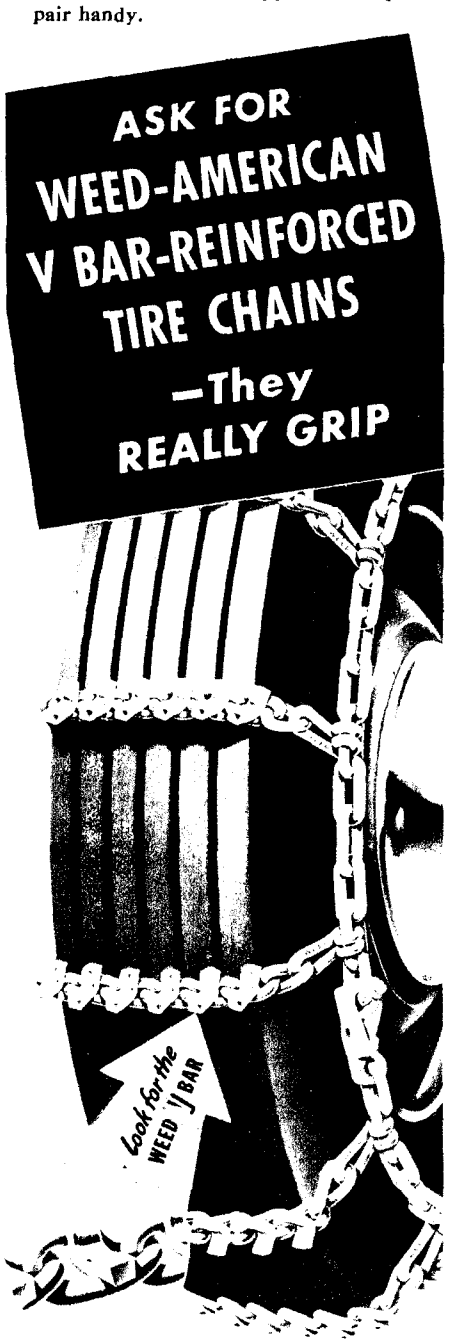


TOO LATE for Weed Chains when you're stuck in the snow. Put them on before you start.



IT'S EASY to put on chains with Weed Zip-On Tire Chain Appliers. Keep a pair handy.

ASK FOR WEED-AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS —They REALLY GRIP



ACCO *In Business for Your Safety*

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.

Bridgeport, Connecticut

The Auction

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

did, and in a minute she had produced a can of them from under the front seat of the pickup. Earl got a jack from his car. I told Claudie to fix the tire as fast as he knew how, and he went right to work.

There was still a touch of frost in the air between Fanny Lou and Earl, and I watched as he kept fumbling around without looking at her. He had the same kind of look on his face that I saw once in a fellow with a stiff neck at a balloon ascension in Rome, Georgia. Fanny Lou talked some, though, to Earl, and I could tell from what was said that they had been in high school together in McKinney.

Claudie had her flat tire fixed in no time at all, and she went on toward McKinney in a very fine frame of mind. I thought the red apples in her cheeks and her wide smile were good pay for what we did. Her teeth were white and even.

As we drove along I said, "Earl, why don't you try your vocabulary on that corn-fed angel back there in the yellow pickup? She's the prettiest, healthiest-looking thing I have seen in the whole state of Texas."

"She sure has improved since high-school days," he said, "but Mama never did like her much."

"She ain't supposed to, you big lug," I said. "That's your department." I don't think I would have called Earl a big lug if I had not been so used to talking that way to Claudie.

"Another thing, Earl," I went on, "you acted mighty funny while Claudie was fixing that tire. You and Fanny Lou must have been sweethearts at one time."

"How'd you know it?" Earl said.

"It was just in the air," I told him. "What busted it up?"

"She stayed on the farm when I went away to college. She did not care for a higher education."

"Earl," I said, "did it ever strike you that in college you might just be learning some more words to call the things you already knew about before you went?"

"I never thought of it in exactly that way," he said, lighting his pipe.

"And that Fanny Lou Dilworth might be learning more in her garden than you are learning in college?" I went on. "And getting prettier all the time?"

"Her outward appearance certainly has improved," Earl said, and he drove on in silence until we came to the Stutter farm.

WHOLESOME is a word I never studied in college or elsewhere, and I haven't done many of the things or gone to many of the places that would teach a man all that it can mean; but the clean, tidy look about a well-kept farmhouse early of a Sunday afternoon just about fills the wholesome bill with me. Everything spick-and-span and well scrubbed; people still dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and the womenfolks wearing clean aprons over their good dresses until the Sunday-dinner dishes are washed and put away.

That's the way we found the Stutter household, when we got there along about two o'clock and parked our trailer house in the shade of a sycamore tree down by the well. Earl took us up to the house and nothing would do but we should sit right down and have some cold fried chicken, warmed-over biscuits, okra and buttermilk.

We saw where Earl got that underslung jaw as soon as we met Mrs. Stutter, and we could tell more about it still when they introduced us to her mother, Granny Singleton, since jaws have a way of showing up more on older people's faces.

Mr. Stutter was a polite, soft-voiced man of fifty-five, maybe sixty. His hair was gray, but his eyebrows were black. He had kindly brown eyes like you see in people who are very religious, but in a solemn, quiet way.

Those ladies really took on over Earl, and a little of it seemed to spill over on us, since we had come along with him. They were real proud of Earl for finding an auctioneer, and they were so dadgummed nice to me and Claudie that it made me feel the way I sometimes do when I dream I am in church somewhere with no clothes on.

After we'd eaten our fill, Mrs. Stutter and her mother asked Earl to come into the parlor and tell them about how things were at college. As they went in, Mrs. Stutter said, "Colonel Hightower, we'll leave you men with Mr. Stutter so you can talk business. The auction is set for Tuesday, the day after tomorrow."

I and Claudie and Mr. Stutter went out to the front stoop and sat in rockers that were shaded from the afternoon sun by a big black-walnut tree. First we talked about my pay for the auction, and I told Mr. Stutter I believed I would charge ten per cent of the total take. He said, "Fine, Colonel; whatever's customary." Then we talked about the weather that had been fair, the crops that needed rain, and the stock on the place. Mr. Stutter allowed as how livestock you had raised could be a lot of company on a farm. Claudie had been laying off to say something ever since we got there, and with fewer people around he finally came out with it: "We shore do like it here, Mr. Stutter."

"This is good country," Mr. Stutter said. It was plain that he wanted to say more, but he was going to do it in his own time.

In a little while Claudie asked, "How long have y'awl lived here?"

Mr. Stutter said, "All my life. My pappy came here as a boy in an early day—right after the Osages killed off all of his family but him. He came from Bois d'Arc over in the Red River Valley, about forty miles from here, they call the place Bonham now.

"Pappy was one of the old settlers that came and took up this country when the land was new. They outfought the Indians and the Mexicans and the Hurrah grass to put it in cultivation. They made it produce, and it took good care of them. Then the others came in: the wagon-yard keepers, the junk dealers and the tombstone salesmen; the saloonkeepers and the jewelers; the lawyers, the bankers and the insurance agents. These latecomers built up the towns, and that's where they all live, but they own most of this country now."

"You don't say!" Claudie chimed in.

"That's the way it is," Mr. Stutter said. "See that farm out there to the west—the one with the yellow barn? That's the old Overstreet place, but it don't belong to that family any more. The Overstreet boys have all gone off to work for the government or the chain stores. The place is owned now by a hardware drummer's widow, and she rents it to some people who don't keep it up. Same thing is true all around me. A man from Oklahoma rents the farm on the east of me, and if I don't watch that man like a hawk, he'll let the east gap down in the spring so his cattle can eat my young corn. The only real neighbor I've got left is Crusoe Dilworth."

"Fanny Lou Dilworth's old man?" I asked.

"He's her pappy," Mr. Stutter answered. He had such a kind, earnest look as he talked that it put me in mind of something I'd heard once in Sunday school: that God writes on people's faces what kind of folks they are. I knew Mr. Stutter must be the right kind of folks.

MR. STUTTER sat there, silent for a while as the shadows got longer; then he went on: "I hate to think of this place in the hands of renters, but it looks like I'm going to be the last owner to live on it. Earl's mother and grandmother want him to go off and teach school somewhere."

"What a shame it is for a man so well built for farm work to be going off to college, learning ways to avoid it," I said.

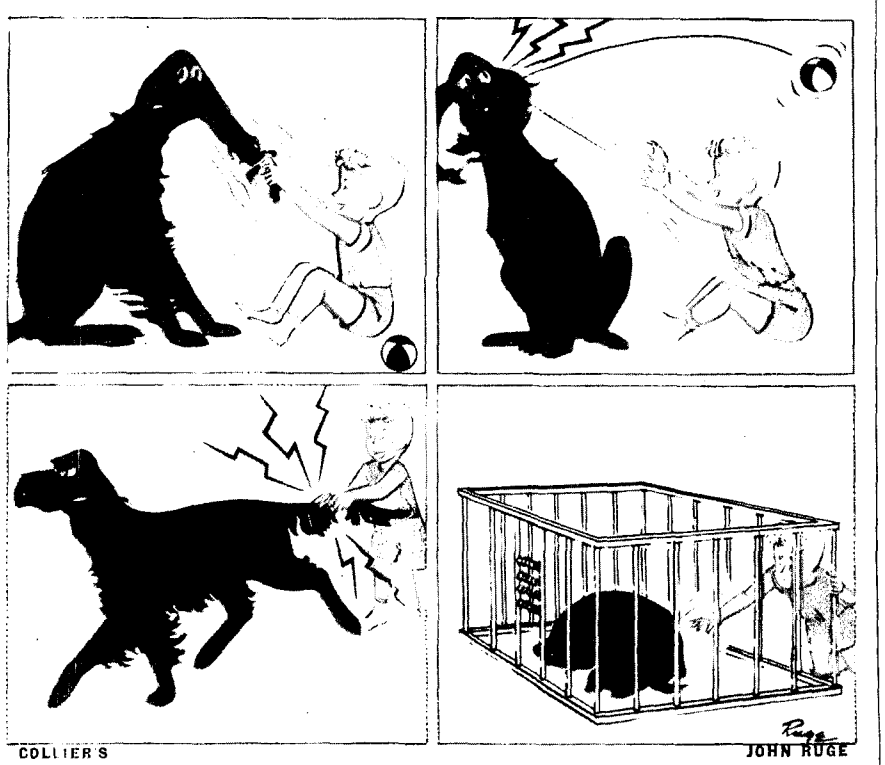
"They're afraid he'll come back to the farm and marry Fanny Lou Dilworth," Mr. Stutter said. "She's only a farm girl but she sure does know how to make things grow."

"Don't you reckon Earl might change his mind?" I asked him.

"I don't rightly know, Colonel," Mr. Stutter answered. "The boy is gettin' so well educated that I can't hardly talk to him any more." That was all he had to say, but I could tell it helped his feelings to get these things said. . . .

The next day was Monday, and, first thing, I explained that it was no part of my work to fool with the stock; my assistant, Claudie, handled such details. I only auctioned them off when the time

CLANCY



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's no place like it

The place we mean may be large or small —castle or cottage—but it does have people in it who love to live and work together. And it also has something you can't see . . . something called a feeling of security. Knowing that tomorrow—and the next day—and the day after—will be protected by The Prudential, makes today happier and more carefree. Every home is a happier home with the faith in the future that Prudential life insurance gives.

The man who brings this security to your home is the Prudential Agent. He's a specialist in family security. Why not ask him to make sure *your* future is as secure as you want it to be.

Enjoy the Jack Berch Show every morning Monday through Friday, NBC.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • WESTERN HOME OFFICE: LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came. Mr. Stutter and Claudie spent all morning cutting out the stock to be auctioned off on Tuesday. They put the ones they chose in the south pen below the barn.

While Mrs. Stutter and Granny Singleton filled the clothesline with wash that soon fluttered in the wind, I sat on the front porch and thought for a while; then I went looking for Earl. I found him in the parlor, looking at a McKinney High School yearbook. I couldn't help seeing over his shoulder that it was opened at a page with the picture of a pretty face on it. *McKinney High Queen* it said at the top of the page, and the girl was Fanny Lou Dilworth. When Earl saw me standing there, he got up in a hurry and closed the book. He was very red in the face. I did not think of anything to say to Earl, and he seemed to be at a loss too, so we shook hands, and I went out on the porch. When it comes to college manners, I can hold my own.

AT NOON Claudie told me they had been having a very slow time with the stock. First, Mr. Stutter had picked several calves, an old bay mare named Babe, and a span of gray mules to go into the south pen; he told Claudie he couldn't see how he could spare a single one of his milk cows, his pigs or his sheep. Then Mr. Stutter decided he wanted to keep the old mare, one of the mules, and all the calves but one that had a white eye. Later he took the other mule back and put an old brood sow in the south pen with the calf, and that was all the stock they had picked for the auction by noon.

By night it was all changed again, so Claudie said. They hadn't put, and left, anything in the south pen but a blind goat, two lambs, a turkey gobbler, a boar shoat that was the runt of the litter, a Jersey cow that was dry, and a thirty-one-year-old saddle mule that was a little string-halted.

"It sure was sad," Claudie said to me. "Them animals are like members of Mr. Stutter's family. He called 'em all by name and told the ones we left in the south pen 'good-by.'"

"That's too bad, Claudie," I said, "but the women are hell-bent on this auction, and we can sure use that ten per cent."

"I druther be back in the stockyard job," Claudie answered.

"Come on, Claudie," I told him. "Don't get chickenhearted about the stock. We've got us a job to do tomorrow."

That night after supper we all sat in the parlor for a while and talked. I stated that after a day of rest and meditation I felt I would be in good voice for the auction. Mrs. Stutter spoke of how proud it made her to think of Earl with two college degrees teaching higher subjects of some kind, and Granny Singleton chimed in that she was mighty proud too; Earl was the only person in her family to get one degree, much less two. Mrs. Stutter mentioned getting a teacher's certificate, but Granny Singleton pointed out that she had run off and married Mr. Stutter before she ever got a chance to use it.

Then the talk got very draggy until it about petered out; everything that was said was something that had been said before, and things were at the stage where people are tired of just looking at each other and ready to get up and leave unless a fresh subject can be dug up.

All this time Mr. Stutter had nothing to say, and Earl just sat there with his eyes on a corner of the carpet but looking like a man does when he sees something a long ways off. I noticed he kept pulling an ear lobe with one hand while he worked that heavy black pipe with the other. He was putting out big clouds of strong smoke.

I sat and thought about how broke we were, and Claudie out of a job too; how many things we needed to buy, and how far we could go on the money we'd make out of the auction. Then I thought about Mr. Stutter and the way he felt about his land and his livestock; how he'd sweated all day over the stock he'd be willing to let go to educate that big, overgrown, pipe-smoking farm boy.

I could just see Earl sitting up somewhere in a college all grown over with vines, while he talked about vocational agriculture when he should have been raising crops. I thought, too, about that pretty Fanny Lou with the light blue eyes and freckles; the farm girl that plainly was stuck on Earl, and the way she could make things grow from the soil. Then all of a sudden it came to me quick as a flicker. Hell, Clint, I said to myself, you can't let this auction come off. All the parts are here, but the auction is the wrong recipe. Besides, all you and Claudie would get out of the auction would be only money anyway.

"Claudie," I said, "suppose you run down to the trailer house and fetch along that nice ouija board we brought from Fort Worth. It's the best one I ever saw."

When he came back with it, the ladies insisted that I and Claudie take the first turn, so we sat in chairs facing each other with the board on our laps. We put our hands on the little heart-shaped pointer with felt-bottom legs and slid it around on the board to see how it would work. Everything was new and a little sticky, but there was nothing wrong with the board that a dash of talcum powder didn't fix.

COLLIER'S — **"Oh, Junior? Why, he's out earning some money cleaning off sidewalks"** — LEO GAREL

Just to warm it up, we asked first how company was treated at the Stutter place. From the place marked *Start*, the little pointer slid to "F," then to "I," then to "N," and Claudie took his hands off.

"Put your big, ugly, cotton-picking hands back, Claudie," I said. "This board ain't through answering our question." He did, and the pointer slid over to the "E" and stopped.

"F-i-n-e, fine," I told them. "This here board is in tune with the stars."

THEN the ladies wanted Mr. Stutter to try the board and he sat down with Claudie. They asked about the garden; would the vegetable crop be good? The little pointer went right over to the planets and comets on the *Yes* side of the board. Earl, who had been quiet all this time, spoke up and said he thought the board must be right; it appeared to be a good year for vegetables. Granny Singleton and Mrs. Stutter smiled and pulled up their chairs. It was plain that with the ladies our goose was hanging high—high, that is, for a goose that would be cooked within an hour.

Next I took a turn with Granny Singleton. We both touched the pointer with our fingers, but she said she couldn't think up a very good question right then. I figured it was time to make my move, so I said, "Well, I've got one that's been bothering me a lot today."

"What is it?" Granny Singleton said.

"It's about the auction tomorrow," I answered. "An auction, you see, is a lot like catching fish. All the signs have to be just right. I make it a rule not to auction off anything if the signs are wrong. You see, *I've got my reputation at stake in every* auction."

"I declare," Granny Singleton put in.

"Take the moon," I went on. "I've seen many an auction ruined—other auctioneers' jobs, I mean—and I've seen many a fishing *trip spoiled by the wrong kind of moon.* I've been wondering if the moon is right for this auction."

But Granny was too fast for me. By the time I'd said it, and before I could even look down, the little pointer slid over to the *Yes*. Then Granny Singleton looked up at me and smiled the same sweet, innocent smile that you see in some of the art work on Mother's Day greeting cards. I wasn't licked, though.

"Then," I explained, "there's the zodiac. The signs of the zodiac have to be right. Let's see what the ouija board says about that." I was braced and ready for Granny this time, but before we could get the little pointer back to the starting place, Mrs. Stutter spoke up and said there was an almanac in the kitchen that ought to have the answer to any question about the zodiac. When she came back with the almanac we looked under the month of May, but I pointed out in a hurry that it didn't say anything at all about auctions, and that sent us right back to the ouija board for the answer. Mrs. Stutter said—a little peevishly, too—that she wondered when her turn with the board was coming, and from the set of her jaw as she asked it, I figured she knew.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said, as I got up, since I could tell she had me. "Why don't you and Claudie try it next?" Claudie was a long shot, but he looked like the only one; and as he sat down with Mrs. Stutter, I tried to catch his eye. It wasn't any use, though; he was so parlor-scared that he never even looked my way at all.

"What I'm afraid of, folks," I stated, "is that the signs of the zodiac are not right for auctioning off those nice stock down in the south pen. Listen to me, Claudie—the south pen. Maybe the ouija board will tell us if they are right."

Long before this question had had time to soak in through Claudie's thick skull, I saw the leaders in Mrs. Stutter's wrists tighten up. The little pointer shot over to the *Yes* so fast that it nearly flew right out from under Claudie's hand.

"Well, Claudie," I said, and I wished I could have said it with a bumblebee stinger, "that takes care of the zodiac."

The ladies looked at each other and nodded. Claudie looked like a man with the sun in his eyes, and Earl sat and smoked away at his big pipe. I studied him a little and said to myself, "There sits the last chance every stock have."

I pointed out that Earl was the only one that hadn't tried the ouija board, and Mr. Stutter said sure enough, Earl hadn't had his turn. Earl said he didn't believe in ouija boards, except for strictly amusement purposes, but he would play the game with his father if somebody had a question. Granny Singleton stated she thought it would be a pity if they didn't; then Mr. Stutter and Earl sat down with the board.

Nobody asked me to, but nobody told me not to, so I put the question. I asked in a nice easy voice: "Is there a prettier girl in Collin County than Fanny Lou Dilworth?" The board did not waste any time. The pointer slid right over to the thunderclouds where the *No* was painted, and Earl looked up at Mr. Stutter as bashful as a collie pup that's been caught sucking eggs.

"Wouldn't she make a lovely wife?" I asked in a hurry, feeling like the home team had the ball.

The board said *Yes* fast.

Mrs. Stutter then said that was enough on that subject; she wanted to work the board with Earl, and her jaw stood out like a elbow when she said it. As Earl and his mother sat head to head, with the ouija board on their laps, I couldn't help noticing how close a match his jaw seemed for hers. They'd no sooner sat than Mr. Stutter said he had a question; would they mind getting the board's answer? There was a new glint in his eyes, I thought, and without waiting he went on. "I've been wondering," Mr. Stutter said, "whether Earl was cut out to be a schoolteacher anyhow."

That did it. On Mr. Stutter's question that ouija board froze. I had seen ouija boards in my time that were balky; I had seen them hesitate before; I even saw one give the wrong answer once; but never had I seen an ouija board stumped as bad as that one was. The air began to feel blinky, and Granny Singleton finally said maybe they ought to start all over again and repeat the question a little louder. Mr. Stutter asked it again, and again nothing happened, except that after a long, tight wait, the pointer slid up to the "Q" and stuck. Granny Singleton and Earl then tried the board on the same question, but they got nowhere at all; the board was on dead center again.

PRETTY soon Mr. Stutter started yawning. He walked around the room, looking at the calendars and mottoes on the walls. Then Earl got up and said, "Apropos of nothing, I think I want to go find out who won the Collin County spring garden prize."

"Why, Earl," his mother said, "it's after eight o'clock. What do you care about the gardening prize, and wherever would you go to find out?"

"They will know down at the Dilworths' who won," Earl said. "Fanny Lou was in the contest. I think I'll just drive down to the Dilworths'; it isn't far." Earl left, and Mr. Stutter went through the door into the back part of the house.

I wish to state that I have been in some very quiet places in my time, I've been in graveyards late at night, and I've felt the stagnant silence of caves down under the ground, but I never before ran into so much quiet as took place after Earl left. The ladies sat there rocking and looking at me and Claudie. Their mouths were drawn in tighter than you can draw in the top of a tobacco sack, unless you wish to break the string. A little of this seemed to last a long time, and, after a bit, I and Claudie got up and left.

We went down and sat on the grass beside the trailer house for a long time, talking and watching the stars and the lightning bugs. Claudie said he was afraid he hadn't got his money's worth in the ouija board. "Dumbest board I ever seen," he said.

"That's a better board than you think, Claudie," I told him. "It's a wise board that knows when to quit."

"Anyhow," he said, "I hated to see it balk that way."

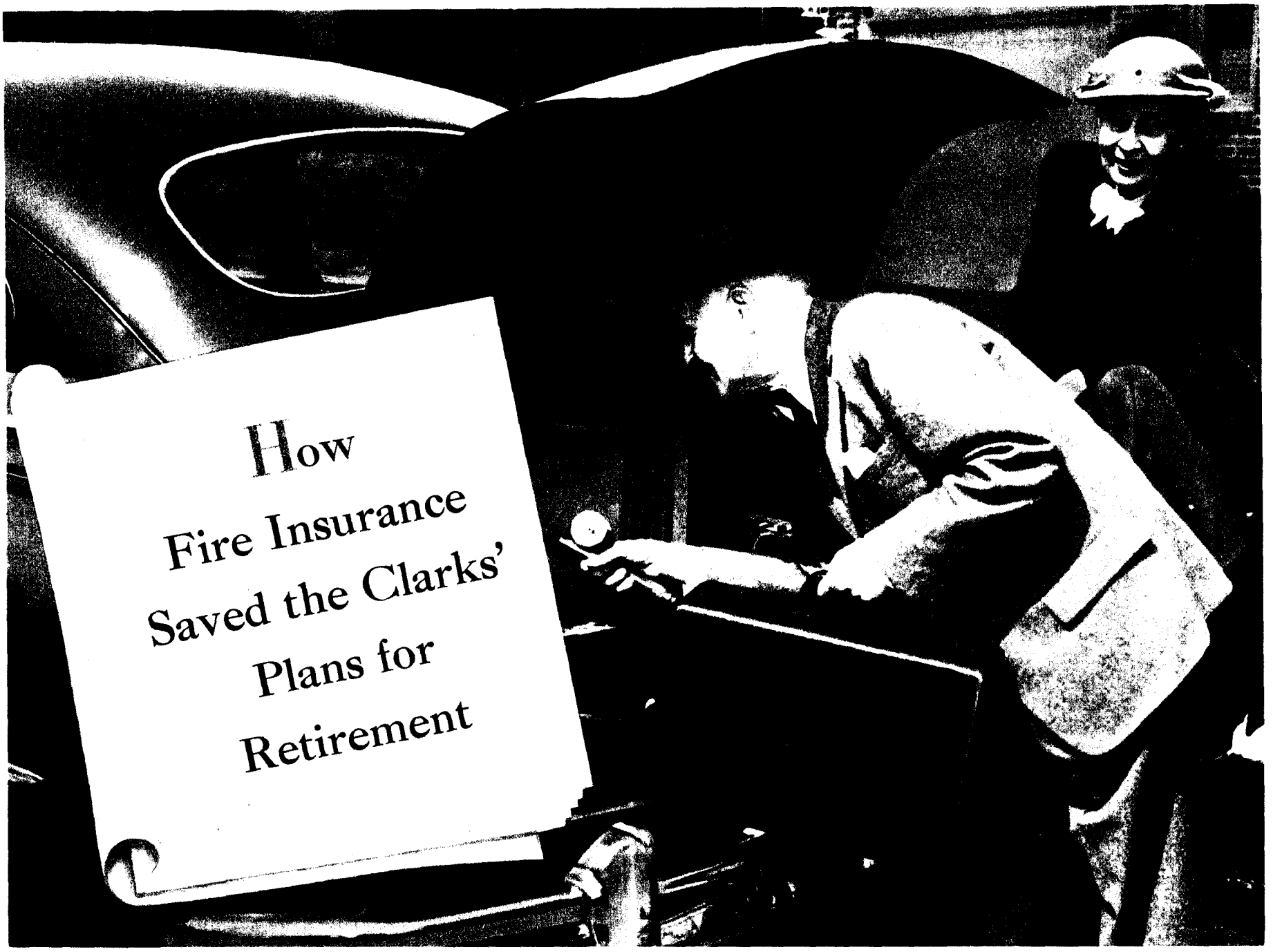
"I wouldn't bother about it, though," I said, "because Earl is somewhere with Fanny Lou now and from here on I expect Mother Nature has got a ouija board skinned all hollow."

After this, Claudie thought and thought, and things got so quiet that I must have dozed off there on the grass, because the next thing I knew Claudie was shaking me.

"What's been going on?" I asked, still a little drowsy.

"Me and Earl has just let them stock out of the south pen," Claudie said. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dave Clark and his wife are enjoying every minute of their retirement. They live comfortably and go when and where they will—thanks to Dave's foresight.

Ten years ago he saw his business go up in flames. His life investment . . . his carefully prepared program for retirement . . . everything . . . would have been lost but for fire insurance.

Fire insurance enabled him to rebuild his business, keep his finances intact and carry on until he was ready to retire.

This is only one example of how fire insurance can pay off for you. There are hundreds of others every day.

Fire insurance keeps stores and plants going. Without its protection you couldn't borrow the money to build your home, to go into business, or to buy equipment.

When fire destroys, insurance supplies immediate cash with which to rebuild. It encourages, maintains and protects the system of individual initiative which has made America strong.

Fire insurance services are brought you by 200,000 agents and brokers all over the United States. Chances are one of them is a neighbor of yours.

Your fire insurance rate per $100 protection is as much as 30% lower today than it was 30 years ago. Write to the address below for a booklet giving the facts and telling other advantages of stock company fire insurance.

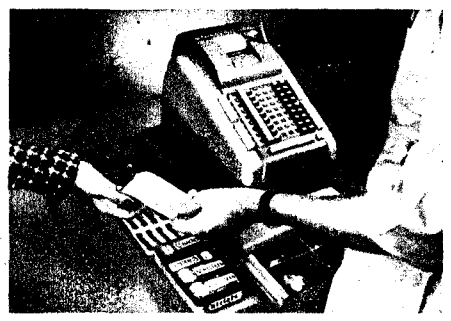
AN ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Retailers! You Go Home On Time If You Have A Clary Bookkeeping Cash Register

IT'S SELF-BALANCING. Clary is the only cash register at any price that's always in balance. "Total" figure on tape and total cash in till always agree. Balance your cash at closing time in just 3 minutes.

TWO MACHINES IN ONE. Selector knob converts the bookkeeping Clary to the world's fastest adding machine, unequaled for quick and easy handling of all the figuring jobs that pile up overtime.



NEW 2-TOTAL MODEL prints customer receipt, is world's fastest checkout register. Rugged, handsome, tamper-proof, Clary models are specially designed for *your* business. Available on easy terms.

Clary

does your work faster

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Establishing & Operating Your Own Business"

Clary Multiplier Corporation, Dept. C-23
San Gabriel, California

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ ( ) *State*_____

*Type of Business*_____

SALES OPPORTUNITIES—Write today for free booklet "JOB OR CAREER." Clary offers professional salesmen and dealers unlimited opportunities.

Run No More

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

sunlight, and Mrs. Kalish overruled Mr. Miller's anguished objections. Then he started to remove the lace scarf that covered Hannah's head and she shrank back in terror.

Mrs. Kalish turned on him again in anger: "What a meddler you are, to your fingertips!"

The man shrugged in bewilderment and finished his job as quickly as possible. When he left, Mrs. Kalish came to her daughter's side and drew her head against her breast, just as Lily's head rested upon Hannah's, and smoothed her cheek and said, "Forget everything. Remember and forget at the same time. For now you are home, poor little heart, little frightened dove, you are home, you are safe, you are beloved."

MR. MILLER had given Lily a shiny new penny and said, "Now you are an American lady and you have started to make your fortune." And Lily took it solemnly and held it tight in her little fist until the photographer left. Then she showed it to Hannah, the round solemn eyes questioning the nature and the worth of this object.

"We will bore a hole in it and hang it on a little ribbon and you shall wear it round your neck, my lamb," said Hannah. "It shall bring you heartsease and even laughter, for it was given kindly, with a good wish."

It was Friday and they were all coming to dinner that night. The house shone with the Sabbath grace, and when her mother covered her head with a white silk kerchief to bless the candles Hannah felt less self-conscious about her own scarf, without which she never appeared.

Everyone brought presents for Lily—a doll, and a locket shaped like a heart, and ribbons and candy and a pink dress with ruffles. But the gift for Lily which most touched Hannah was the one her youngest brother, Alec, had for her. He was fourteen and he worked in a cigar factory and earned six dollars a week. On the streetcar to and from work he read the Leatherstocking Tales and Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, and Mark Twain, and four nights a week he went to school. She had heard him working late in the kitchen and now, on Friday night, she knew why. He had made a little doll bed for Lily from a cigar box. It was elaborately carved and painted white and gold; it was equipped with a mattress and pillows and in it lay a tiny ten-cent doll.

Lily accepted their gifts with the same wide-eyed solemnity with which she regarded them all and the world they lived in. But when Alec put the little bed down before her, something in her small and fear-chilled heart responded to the littleness of the tiny doll. She took it up, unsmiling, but with care, and whispered, "Kukla," the word for doll. It was the first word she had spoken to any of them and she spoke it to Alec. He turned scarlet with shyness and delight, and he was, from that moment, not only her youngest uncle but her champion, her guardian, her friend.

At the table Hannah sat on her father's right and listened with bowed head while he intoned the Sabbath grace. She held Lily on her lap, for it was still too frightening and too painful for them to be separated, even for an hour. Then her mother ladled the clear, golden soup and the first plate was passed to her. The voices of her kinfolk swirled about her as she fed her quiet, submissive child. She scarcely heard what they were saying, but she knew she was the subject of their talk. They were planning her life, her security, her happiness.

She was infinitely grateful to them but she wished they would forget her presence for just a little while, and let her come to terms with the turmoil that struck and retreated, struck and retreated, beating at her heart like angry waves against a fortress. Then she heard a cousin's voice rise above the others: "The best future that can happen to Hannah is if she meets a good man; a good provider like Abner Malish, the grocer."

A monster wave broke against the fortress of Hannah's heart and she thought it must go down under it like a house of sand.

Her father's voice beat back the angry breaker and saved her. He was saying, "God, in His mercy, has seen fit to deliver my daughter and my grandchild to me out of the devil's slaughterhouse. I want no more talk of futures and good men and providers. My daughter and her child have come home, and with God's help they shall want for nothing."

Then her mother said, quietly, to the loquacious cousin, "Bessie, take the plates away while I bring in the chicken. Hannele, daughter, look! The child is asleep!"

Hannah looked down and Lily was, indeed, asleep, the lashes golden on the pale cheeks, the burnished honey-colored hair gleaming softly in the candlelight.

Alec sprang up. "Let me put her in the bedroom," he said.

"Not in the bedroom, Alec," Hannah said. "On the sofa, and place a chair beside it so she cannot fall."

Alec took the child carefully from her arms and went on tiptoes to the sofa, which had become his own bed now that Hannah and Lily occupied his room.

"Why not the bedroom?" asked her Aunt Clara. "She'll be more comfortable there, and it's cooler."

"If she wakes and doesn't see me she'll be frightened!"

"You'll hear her the minute she starts to cry."

"She won't cry," Hannah whispered. "She'll just lie there shaking like a leaf in the wind; her little heart will burst with pain; but she won't cry! She has neither laughed nor cried, not since—not since . . ."

Not since that night in the cellar when she, Hannah, had crawled on all fours through the stench and the darkness, whimpering like an animal who has lost her young, afraid to call out, groping, groping for her baby, for Lily with the burnished hair and the eyes dark and round and soft like pansies. And suddenly her hand touched soft young flesh, and a baby voice shrieked once, wildly. Hannah's hand on the soft, frightened mouth stifled the cry before it had spent itself and she buried the little face against her breast and pulled the tatters of her dress about the bare, icy feet and sat on the damp, stone floor, rocking in the darkness and crooning, "My little lamb, my little bird, my heart, my life, my baby"; and as she murmured these soft words her hands flew wildly over the child's body to make sure there was no wound anywhere; counted feet, counted hands; felt for the hair, the eyes, the small fingers, and brokenly whispered, "Thank God!" when she knew her child's body was intact. That was the last time Lily had cried.

In America, in that year of 1903, in the month of April, the time of spring, the season of renewal and life everlasting, the papers told the story in great black letters: POGROM IN KISHINEV.

"Remember and forget! At the same time," her mother had said, "remember and forget!" Hannah, bending her gray, intricately coifed head over the pictures in her lap, thought how long it was before she understood what her mother had meant. Remember the pain, but forget the fear. Remember the beloved, lost face, but forget the agony etched upon it. Remember the wound, but forget the knife. Remember the blow, but forget the hand that delivered it, else, forever after, every man's hand will seem the hand of an enemy, and even the hand lifted to caress will seem raised to strike.

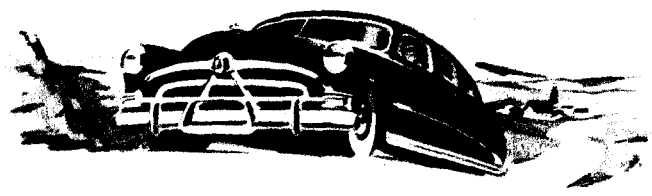
THEY were all so kind to her. They found time in their hard-working lives, the brothers and sisters, the cousins and the aunts, to be kind in a thousand ways. And Alec, they said, watching his devotion and tenderness, would be the healer who would break the spell that lay upon the child. But though she took his hand as well as her mother's when they went walking, though she watched, wide-eyed, when he built houses of her blocks and carved tiny chairs to seat the tiny dolls he brought her, though

COLLIER'S **"The trouble with Roger is that he's at that awkward age—eligible for the draft"** KATE OSANN

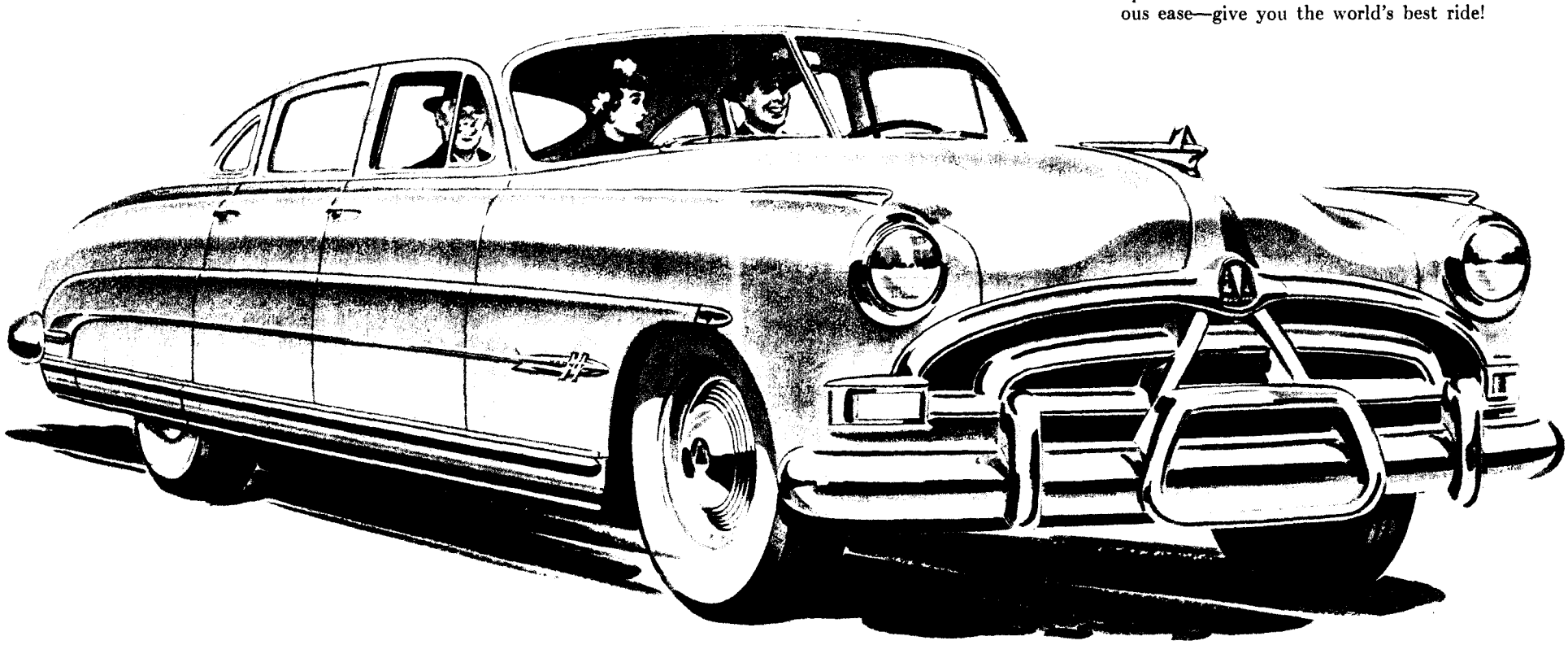
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauty— here are today's lowest-built, most thoroughly streamlined cars—featuring advanced Skyliner Styling you can buy now with assurance that it sets the pace for a long time to come!

Luxury —beyond anything ever offered! Most room in any car—nylon or exclusive worsted upholsteries in combination with leather-grain trim, glare resistant instrument panels—color-harmonized custom luxury and convenience all around!



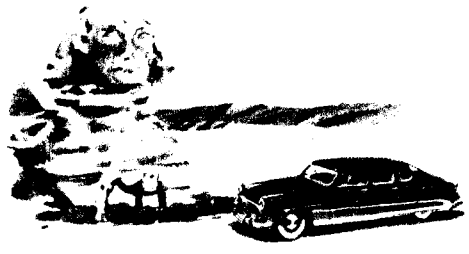
Performance—four rugged Hudson series—each with smooth, high-compression power—blazing getaway, masterful going for the open road. All Hudsons handle with marvelous ease—give you the world's best ride!



Fabulous motoring

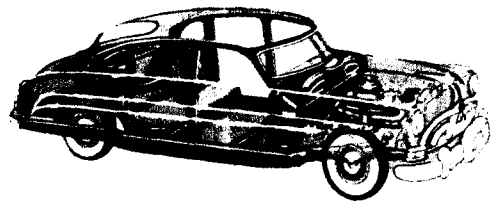
HUDSON FOR '51

starring the HUDSON HORNET and its sensational H-145 engine

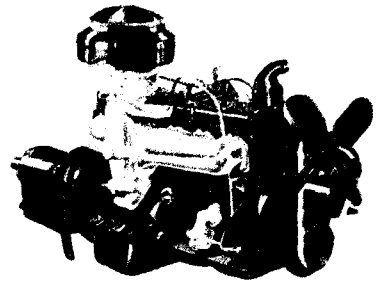


Durability —designed and built to last longer! Rugged, steel girder Monobilt body-and-frame*. Chrome-alloy engine blocks—toughest in the industry. Engines balanced as a complete unit for extra thousands of smooth miles—in fact, quality and strength in every inch of every Hudson!

*Trade-mark and patents pending



Famous "step-down" design—Hudson's exclusive recessed floor for America's lowest center of gravity! Fabulous motoring with the most room—best ride—greatest safety you can buy in any car!



Miracle H-power for the spectacular Hudson Hornet!

This new H-145 high-compression engine gives the fabulous Hudson Hornet—the star in Hudson's line-up for '51—*performance unlimited*—and on regular gas! It's a sensational engine—marvelously smooth—superbly simple in design for lowest upkeep costs. And, like all Hudson engines, it is built to outlast any other engine on the market.

Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost on Hudson Hornet, Commodore and Super-Six models.

4 Rugged Custom Series — PACEMAKER • SUPER-SIX • COMMODORE • HUDSON HORNET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she took his gifts and her eyes rested trustingly on him, the spell clung. . . .

Harry, the eldest brother, came on a hot August evening to pay one of his rare visits, bringing ice cream for Lily and a cold watermelon for the family. He was the unmarried one, the ungregarious one, who lived alone in a furnished room and who vowed he would one day own the men's clothing factory where he worked. (He never owned the factory, but the one he came to own was twice as large.)

He said without prelude, as was his way, "Hannah, if you will come and keep house for me I will take a flat on Garden Street. I know where there's one to let on the hill. You won't have to smell fish from the peddlers' carts and you can look at the sky instead of the neighbors' washing. You can take your child to the Public Gardens and she can look at the flowers. Who knows? Maybe that alone will make her well!"

IT WAS achingly lonely in the first days on Garden Street, but the air was sweet and clean, and her mother came often, making the long trip by trolley, bringing fresh-baked bread or jars of chicken soup or raisin cakes for Lily. On other days Hannah would take Lily to walk along the trim paths of the Public Gardens or sit by the lake. They would watch the graceful swan boats glide over the smooth water with such imperceptible motion that they seemed not to move at all; bewitched birds in a fairy tale, doomed forever to the unspreading wing, the unbending neck, and silence. Silence! Like her child? Like Lily?

At sunset they would go back across the Common, stopping to feed the pigeons and listen to the soft and distant chiming of evening bells, which seemed a ribbon of melody tying up the golden afternoon like a bouquet for her, a bouquet for which she knew she was not half grateful enough.

It was always quite dark when Harry came home for the evening meal, for he worked until the last shred of daylight was gone. At supper he would tell her of things that had happened at the shop, of the amount of piecework he had turned in, and talked of his plans for the future. He estimated it would take him ten years to become his own boss. (Time proved him wrong; he reached his goal six months ahead of schedule.)

At night, while Lily slept, Hannah would sit by the window near the bed and watch the stars, thus reducing by half the hours within which the past could return to repossess her, when the breakers of the old terror took up again their tireless assault upon her naked heart. As for the child, color crept slowly to her cheeks and she grew tall for a two-year-old, but the spell, the spell of silence, was still upon her.

Early in September, Hannah, with Lily in her arms, came home from their walk, to find Alec sitting on the front steps. She knew from his manner that he had come with some special purpose in mind, but she did not question him. She went, instead, into the kitchen to prepare supper. With Lily in his arms, he followed her.

"I will go back to night school, soon," he said. "Night *high* school!"

"High school. That is like the *Gymnasium?*"

"Something like. After a while I will go to college. You can even do that at night, too! You can't think how much there is to learn in the night schools!"

"You will be an educated man, Alec. We shall be proud of you."

"In the same school there are rooms where men and women, fathers and mothers, even grandfathers and grandmothers go to learn English. Not only speaking English, but reading and writing."

She knew, now, why he had come.

"You could get books from the public library," he went on. "You should see what a place it is. You wouldn't believe how many books there are!"

"How could I go to school?" she cried. "I couldn't leave Lily!"

"You could take her."

"They'd let a child come?"

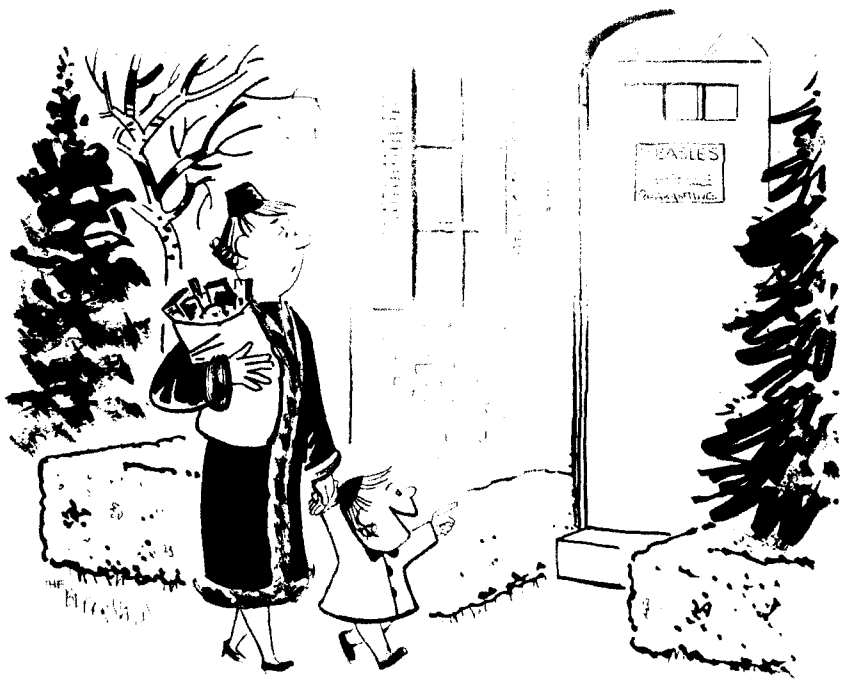
"Not any child. Lily they'd let."

"How do you know?"

"The teacher of the older people is my friend. He works in the same factory with me, but at night he teaches the immigrants. His name is Mr. Singer, Elihu Singer. He is a fine man. He knows everything. I told him about you and about Lily—how good she is, how quiet. He wants you to come. I could take you. It starts next Monday." . . .

She had never known anyone like Elihu Singer. He was almost twice her age—forty, at least, she thought—but there was an innocence about him that seemed to give him an existence outside of measured time, an innocence that belonged to the pure in heart. How much of her story Alec had told him, Hannah did not know, but enough, it seemed, to give direction to his talent for dealing with the human spirit.

SISTER



"Look what Billy has. I was playing post office with him yesterday and he gave me a special delivery"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

For the first time Hannah was not self-conscious about her scarf, for most of the women's heads were covered; the younger wore hats, the older, scarves like her own. Here, in this room, she was not an anomaly.

Elihu touched a window and his class cried, triumphantly, "Window!" He lifted a book and they chorused, "Book!" He smiled toward Lily, and the pupils shouted, "Child!" "Girl!" "Baby!" And finally, with his help, a complete story was constructed by the thirty-five men and women, ranging in age from the young in their teens to the young in heart of sixty-odd. Elihu wrote their story on the blackboard:

Here is a child.
The child is a girl.
The child is a little girl.
The child's name is Lily.
Lily has golden hair.
Lily has a mother.
The mother's name is Hannah.
Hannah wants to learn.
Hannah will learn.
Lily will learn.

Riding home on the trolley, Hannah remembered the last line of the lesson: "Lily will learn." The words sang in her mind and grew into other words: "Lily will learn to weep again; Lily will laugh once more!" Could it be that he knew? Could it be that this wise and gracious man who could be equally the friend of graybeards and of a boy like Alec was a prophet, too? Yes, she thought, there was that about him that restored her faith; Elihu must be, indeed, a prophet. "Lily will learn!"

Autumn drowsed into winter, and darkness fell early upon Garden Street. The nights turned cold and the rides from school were no longer pleasant excursions. Hannah had come to feel at home in the triangle of the city within which lay her America, the triangle whose sides were the route from Garden Street to school, from Garden Street to her parents' flat on Brighton, and from Brighton to school on those nights when Harry worked long hours of overtime, without stopping to eat, and she went with Lily to her mother's for supper.

Now that trolleys and transfers no longer bewildered her, she would not let Alec lose hours of needed sleep by taking her home after school. But one stormy night she found him waiting at the door of her classroom, determined that she should not travel alone in such weather, carrying a tired child in her arms. She was just as insistent that he was to go straight to Brighton Street and to bed.

"She is right," said Elihu, smiling as he joined them. "A boy who gets up at half past five in the morning should be in bed by half past nine. I have a cold and I am going to pretend I am a millionaire. I am going to take a hack! I live only a few streets from your sister."

After that, Elihu often rode home with Hannah and carried Lily up the long hill. One night when they struggled through a snowstorm to Hannah's door she asked him shyly if he would stop for a glass of tea.

Harry was still up when they came in. He was reading a book, but he put it aside to talk to Elihu while Hannah put Lily to bed. Harry questioned the teacher about his sister's progress and was glad to hear that she was now in the middle of McGuffey's Second Reader and fast becoming the champion speller of the class.

In the bedroom, panic seized Hannah as she removed the woolen scarf she had worn to school and put on the lace one. What would Elihu say when he discovered that she kept her head covered even in her own home? But when she came back into the room he took no notice of it. He was deep in talk with her brother and she went gratefully into the kitchen to make the tea.

On a Sunday afternoon in May, the Sunday nearest the anniversary of Hannah's coming to America, the family gathered at the Brighton Street flat to celebrate. There were neighbors and friends, too, all bringing gifts; and one of the friends was Elihu. His gift to Hannah was a volume of stories from American history; for Lily he had a charming little Swiss music box. The child sat in the center of the parlor sofa, grave-eyed but entranced, raising and lowering the lid as though unable to believe that she could make melody come and go. Elihu and Hannah were on either side of her.

"She is marveling," he said. "Her mind is astonished at this miracle; it is asking, 'How?' and 'Why?' "

"But she is still so quiet!"

"Her mind is not quiet."

Someone called for Hannah, saying she must make a speech. Others took up the cry and soon they were dragging her into the midst of the celebrants, lifting her to a chair, demanding, "Speech! Speech!"

She looked down at the friendly, laughing faces; her cheeks flamed with embarrassment. Then her eyes moved to her mother's face and suddenly all the others melted away, time itself melted away, and her mother was in the doorway again, sunlight streaming in through the window behind her, resting on purple fruit in a milk-white bowl.

"I do not know how to make a speech," she began, in her mother tongue.

"No, no, no!" cried a chorus of voices. "In English! In English!" She hesitated, seeking the right words, and suddenly, behind her mother, Elihu appeared, smiling encouragement. She drew a deep breath and began again, speaking to those two alone:

"It is a whole year, a long year. Sometimes I think how far I am from home and I am sad. But I will no longer be sad, I think. For now, *here,* I am home. I know this truly, today, as though suddenly I found the understanding; because home is the place where you run no more." Tears came to her eyes and she could not go on. She scarcely heard the laughter and applause. Her mother was nodding that she understood, and Elihu was coming toward her to help her down from the chair, and the laughter and applause suddenly ceased as though it had been coming from Lily's music box and she had closed the lid. Shyly, Hannah held out her hand to Elihu, and in the silence the gesture was like a pledge.

HE STAYED after the others had gone. Her mother and father went for a walk in the cool twilight, and Alec worked in his room. Hannah and Elihu sat by the open window in the lamplight and he read to her from the book he had brought her. He read of the men who founded the republic who gave their dreams, their aspirations, their possessions and their lives to it. Listening, she understood a little why this gentle man, who worked all day for bread in the factory, gave the rest of his waking hours to teach, for love, in the shabby schoolroom that, to him, was a temple.

He looked up from the book as though he sensed that suddenly she was listening, not to him, but to her own thoughts.

"You love deeply this country, don't you?" she asked. "You believe altogether in its goodness."

"I believe in its capacity for goodness. I believe in the capacity for goodness of people everywhere. I believe, most of all, in the American dream. I know that it is often in jeopardy, for everywhere, in every land, in every time, there are men who are afraid of dreams, or careless of them, or ignorant. I think, perhaps, that we who came as strangers to this land must guard the dream more zealously than any other men, for all our hopes are bound up in it; we dare not let it be destroyed. I think, perhaps, you know better than many, if not its form, then, at least, its worth—"

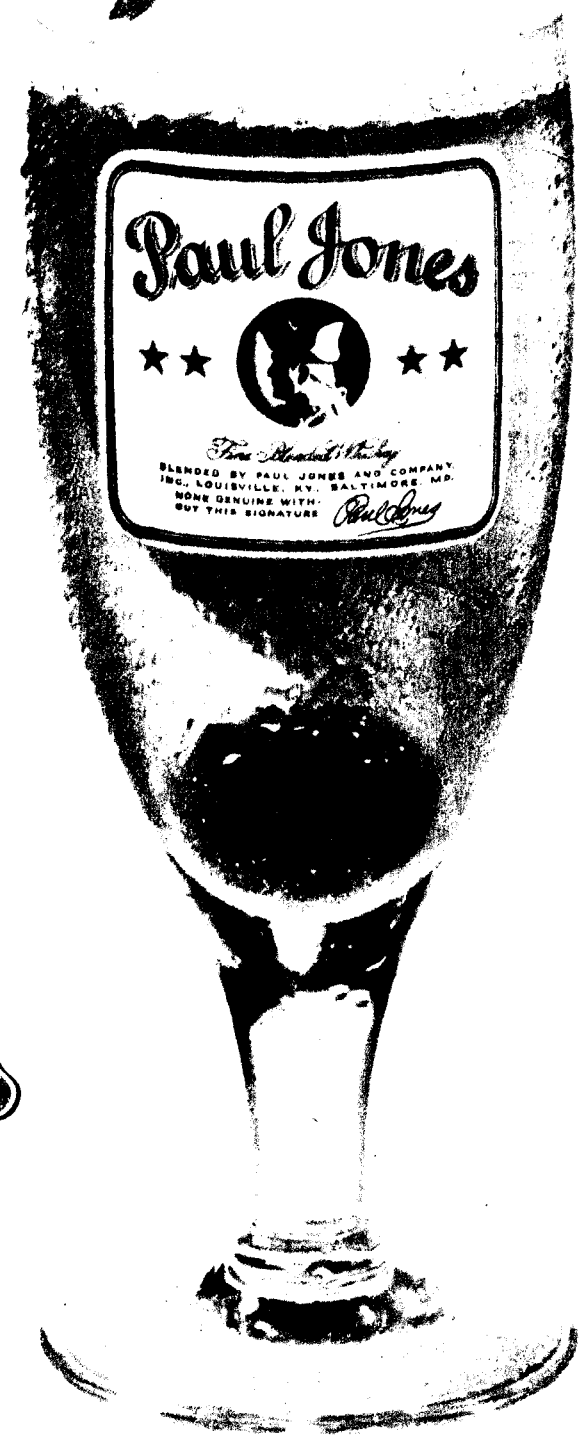
"I?"

"Yes. When you said, 'Home is the place where you run no more,' you were speaking a part of the American dream. For the thing that we run from most is the hatred of other men, and if we run no more, then surely we have left hatred behind."

"That was the most terrible part of the massacre," she whispered, "the hatred." He nodded quietly, but asked no questions. She leaned back and closed her eyes, thinking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You just can't buy a better drink anywhere!



For 85 years, Paul Jones has held an honored place among America's proudest whiskies.

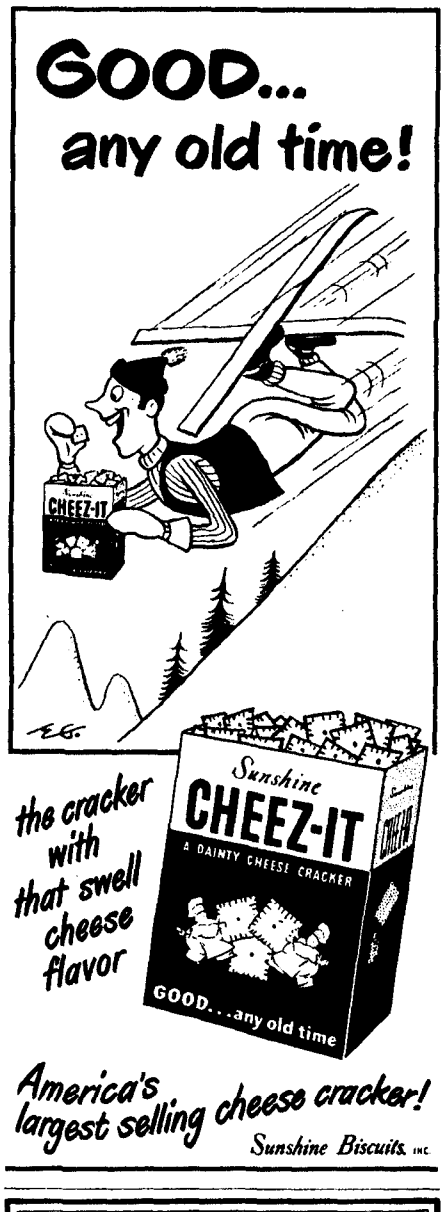
Today, try the smooth, rich flavor that has made Paul Jones so famous through the years. You just can't buy a better drink—anywhere!

Paul Jones

FIRST OF ALL... FOR FLAVOR!

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.
Blended whiskey. 86 proof.
72½% grain neutral spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Year in and year out you'll do well with the HARTFORD

—all forms of fire, marine and casualty insurance and fidelity and surety bonds.

See your Hartford agent or insurance broker

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY

HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

she must not talk about it; if you talk about it, you live through the horror again, you feel once more the turning knife, flinch from the searing flame, taste the salt blood. But she could not stop; for the first time in a year she was impelled to talk. Somehow, in the small but perfect world of goodness and love that Elihu was creating about her, even to talk of *those* things might be safe.

"The hatred filled your eyes and your nostrils and your throat. It crawled over you. Why? Why did they hate us? I think they knew no more than we."

The delicate tinkling of the music box drifted now and again toward her whispered words as if to clothe their naked agony in something like hope.

"My husband's name was David. He was so young. When my mother and my father, my brothers and my sisters left Kishinev for America, I stayed behind to marry David, because I loved him very much. He was so young, we were both so young. But we loved each other—and he loved learning." She opened her eyes and looked at him. "Like you, Elihu." It was the first time she had called him by his given name. It surprised neither of them. He nodded gravely and she closed her eyes again, marveling how she could talk like this, quietly.

"When it started," she went on, "—the trouble, I mean, the massacre, the pogrom —he was coming home late from the house of a friend, a Russian boy he was helping to prepare for his entrance examinations for the university. He was not doing it for money, but because he loved learning and the boy was his friend. The vicious little bands were already on the streets ahead of the big mobs. They struck him down, not far from where we lived, tortured him, and left him. He made his way home to us—to warn us—" She had to stop. Forget and remember, she thought; remember the wound, but forget the knife. And like a counterpoint to the thought the music box played its tender melody to underscore the pain and ease it at the same time.

OPENING her eyes again, Hannah looked at Elihu's white face and compassionate eyes.

"David crawled home to us, to warn us, to send us to safety," she repeated. "I hid Lily in the cellar of the house. I could hear them in the street, shouting, clattering. Then I came back to David. I was holding him in my arms, trying to stop the bleeding, afraid to leave him to go for help, afraid to cry out. Then they came." She stopped again and now only the ticking of the mantel clock broke the stillness. Then the quiet was shattered by a heartbroken cry: "Mama!"

Hannah screamed and leaped from her chair. Lily, sobbing piteously, was running to her, opening and closing the music box to show that it no longer gave out the lovely sound. Elihu was on his knees beside her in an instant and as Hannah gathered Lily into her arms he took the music box from the child's unresisting fingers.

"Elihu, did you hear?" cried Hannah, weeping for joy. "Did you hear her cry out for me? And look how she weeps now! Her heart is unfrozen!" She rocked Lily in her arms, crooning over her, while Elihu carried the music box to the lamp to see what he might do to repair it.

"Little dove, you are well," murmured Hannah to the weeping child. "The blessed tears will be balm and healing, my own heart, my own love, my little bird." She was bending to kiss the small, wet face when, once again, the delicate tinkling melody drifted out upon the air. And Lily's eyes opened wide and laughter tangled with her sobs as she climbed from her mother's arms to take from Elihu the once-more living, enchanting toy.

He came back to Hannah. She looked up at him, smiling through her own tears, and held out her hands. "You did this, Elihu. You restored my child."

He took her hands and held them, but he was looking down at her head. The scarf had slipped from it and the lamplight shone on hair as short as a baby's, as soft as Lily's, but as gray, as silver-gray, as Lily's was golden. And in among the silken strands were naked wastes, cruel scars of seared flesh.

She looked up and suddenly became aware of what had happened. She did not flinch. She said, simply, "They set fire to my hair."

"How lovely it is," Elihu answered, and then he bent down and gently kissed the ugliest scar.

HANNAH, sitting in the quiet room remembering, lifted her hand to touch the cunningly coiled gray hair. She thought she could feel again the healing touch of Elihu's lips upon the old scars. She thought, looking through unsorrowing tears at the strong, good face in the photograph, how his touch had always been, in the years they had together, a healing touch, so that one by one a thousand fears left her, until she no longer feared even sleep.

They named their first son David, after the young husband she had loved and who had loved learning, who had lived in peace and died in violence. Well, Elihu, too, was dead, but he had died quietly, with dignity, as a man of good will should die, as she hoped one day, to die. She looked down at the slender girl in the picture—the girl with the lace scarf on her head and the grave-eyed child in her arms, sitting beside the bowl of plums in the sunlight. She thought again of Elihu's words on that night when Lily wept and laughed again. "I think, perhaps, that we who come as strangers to this land must guard the dream more zealously."

How well had she guarded it? When she had ceased to be a stranger, had she ceased to cherish the dream as well? But the thought—or was it revelation?—flashed through her mind that the girl and the stranger she had been still lived; both were at the very core of her being. If by some magic she could remove the garments of years that encased her, she would come at last to Hannele with the covered head, as young, and strange, and sad, and full of wonder as when first she entered her mother's house. That, she felt, was part of what her mother had meant when she said, "You must learn to remember and at the same time forget." . . .

She heard a commotion in the street—laughter and greetings and many voices crying, "Welcome to America!" So they had arrived! She rose and put the photographs back on the piano. Then she opened the door and stood waiting. She felt a deep sense of reassurance, the way she had always felt when Elihu had walked into a room and stood beside her. It seemed to her he was beside her now and that she heard him say, "We who come as strangers to this land must guard the dream."

The new stranger was coming up the stairs now, just as she, Hannah, had come, so many years before. Miriam was coming, Miriam, the one, the only one of her mother's sister's kin who had been delivered alive out of Warsaw, who had survived The Wall, who had endured a Kishinev a million times more unendurable than the one from which she herself had escaped. Had they put the torch to her hair, too? Would her head be covered to hide the ugly scars? Would she, in time, learn to remember and forget? And how could you ask such a one to cherish a dream, any kind of dream? Of what use was it against a monster made of hate?

"You *must* ask it!" Elihu would have said. "You *must* cherish it and guard it and give it life. For it is the only weapon before which the monster—perhaps in a thousand years, perhaps in a thousand days—will fall!"

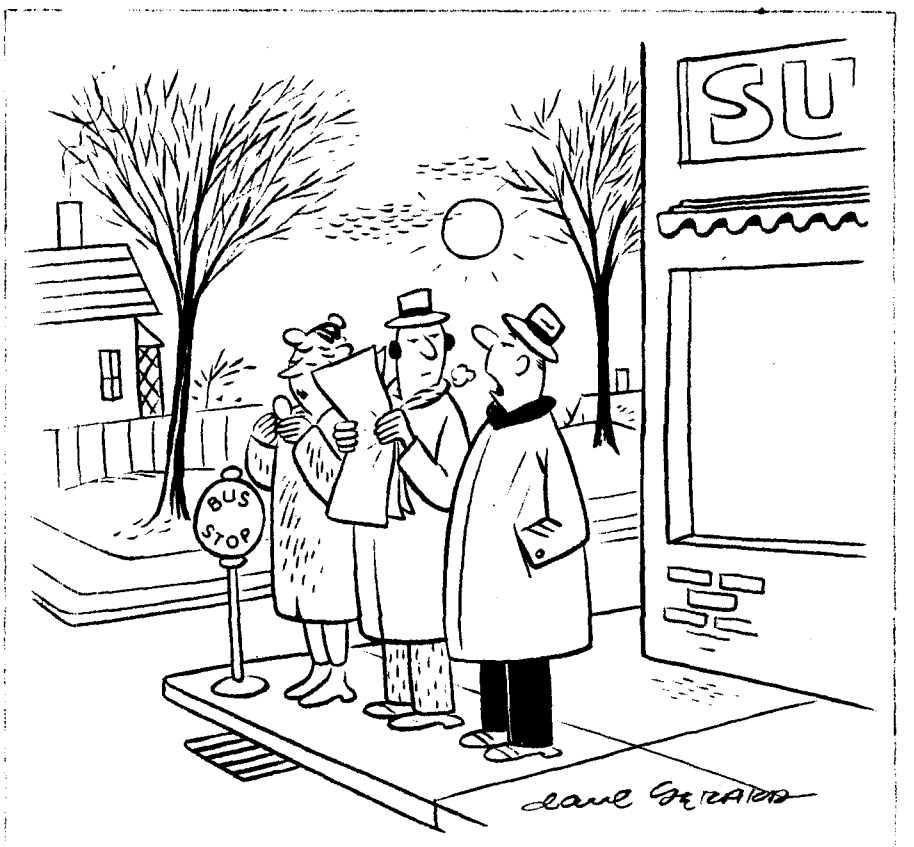
A SLENDER girl appeared at the head of the stairs and stopped, her eyes wide with uncertainty, with pleading. Her head was uncovered and her hair was the color of wild honey in the sunlight. For an instant she and Hannah looked at each other, then Hannah held out her arms. The girl hesitated, then ran to her, wordlessly.

There am I! thought Hannah. For a moment she was the welcomer and the welcomed. Her arms drew Miriam close and she kissed the top of the bowed head. The others came surging around them, all talking at once; then, all at once, they stopped. Suddenly they understood why Hannah had not gone with them to meet the boat. The last, the deepest welcome was here at the threshold, here within the open door. They looked beyond Hannah and wondered what it was in the room that seemed unfamiliar and yet so right.

In Hannah's arms, Miriam was sobbing and the tears were the beginning of the long years of healing before her: "I am so tired, so tired; I have been running so long!"

"You will rest now, my dear one. You have come home, my heart," Hannah murmured. "You have come home. You will run no more."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Kind of a morning that makes you glad you're half alive, isn't it?"

DAVE GERARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genuine Colonial

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

paying for them, and paying well! Of course the house and garden were a luxury—had she ever pretended anything else? But luxuries were superlative pleasures, for which people were willing to pay.

Defiantly, she bought a festive meal for that night.

There was a letter at the post office, from Kay. Connie settled down by the spinning wheel near the fireplace to read it.

. . . have decided it might be a good idea to get away for a while. Business is slow, and I've never seen Paris. You wouldn't want to leave Brad for three months? No, of course not. Spend them in this Washington hellhole? Salary as before only more so, and all proceeds yours while I'm away, just so I know I'm not relying on someone who might ruin my business. I'd trust you, Connie. You feel the way I do about my lovely things. You could have my apartment, of course. I can't imagine why I'm suggesting the impossible—leave us talk of other matters . . .

OVER the supper table, Brad said, "Asparagus? Pork chops? Bit early for asparagus, isn't it?"

Connie, to her own surprise as well as his, exploded with an exasperated "Yes, it was sixty-nine cents and the pork chops were sixty, sliced thin, and the canned applesauce and new potatoes were—"

"Hold on, baby! What have I said?"

"You were saying that I spend too much money. That's *all* you've said to me lately. Don't you want me to enjoy living with you any more? Well, I don't!"

"Connie!"

"I mean it. You make me feel—well, unwanted—as if you had thought you could afford me but find now that you can't."

"It's not you, Connie. It's the house, the grounds, the whole setup. It doesn't make sense for us. I'm only a general manager. People spend their whole lives saving up for this sort of thing."

"Yes, how well I know!" Connie exclaimed. "My mother wanted things—pretty things, lovely things. She'd keep putting off even attempting to buy them. Saying nothing, so Dad wouldn't worry. I was the only one who appreciated the way she felt, and the way she set her feelings aside to make things easier for Dad. Well, in the end they—in the end they're there in South Dakota in the same old sagging house with the same old dusty sofa. They'll never move now. The house is full of memories for them, of all of us growing up. Besides, my kid brother is still at home and now they're buying him the best baseball bat and hockey stick they can find, and Mother still doesn't have her china!"

Brad was looking at her with a dawning understanding of the myth of fine living that she had just destroyed. "I see," he said.

"No, you don't see!" she exclaimed. "She's been starved for loveliness! She has a starved look I never want to have! Men don't understand—they never understand! A home doesn't mean the same thing to them as it does to a woman."

"No, that's so, Connie," he replied quietly. "But won't you even give me credit for trying to give you what you want? Do you think *I* need all this folderol?"

He stood up rather ominously, as though things were coming to a boil within him. His hands were broad, with square fingers, and he made a large sweeping-away gesture, so that Connie felt he was sweeping her away along with everything else in the house. She had an impulse to cling fast to her chair, the table—anything.

"A lot of claptrap!" he said. "A spinning wheel! Connie, that's a symbol of what used to be a home. It doesn't make one. I feel as if I were carrying the whole weight of spool beds and cherrywood on my back to work every day."

"Now you listen to me!" cried Connie, starting up also. "It wasn't for my sake that I worked so hard on the house—it was for yours too! It was for us!"

"Okay, it was for us."

"Well, I won't be a drag on you any longer! Kay's offered me a job for the summer, and I'm going! You can rent the house and live with your mother—that's where you'd feel at home anyway, right off Broadway!"

There was a dead silence.

Then Brad said, with a visible effort, "All right, Connie, here it is—what I've been keeping from you, to let you live in your dream house. We're in debt. Up to the neck."

"In debt?" she repeated.

"Nothing's paid for. I've been barely able to meet the notes on the mortgage, and I've been borrowing like mad."

"But—why haven't you told me before?" Then, sharply: "Why have you treated me like a child?"

"Well, you've been like a child," he told her helplessly. "Like a little girl playing house."

"Oh," she said. Then, again: "Oh."

"I'm sorry, Connie."

"Well—of course rent the house." She gazed around vaguely, as if she were lost.

"Only for three months," he said quickly. "It'll help if we get a big summer rental. There's no reason why we shouldn't both stay at Mother's. She'd love to have us. I don't want you to go to Washington."

"But I want to!" she said, trying to humiliate him. He should have told her about their debts, not made her positively dislike him without telling her the reason behind his behavior. Then calling her a child—It wasn't fair!

"You imagine I wasn't in earnest when I said I didn't enjoy living with you any more! Well, I *was* in earnest and I *don't* enjoy it! I want desperately to get away from you! It will be such a—such a relief!"

When his face looked as if she had struck him, she added quickly, "For a little while. For three months, Brad. I don't want to see you, I just don't want to see you! Or even to hear from you!"

"All right," he said. "You won't."

THE hasty packing was all done, and the strained discussions were over; neither of them had relented enough to say out loud the words that would have made everything all right again. And now here she was standing on the train saying good-by to Brad.

At the last minute he took from his raincoat pocket (it *would* be raining) a bunch of pansies—subway pansies bought hastily at an underground stall.

"Thank you, Brad," she said stiffly.

His face that had looked hopeful went deadpan again. "Connie—"

But it was too late. The conductor came along just then and shut the thick dusty glass door in front of her. She gazed down through it at Brad with a sudden panic.

He looked at her gloomily, as at something in a shop window that he had wanted and couldn't have—or had lost. Still more upset by his expression, with an awful feeling that their parting might be for good, Connie traced in the dusty windowpane: *I love you.*

He deciphered it, looked up at her, still unsmilingly, and the cold, disappointed look on his face said clearly: I don't believe it.

Then he turned, his broad shoulders hunched over. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he walked away, while the train was still standing there.

Connie pounded on the glass door—a useless and hysterical gesture.

A great shot of steam blurred her vision; the engine started, and the train drew out of the station. It carried the words "I love you" and "I don't believe it" all the way to Washington.

Connie sat huddled in her seat most of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the way, consulting the timetable of the return trains to New York, resolving indignantly to stick out the three months; occasionally she pressed the pansies against her face. . . .

But Kay was in no mood to comfort or advise her, or even to listen to her. Connie had never known her so feverishly anxious to talk about her own affairs as she was this time.

From the moment she reached Kay's Georgetown apartment it was jabber jabber jabber, Connie thought wearily, and one cigarette after another, until finally Connie collapsed gratefully into bed between cool sheets that were so cool they seemed almost damp.

NEXT morning the odor of bacon and frying eggs and strong coffee and the bing-bang of the kitchen utensils woke her. Sleepily Connie put on a bathrobe and trailed into the kitchen, which was, alone of all the rooms, completely modern, except for the rather heavy copper pans and old-fashioned skillets.

The night before, Kay had looked almost —well, almost old: worn and tired, and finished, with circles under her gray-green eyes. This morning she seemed unnaturally gay. So far Connie hadn't been able to get a word in edgewise.

"Guess what?" Kay sang out. "Sam is coming to breakfast. Do you think sausages or bacon would appeal more to a hungry Australian? Do you know anything about Australians?"

"Not a thing," Connie said dully. "Why? Does it matter? I mean, who is Sam?"

"Sam is an Australian," Kay said.

"Well? Tell me more. Have you just met him?"

"No, not really. I've been trailing him, or he's been trailing me—I can't make out which—for three solid months now."

"And you still don't know what he likes for breakfast?" asked Connie incredulously, remembering other men in Kay's life who were always dropping in at odd hours, or being invited at odd hours.

"He likes anything," said Kay, pausing a moment and looking puzzled and somehow infinitely younger than Connie had ever seen her. "It's only a question of what he likes *most*. Now let me see. We'll have breakfast in here . . . green tablecloth . . . the Stangl Terra Rose dishes— Connie, he'll be here any minute—don't you want to get dressed? Not that you don't look enchantingly kittenlike, but I don't particularly care to have you look enchanting, if you don't mind. After all, you've *got* Brad."

Connie stood up slowly. "Kay, why is it you've never married again?" she asked. "I mean, you were divorced—six-seven years ago."

"Well, if you really want to know, dear," said Kay tartly, "nobody ever asked me."

"Oh, don't be silly," said Connie, going off to take a bath.

She came back looking as enchanting as she possibly could make herself—somehow Kay's admonition not to be had been a challenge.

"H'm," said Kay suspiciously. "I'll bet you're the very type he likes. Cuddly. He's a big strapping hunk of man—looks on me as a pal. Drives me crazy. I've worn dresses so off the shoulders only the belt holds them up. He pats me on the back, and calls me 'old girl.' I could kill him!"

"Kay," said Connie, baffled, "why are you going to Paris?"

"If that doesn't just jar him, nothing will," said Kay. "There he is now!"

Rather bewildered by all this palpitation on Kay's part—tall, cool, sophisticated Kay, concerned with drapes, color schemes, bric-a-brac, men and cocktail parties—Connie sat down thoughtfully in one of Kay's exquisite Louis Quatorze chairs.

Unconsciously her eyes swept the room, took in all the treasures. Compared to Kay's apartment, her own house was the work of the rankest amateur.

Kay came back with her arm through Sam's. He was tall and lean, and he took Kay's attentions somewhat as if they did not quite exist, or existed in another dimension only, not included in the ones he was used to.

"Connie, this is Sam," said Kay.

Connie murmured, "How do you do," and Sam bowed, looking amused at something or other. "She said you were a kitten," he said, and then sniffed. "Breakfast?" he inquired.

"Breakfast," Kay said.

The two went into the kitchen, leaving Connie somehow very much alone.

She really couldn't understand what Kay saw in Sam. He wasn't so much—not anything, really, compared to Brad. Brad was much better-looking, and never lightly rude to anybody. There wasn't anything light about Brad. He was solid, sturdy, loving.

In the days that followed, she waited in vain for word from him.

She had no chance to talk to Kay. Kay simply handed over the shop on DuPont Circle, and there Connie sat watching the milling wild traffic of Washington until she felt faintly dizzy and nauseated, and the sun that struck prisms in all the valuable glass flashed in her eyes. There were few customers—people were too busy and worried to buy expensive trifles.

COLLIER'S

"Would you sit on my lap while I dictate the businessmen's lunch?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

AFTER work, Kay was usually waiting for her at the apartment with a cocktail ready, with Sam. Connie began to suspect that Paris was a legend—what Kay wanted was to be free to run around with Sam. Still, she kept talking about Paris, talking almost incessantly about it one evening when Sam was over, while he sat smiling and nodding, and saying Paris was a bit of all right—he'd been there during the war.

"Why don't you come with me?" Kay suggested with elaborate casualness, turning the pages of a book about Paris.

"Why, I've got a job to finish," Sam explained.

"What do you do, really?" Connie asked irritably—irritably because she had no genuine existence at all, in the presence of Kay and Sam.

"I raise sheep," he said. "I live in a shack Kay wouldn't be caught dead in, and raise sheep. A thousand miles from nowhere."

"What do you mean I wouldn't be caught dead in it?" asked Kay, speaking distinctly and clearly, and laying down her book.

"Just that, old girl. Not even dead—much less alive. Why, there aren't even curtains. More light that way. You'd really go for my ornaments—masks of the aborigines in war regalia, and boomerangs. Sure. You'd love it, Kay."

He dropped his head back against the brocade shot with gold with which Kay's divan was covered, and his lean head looked leaner and more English than ever, or perhaps Scotch, Connie thought. He laughed.

"Old girl," he said, "I sure can't imagine you there."

"But what are you doing in Washington?" Connie interrupted.

"Selling wool," he replied, not looking at her—looking still at Kay, who sat stiffly on the edge of her chair.

Kay stood up.

"Sam," she said.

"I'm listening."

Kay glanced around as if helplessly looking for something. She picked up a beautiful blown-glass vase from Venice. Standing a little distance from Sam, without an expression on her face, she dropped it on the floor. It shattered into a hundred pieces.

"Oh!" Connie mourned. "Oh, Kay!"

"Here," said Sam, "how about this ash tray?" He was smiling again, after a moment of looking astounded.

Kay hurled it against the wall.

"What else?" she cried. "What else do you want me to break, you fool? Do you really think I give a damn about these gewgaws? Look, I've made my living with the stuff—had to. That's all. That's *all*. I'm not like Connie here. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do. Connie, I'll *give* you my apartment, lock, stock and barrel. I'll give you the shop, too. You can live with all the things you've admired for so long and been so envious of. Take them. *Take* them. Sam, don't you want me? Aren't you *ever* going to ask me to come with you?"

Sam stood up slowly, straightening out gradually. "How could you be happy there!" he exclaimed.

"Sam. I'll never be happy, now that I know you—"

"Don't say that."

"—except with you."

"Kay. Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Aren't you *ever* going to ask me?"

"I'm asking you," he said. "I'm asking you." He reached for her and took her in his arms. Kay had stepped deliberately out of the mysterious dimension that contained luxury and affectation, into his world.

Connie slipped out of the room and into the guest room where she had been a most uneasy guest. She felt indignant and insulted. So Kay thought she put *things* ahead of—other things.

She would show her. She scribbled a note, packed her bag, and stole out of the apartment. Sam and Kay sat in front of the fireplace, his arm around her. Their murmuring voices came to Connie, making her more homesick than ever, terribly homesick for Brad.

WHEN she arrived at the brick three-story house off Broadway, identical to all the others in the block, built solidly side by side, she saw that Brad's apartment was dark. She had a key, however, and went up the outside steps without disturbing Brad's mother. She would just go in softly, she thought—surprise him.

She turned the key, and switched on the living-room light. A sleepy man's voice came from the bedroom. "Who's there?"

"Why—why—Brad?"

"Brad isn't here," said the voice, crossly and sleepily. "Who're you?"

"His wife," she said.

"He's left his wife," said the voice, "or she's left him."

"I wish," said Connie, her lips tight, "that you would come out of there, whoever you are."

"Okay, okay." She heard some fumbling, and then a stranger stepped out of the bedroom, tying the belt of his bathrobe.

"Brad and I are rooming together," he said. "Are you really his wife?"

"How many women have keys to the apartment?" she asked coldly. "Of course I am. Where is Brad?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," said the man, rubbing his head thoughtfully and looking at her without any great approval, "he kept prowling around after supper, and then all of a sudden he said, just like that, 'Got to see a girl,' and left. No more explanation than that. He hasn't been back since."

"A girl," repeated Connie. A *girl!*

The room, the ordinary middle-class room, began slowly to revolve around her.

"Here," said Brad's friend, "want some brandy? Maybe I shouldn't have said that. But you asked me so point-blank. Here, let me get you a drink."

"I'm all right," said Connie, sitting down abruptly. "Only I did hope to see Brad." She felt like crying, but she wasn't going to cry. If Brad was with some girl, it was her own fault. And if Brad didn't even want her back any more, that was her fault, too. And if— She had to whip out her handkerchief and to take the drink that Brad's friend was now solicitously holding out to her, and gulp a few big swallows, to get control of herself again.

The telephone rang.

Brad's roommate picked it up. "Hello? Washington? Yes, I'll take it. Ah . . . hello. Hello, Brad. What the hell are you doing in Washington? What? . . . Why, yes, she's here. I was going to tell you . . . Okay, okay. Hold on. Here she is."

Connie took the receiver. "Brad—oh, Brad, darling! Where are you?"

"At Kay's apartment," he said. "She just found your note. Seems she didn't even notice you'd gone until half an hour ago. Some fellow named Sam is sitting around here drawing maps of a ranch in Australia. Look, Connie. I don't care if I do have to keep on borrowing for a couple of years. We'll swing it somehow. I can't have us breaking up over a house. It's crazy."

"Isn't it? Isn't it?" cried Connie. "Brad, darling! We'll sell the house, and live right here in the apartment. I was wrong—so wrong! All those months of worrying and wearing yourself out. Forgive me? Brad? Are you there?"

"I'm here, honey," said Brad huskily. "Do you mean it?"

"I never meant anything more! And, Brad? The apartment has lots of possibilities! You'll see! Oh, nothing expensive. Honestly, nothing we can't afford, this time. Oh, Brad, darling, darling, when can you get back?"

"I'll start back now. Meet me in Philadelphia."

"All right! All right, darling, I'll meet you halfway."

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy Yourself!

Winter travel's no problem when you ride relaxed and warm—by GREYHOUND

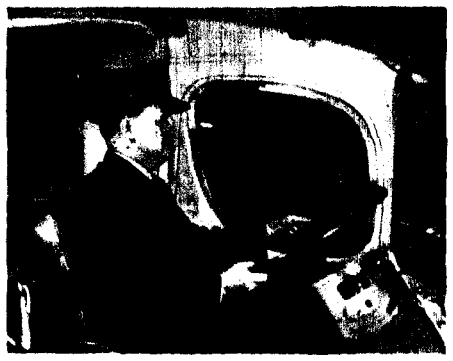
How'd you like *to sit back and smile at the weather, at traffic troubles, overstuffed parking lots—and all the other cares and costs of driving your own car?*

It's easy as saying "Greyhound!" Whenever you plan any Winter trip, just step aboard a pleasantly-warmed SuperCoach, and *relax* as you *see* as you *save!* At the wheel, one of the world's finest drivers acts as your chauffeur, safety expert, and courteous travel consultant . . . leaving you carefree and comfortable in your adjustable reclining easychair.

For the amazingly-low price of a Greyhound ticket, this travel freedom is all yours . . . plus the extra convenience of Greyhound's very frequent schedules, optional scenic highway routes, center-of-town terminals, time-saving Express and Limited service to hundreds of cities.

Enjoy SuperCoach Comfort—Controlled temperature and ventilation create just the right atmosphere for a friendly chat or pleasant sightseeing. Read, relax, or nap—in a reclining armchair!

Enjoy Big Savings—Any way you figure it, Greyhound travel costs less—a lot less! About a third as much as operating your own car . . . far lower fares than any other type of transportation.



Enjoy Safe, Dependable Driving—Greyhound's operators are famous for their excellent safety records. Some of these men have driven more than a million miles without even a scratched fender!

Enjoy Terminal Convenience—You don't have to worry about "getting downtown" when you arrive by Greyhound. Terminals are located in the heart of hotel, theater, and business districts.

Write for FREE booklet to help plan Winter trips!

Mail this coupon to **Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.** for your copy of Greyhound's "Amazing America Tour" booklet—describing 50 low-cost pleasure trips.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE C-1-51

GREYHOUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR COUGHERS!
SCIENCE DEVELOPS AMAZING
NEW COUGH DROP
The One and Only cough drop that
BATHES your THROAT
WITH PLEASANT SOOTHING LIQUID MEDICINE
LIQWID CENTER
COUGH DROPS
DOUBLE QUICK
DOUBLE ACTION
COUGH RELIEF
THE ONE AND ONLY COUGH DROP WITH LIQUID COUGH MEDICINE SEALED INSIDE
From coast to coast Liqwid Centers are now bringing quick relief to those suffering with racking sleep-robbing coughs due to simple colds. Begin today with this new, pleasant, handy treatment. Medicated candy shells filled with real liquid cough medicine—combining the convenience of cough drops with the effectiveness of liquid medicine. Ask your retailer today
In beautiful metal boxes
12 TREATMENTS 25¢
Made by the makers of Iodent Tooth Paste
SO HANDY FOR POCKET, PURSE OR BEDSIDE

MAKE EXTRA INCOME IN 1951!

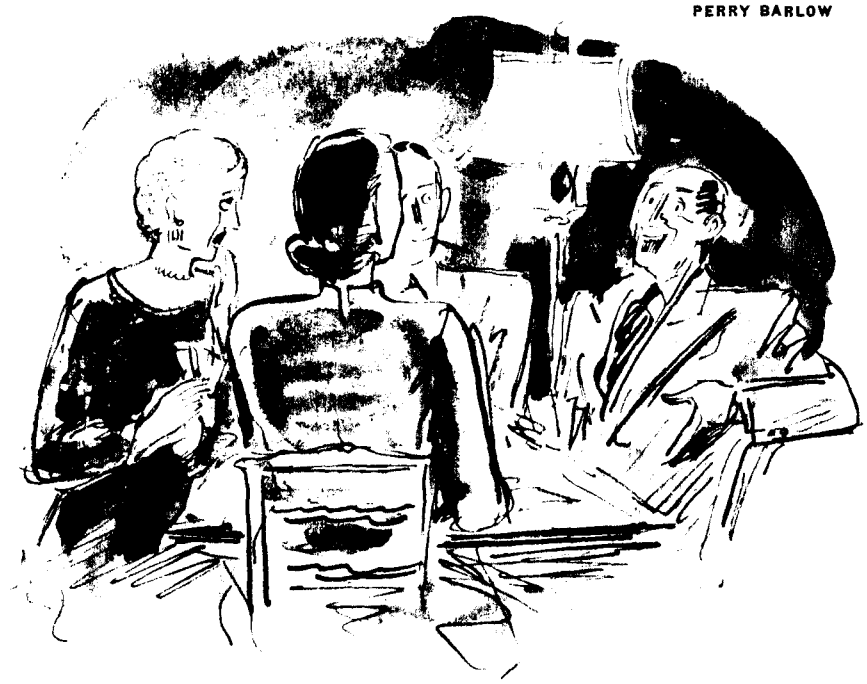
NO MATTER whether you live in a city, small town or rural section, you can make extra income in spare time. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular magazines.

There are probably hundreds of homes within a one-mile radius of yours, in which COLLIER'S and other leading magazines are read regularly. These magazine readers prefer to place their subscriptions through a local magazine service.

For full details, without cost or obligation, *mail penny postal with your name and address to*—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-41
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUB. CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

PERRY BARLOW



The Signal Cough is used when Fred starts a story he shouldn't

AHEM!

By PAULINE GAGE

IT IS not our intention to delve into the psychology behind a true, resounding cough which results from an equally honest cold. To such sufferers we extend sympathy and hopes for a quick recovery. However, all coughs are not real. It is the spurious article which we now subject to scrutiny. The cough-for-a-purpose. Don't say you have never indulged in this little attention-getter. Read on and find yourself.

1. THE SIGNAL. Often found in mixed gatherings, when Fred starts telling about the time he and George played golf with those two blondes and— Right here Fred's wife coughs, meaning "For Heaven's sake, shut up! Millie is listening." (Millie thinks George was on a business trip that day.) The cough Fred's wife gives sounds like this: *KA-HAWPF!* Millie is all ears and Fred, turning red, skids to a stop and tries to change the subject. We now draw a veil over this painful scene. However, the Signal Cough has served its purpose. It is extensively used by bridge players, canasta players and when Fred again starts a story, unaware of an elderly maiden aunt knitting before the fire. A *KA-HAWPF!* coming from his wife mangles the story but the proprieties are saved. Please note that there are those who *give* the Cough Signal—and those who *need* it. Two different species of people but equally interdependent upon one another. Watch out, though, when it is the *male* member of the family who gives the signal. Unnatural, see?

2. ATTENTION PLEASE! When the party is at its height you can usually find some bit of flotsam that has drifted into a quiet pool in a corner and is Left Out of Things. A momentary lull and you can hear this isolationist give her timid cry for help in the form of a soft cough. *HA-KUFF. HA-KUFF.* Surprised, somebody is bound to look around, see her and say, "Oh—*you* still here?" Then the party roars into high again. This little plea for some crumbs of attention seldom gets to first base. It is an ineffectual opening gambit and a poor bid for overtures, because who can answer a cough? Much better if the lady took advantage of the momentary quiet by announcing that her cobra had just had kittens. Or that she had a human head in the deep freeze. However, such souls do not do things like this and the cough is their bid for belonging. I have been to parties where a male and female cougher sat fairly near each other, signaling whenever there was a lull. They never got together, though. Would have made a restful couple, too.

3. SMOKE GETS IN MY EYES. Here is the cough with a purpose accompanied by gestures. It is usually a lady in a train, plane, waiting room, lobby or any gathering. It is often directed toward *another* lady who is smoking Raising the right hand daintily, the non-smoker waves it at the smoke drifting toward her, and accompanies this by a series of distressed little coughs. *Kuffa. Kuffa. Kuffa. AH-Kuffa!* On this last, she beams A Look toward her victim. This usually does it, and the miserable smoker plunges her cigarette into an ash tray and spends a red-faced moment or so killing it. At such times cigarettes seem to have a will-to-live that is frightening. Toward Men Who Smoke Cigars, however, the lady, using the same cough, waves her hands more violently and ends up with a look that would curl a tank. It is the rare male who can withstand such an onslaught and he usually moves to more companionable quarters, leaving the lady lonely but triumphant. In her home, this lady will tell you that Smoke Gets in the Drapes. (Personally, I have no objection to a well-smoked drape, but who am I?)

Non-smokers use a cough with gestures to discourage smokers in trains, planes and lobbies

4. DON'T YOU *DARE* LAUGH! The Situation Cough—meaning a delicate but funny moment. A man is suddenly confronted with his wife, sister or mother's new hat. It looks like a mildewed cake with a visor. To hide the laugh that wells unbidden in him, the unfortunate man turns aside and gives vent to a coughing spell: *uh—HAK-KAK. uh—HAK—KAKHAK!* His nearest and dearest eyes him suspiciously and asks if he has caught cold, to which he replies that he got something down his throat. She's still suspicious. Sometimes it all ends in chaos. But the cough *will* often save the day. In church, classroom, lecture hall and Solemn Occasion such as weddings and presentations, one may hear these lifesaving coughs bursting from the souls of those whose sense of humor has just played a dirty trick on them. Be merciful to such coughers and respect their efforts to stop their laughter. They should have had an Appropriate Comment ready, but they were caught with their chance down.

5. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? A truly terrifying cough utilized by Grandfathers who, when coming into a room occupied by the progeny, announce themselves by emitting a thunderous *HARRUMPHA!,* thereby scaring the daylights out of everybody. This cough, or roar, is accompanied by a lynx-eyed survey of the room and its occupants, each of whom feels like a criminal caught with the Loot red-handed. No matter if these young people were only playing Chopin on the phonograph and listening dreamily. One trumpet out of Grandpa and every face wears a look of total Guilt. Don't think Grandpa doesn't see this, too, and interpret it accordingly. Lectures on I-don't-know-what-the-younger-generation-is-coming-to result. Such coughs have caused elopements, crying spells and the parting of Young Love. Younger parents have tried this cough on their children, but it is always a feeble imitation of what a Grandfather can produce.

6. SWEET SYMPATHY. This is a sort of chorus, not a single cough. Ever notice the audience when Mimi is dying in the third act? Or Camille is croaking among the camellias? A rash of soft coughs, sympathy coughs, breaks out in the audience. *A-HUM-KA. CHOFF-CHOFF. HAK-HAK-CHA.* Noses are blown. Eyes are wiped. It's a sad scene. But coughs are still coughed. A similar thing occurs when somebody in a group has a real, honest-to-gosh cold and a cough that bays like a beagle. Others try to show *they* can cough, too. This makes the owner of the McCoy mad and he usually goes home.

As for me, I must, *AH-HAK-KAK*—be going. *Nice* to have met you. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're Building a Better Hemisphere

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

respectively of $195, $310 and $370 per acre. Their potato-growing neighbors lost an average of $25 per acre. From such small but tangible beginnings it was not hard to spread the gospel of American farming methods.

The institute Americans do not stay closeted at their offices. They all spend plenty of time among the farmers, townspeople and Indians, with resulting esteem for the *yanquis*. One of the program's more notable achievements is that though it is fashioning what amounts to social revolution, it has roused no popular tensions or fears of dollar diplomacy, despite Red attempts to paint it as sinister imperialism.

When the Americans Are Gone

Of 300 Americans brought south by the institute, all but 140 have already gone home, their coaching mission accomplished. The remainder head up an organization of 15,000 local citizens, 1,500 of whom are now technicians themselves, superbly trained to take over when the last American leaves.

Financially, too, the keynote of the institute program is co-operation, not charity. The institute's yearly share of the cost has been about $250,000 per republic, a total of $5,000,000—or about one and a third cents per U.S. taxpayer. (Congress recently upped the appropriation to cover institute operations for the next five years and earmarked $7,000,000 for the current fiscal year.) This relatively small sum, apart from the Americans' salaries, has been entirely spent in the U.S. for supplies.

On the other hand, each republic has put in five to 10 times as much money; the institute, in fact, does not put up its share until the host government does. For Brazil's educational program, for instance, we contributed $125,000 up to June, 1949. Brazil itself put in $489,000, spent another $145,000 to train Brazilian teachers in the U.S., and another $77,000 to buy school supplies in the U.S.

Furthermore, those at home who view all our foreign-aid ventures as money poured down a rathole might note this: U.S. exports of farm machinery and tools alone to the four republics with food-production programs rose from $976,000 in 1944 to $5,107,000 last year. Thus a far from minor by-product of the institute operation has been the building of a new and profitable market for U.S. manufacturers.

The institute program had its roots in World War II, when we sent down farm experts, doctors and nurses to provide foodstuffs for GIs at our South and Central American bases and guard the health of jungle workers looking for rubber, balsa wood and other war materials. After V-J day, all the republics except Argentina and Cuba appealed to Washington to keep the program going for the benefit of their own underprivileged.

The job begun by Nelson Rockefeller as Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs was handed over to a newly created Institute of Inter-American Affairs, functioning as an autonomous government corporation under the State Department. Originally the institute took on 18 of the republics, but its technicians have since finished up in Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic and wholly turned over their work there to these countries.

That the institute has succeeded brilliantly was plainly evident to me in a 7,000-mile swing by air, boat, car and on foot through South and Central America. You would have to know what life was like in the interior of these republics 10 or 20 years ago—as I did as a working newspaperman—to get a full understanding of what an astounding change has already taken place.

People down here are not only living differently, they are thinking differently. They even look better, and not just because of their new clothes. Much of their new look is in their faces. Today they laugh and joke as they go about their daily chores for no reason except that they are healthy and happy. Ten years ago, more than half the babies of South America died at birth or a few months later. Now they are growing into noisy, rollicking youngsters like our own.

Even the land looks changed as you drive along the highways. In Peru, cornfields used to be planted in bunches; now they're planted in neat rows. Orchards look like orchards instead of like patches of jungle brush with the trees smothered by weeds. Tomatoes, figs and oranges used to be only for the wealthy; today they are on the tables of workingmen all through the year.

Altogether, it's a bright new world that didn't exist even in the Latin Americans' dreams a decade ago—they just didn't know how to dream that way.

One particularly bright chapter in the institute story is what it is doing for young boys otherwise slated for unemployment or wretched poverty on the land. In Bolivia, Brazil, Ecuador, Panama, Paraguay and Peru, institute experts are directing vocational schools—and teaching local teachers how to run them—at which thousands of teen-agers are learning plumbing, carpentry, auto and radio repair, and other trades which will earn them good wages. American textbooks have been translated into Spanish and Portuguese, and shopwork standards are those required in the U.S. These schools have spent more for American-made equipment than the U.S. has spent on the educational program.

At the institute vocational school in Panama I saw boys at work in a home-building course which has already borne fruit in replacing the primitive huts of the Isthmus with clean, modern houses. Here in Asunción I watched young enthusiasts absorbing the fundamentals of electricity and plumbing; they had installed all the fittings for the orphanage that the institute's health division built to isolate children from parents afflicted with leprosy. In Bolivia and Brazil I watched vocational students—using made-in-U.S.A. hammers, saws, planes and lathes—making desks and seats for the institute's rural schools.

These rural schools are the other major aspect of the institute's educational program. Their effectiveness—particularly on the great high plateau of South America known as the Altiplano—is one of the most dramatic educational achievements in all human history.

The Altiplano, 1,500 miles long, as far as from Miami to Minneapolis, lies between the two towering main ranges of the Andes, and forms an important part of Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. Few Americans ever set foot on it. It is one of the dreariest, most remote, and least inviting stretches on earth. On it live about 5,000,000 Quechua and Aymara Indians, descendants of the mighty Incas.

For over 400 years, ever since the Spaniards came, these Indians have lived in rat-ridden, smoke-filled hovels without windows or chimneys, sleeping on dirt floors in close proximity with pigs and goats, cooking over fires of llama dung. The whites treated them worse than animals. If your car killed an Indian and his pack donkey, you were fined more for killing the donkey than for killing the Indian. Donkeys are scarce—Indians plentiful.

Under these conditions it was not surprising that the Indians were stubbornly deaf to white suggestions about self-improvement. But in the past five years, through the schooling of their young, the institute is helping incorporate them into the national life, educating them to be citizens of their own countries. Little Jorge and Rosita take home the lessons they learn; papa and mama finally weaken when the kids, aided by a few classmates, clean up the house on a home project outlined by the institute teacher.

I saw whole communities rebuilt with houses which have windows, and bright blue tile roofs instead of lice-filled thatches. Cooking and eating utensils have been taken away from the rats on the floor and stored in niches built into the wall. The incredible stench is gone.

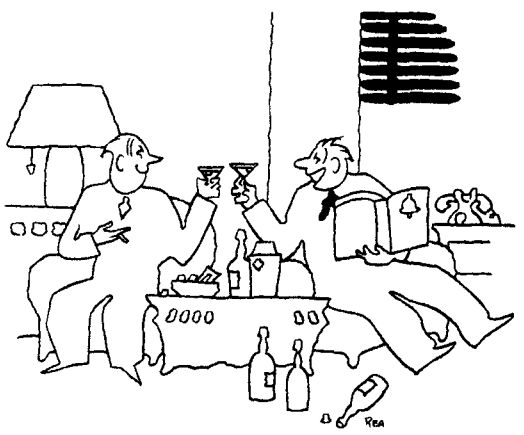
Using a school system originated in Bolivia but permitted through various changes of government to go to seed, institute experts and the teachers and supervisors they locally trained started on the premise that the three R's were a minor problem. Before any attempt was made to teach the children letters, they were taught how to bathe, wash their hands, comb their hair. They had never seen soap; now they make it at school and show their parents how to use it. At school, they prepare and eat a nutritious midday meal, sitting on adobe benches at adobe tables instead of eating off the floor. This novelty has put tables and benches into their own homes.

Seen in an Indian Village

I visited the sunny little Indian village of Kalaque, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, two and a half miles above sea level on the Altiplano. The blades of a wind charger made in Clarinda, Iowa, spun a shimmering pattern above the school roof, charging the batteries for the children's American-made radio. Other things in Kalaque were no less incongruous. American teaching methods are being successfully used by teachers who can't speak a syllable of English. Textbooks have been translated into two Indian languages—Aymara and Quechua—in which symbols were used as words.

The Kalaque school has, in addition to four teachers, three specialists. One shows the pupils how to keep clean and well, with soap, towel and comb. The second shows them how to raise vegetables in home gardens, and teaches older boys how to get better crops in the field. The third, a home-economics technician, shows the youngsters how to keep house and prepare meals.

Half a dozen of these bright-eyed children proudly took me through their homes. They had cut niches in the walls for dishes; painted and papered; put magazine pictures where the soot had been; cut windows to let in light and air; laid wooden floors. Kalaque's youngsters are growing better corn than their fathers raised,



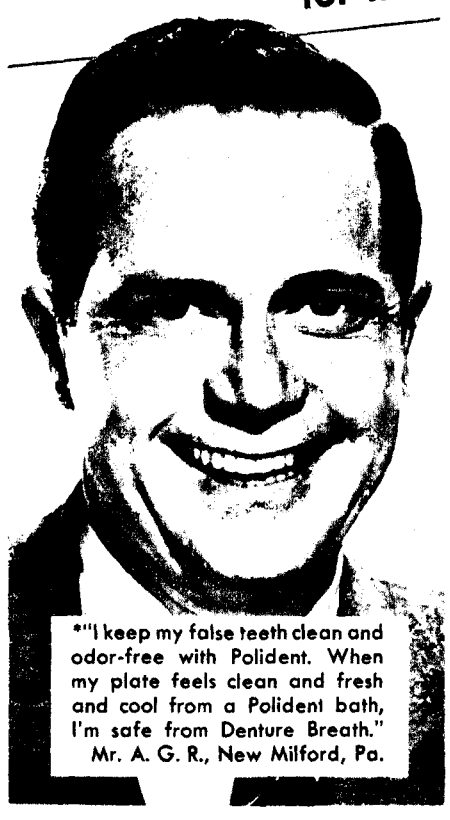
"The next is Addison. Now a toast to good old Aloysius Q. Addison, mfr., 138 Mutton Place, the Bronx!"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool

No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath." Mr. A. G. R., New Milford, Pa.

You know what Mr. R. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

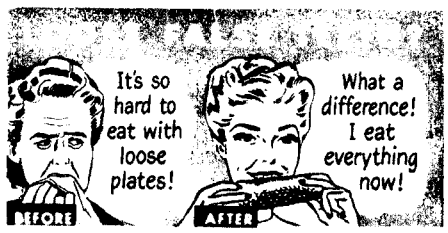
Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER



Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back POLI-GRIP

Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the boys, instructed in animal breeding, are getting six pounds of wool per sheep where their elders got one pound.

The grownups are so impressed that they regard the schoolhouse as a sort of temple, and tip their hats whenever they pass by.

No less startling than this integration of the Altiplano Indians into society is the change wrought by an entirely separate institute program—food production—on an entirely different but equally tough-to-crack sector of South Americans, the little farmers of Peru.

Nowhere in the world were farmers more suspicious of their neighbors. Each man, using his wooden plow, his bullock, his primitive farming methods inherited from his ancestors, was a complete isolationist. Everything he did was jealously guarded from his neighbor.

Then, somehow, the Peruvian hinterlander began to hear and see evidences of what the institute's farm-extension agents were teaching. Even the most illiterate knew that one agent couldn't possibly see each man in his district once a year. So each district's farmers got together, organized an association, and elected a small committee to attend the agent's demonstrations and passalong what was learned to the folks back in the interior.

DONOVAN

On Sunday

I start to read, intent on staying put;
My wife suggests a drive a moment later.
I silence her by putting down my foot—
Upon our old sedan's accelerator.

—RICHARD WHEELER

Institute Agents at Work

Unwittingly, these committees have become centers of democratic action. Farmers have learned to air all their problems among themselves and adopt the decision that gets the majority vote. And along with this tiny seed of democracy has come a revolution in farming. In 1949 alone the institute's 30 agents in Peru demonstrated American know-how to 800,000 farmers through 123 rural committees. Missionaries of a new life, the agents wander along country roads with machetes in their belts, pruning shears in their hands, insecticide sprays over their shoulders, pruning, spraying, clearing away the undergrowth.

The institute imported a lot of U.S. farm machinery, organized it into 19 pools, and made it available to the Peruvians at low cost. Its technicians rehabilitated 63,000 acres of abandoned farms; they persuaded farmers to dig up their perennial cotton and instead plant a high-yield annual type known as Pima, following it with food crops like beans and potatoes. Scientific spraying has increased alfalfa production from four tons an acre to six. The rice crop has been increased by half.

Last year, with 10 per cent less land under cultivation, Peru's farmers produced 30 per cent more food crops and sold them for three times as much money as in 1943, the year the Americans came in. For the first time in the nation's history, farming has become actually a desirable way to live.

Of all institute achievements throughout the republics, however, none has made more of a dent on the entire economy of a nation than its work right here in Paraguay. This landlocked country at the center of the South American continent, about the size of Montana, with a population of 1,200,000, has had the benefit of all three institute operations—health and sanitation, food supply and education. The result has been a hopeful preview of what can happen wherever whole underdeveloped areas get a chance.

Paraguay's has been a subsistence economy, almost exclusively agricultural. Only 100 farmers in all the republic had had more than 50 acres; 65 per cent of the farm population were squatters, undernourished, living in dirty one-room huts. Under a supervised farm-credit system copied after our own, the institute is turning Paraguay into a money-making economy, raising the standard of living and making property owners out of have-nots.

Institute technicians began in 1946 by settling 35 hand-picked families on a pilot colony at Piraretá, near Asunción. Each received 57 acres on easy payments. The Americans showed them how to lay out their land in money crops, pasturage for work animals and a cow or two, and vegetable gardens to raise their own food. The experts tested some 2,000 types of seeds of money and food crops and adopted over 100 as suitable for Paraguay. Paraguayans everywhere now start out with good seed.

With the lessons learned at the pilot colony, the government two years ago laid out and colonized under institute guidance 78,000 acres in the beautiful farm region near the country's southern border. With their families, 570 penniless men—chosen by committees of neighbors who could vouch for their character and industry, since none of them had credit ratings—were settled at this, the Misiones colony.

The Bank of Paraguay financed the construction of their houses, the purchase of U.S.-made farm machinery and a cow, then gave them enough cash to live on until the first harvest. They have 10 years to pay for the land, five years for the machinery and animals. Credit supervisors confer with the colonists at the start of the crop year, help them decide what and how much to plant, and see to it that enough money crops, such as cotton, beans, peanuts and yucca, are set out to take care of the annual payment to the bank and yet leave sufficient cash for family needs. Bank collections are running over 90 per cent—a good record in any country.

So successful has the Misiones colony proved that Paraguay is laying out two more huge colonies and planning to invite back home to settle some 100,000 Paraguayans who wandered over the border into Argentina and Brazil because they could not eke out a living in their own country.

President Chavez of Paraguay said to me: "Tell them in Collier's that the three operations of the institute are the greatest thing the United States has ever done in the way of co-operating with the American republics. These three operations are much more important to our welfare than all the money the United States has loaned to the Southern nations."

Raimundo Vera, one of the Misiones pioneers, put it to me another way. "The *nortes*," he grinned, "are great people."

Vera had never heard of Point Four. When I mentioned it, he stared blankly and asked the institute man with me, "What's the señor talking about?" But whether Vera knows it or not, he is a magnificent example of the miracles that can happen to individuals in the course of developing backward areas.

Two years ago Vera was an oxcart driver who, after 12 years on the job, owned a two-wheeled cart worth about $10, four oxen, two horses, a saddle and a few rusty tools, adding up to a total capital of about $100. He, his wife, and three children lived in a run-down one-room hut.

Today, at thirty-eight, Vera is a middle-class property-owning farmer of the type on which our democracy is based. He has built a three-room brick house, and owns 145 acres of land, four cows, eight bullocks, two calves, two horses, and numerous pigs and chickens. He's in debt, but he has a supervised program for getting out of it, and is making five times as much as the average Paraguayan farmer. He has seven pieces of American farm machinery; they enable him to work seven times as much land as most farmers handle with a hoe.

When the credit supervisor calls on Vera, he is accompanied by a lively young woman on horseback, an institute-trained home economist. By the time she and Vera's thirty-five-year-old wife, Florentina, get through mapping the homemaking projects for the year, the head of the house has his nose mortgaged to the grindstone for months to come. But the Veras love it; for them it's a new adventure in living.

The house is comfortably furnished with things bought by Florentina out of the credit allowance. Curtains, for one. Who ever heard of curtains on a Paraguayan farm? The Veras and the children—there are four, now—sleep in beds, not on the floor as they used to. Instead of cooking over a fire on the ground, Florentina uses American utensils over a stove in the kitchen. There is a deep-water well outside. The children go to the colony school.

Introducing Mr. Patterson

The American field-party chief directing Paraguay's food supply program is Albion W. (Pat) Patterson. Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, Princeton-educated, in his early forties, Pat was never a farmer himself, but probably no one in the republic can match his knowledge of agriculture in all its phases. Any day in the week his tall, lanky figure can be seen at the 27,000-acre farm at Barrerito, where institute technicians are cross-breeding beef cattle, or at the seed-development farm at Caacupé, or at the model dairy farm at San Lorenzo. On the road, coming and going, Pat is likely to drop in at various domestic work centers, where home economists are teaching Paraguayan women table manners, how to serve a meal, make a dress, or keep household accounts.

These home economists were trained by another notable institute envoy, a stocky, energetic brunette, Mrs. Josefa Hardin, of Puerto Rico. Mrs. Hardin recently resigned from the institute because of her mother's ill-health, but as home-management officer of the institute for four years, she trained more than 100 local girls as home-economics supervisors in Paraguay, Costa Rica and Venezuela. Her teaching has left a permanent imprint on family life on the Southern continent.

Peru's phenomenal metamorphosis into a prosperous nation has been directed by an ex-cowboy and farm-extension agent, John R. Neale. At one time state director in Wyoming for the Farm Security Administration, Jack Neale—working with only nine American technicians and 30 extension agents—has managed to chalk up the astounding record of reaching nearly 1,000,000 Peruvian farmers in 1949 alone with a farm-extension service patterned after our own.

The institute's American ambassadors—drawn from all over the states—are a quiet, hard-working kind, convinced of the rightness of their mission. Perhaps none better exemplifies their spirit than Lucia Page, a tall, good-natured Texas brunette just turned fifty, a specialist in elementary education who used to work for the U.S. Indian Service. Miss Page's bailiwick is the Altiplano. She has written first- and second-grade readers in Spanish letters that convey Aymara and Quechua sounds which have never before been put in writing.

A Question Over the Teacup

As she travels over the high plateau, Miss Page carries her own bedding and a gasoline stove on which she prepares her own meals. One afternoon at the Indian school at Warizata, on the Altiplano, she brewed me a cup of tea and we sat talking. I asked her how she stood the primitive life. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "It's a great job, and I love it!" Miss Page bridled as though I had criticized Texas.

So successful have been the institute's projects that in several countries they have weathered revolutions, *coups d'état*, and other changes in regime. Paraguay has had 14 such changes and the institute program is stronger than ever. Native-born citizens of one country told me that any government trying to drop the institute's work would be thrown out of office overnight.

Only in one instance has the institute met with trouble. Only last September, politically powerful Red labor leaders in Guatemala succeeded in putting pressure on Guatemala's President to drop an institute rural-education program which had been running for six years.

Such Communist sniping, under the slogan of anti-Americanism, will continue unabated, for to the Reds the institute is a hated and feared symbol of democracy really going to bat. How much headway such agitation will make, however, would seem to be best illustrated by a story Raimundo Vera volunteered during my visit to his cheerful new stronghold.

Just the week before he had been paid a call by a Communist organizer who listed all the benefits coming Vera's way "come the revolution." One benefit, said the Red, would be that the revolution would take all the land from the landlords and distribute it to the poor.

That was a mistake. "What!" Vera shouted. "You mean you're going to take all this away from me? Get out of here. Get started—quick!"

Vera's black eyes snapped. Under his broad straw hat appeared the grin which has been a recent acquisition along with his new prestige as a man of property. "I chased the guy off my place," he chuckled.

Giving the Latin American a chance at new agricultural prosperity would have been of little avail without bringing him health. In next week's issue, the author tells how the U.S. program has improved both the health and sanitary conditions of 23,000,000 people. Order Collier's from your local news dealer now

Next Week

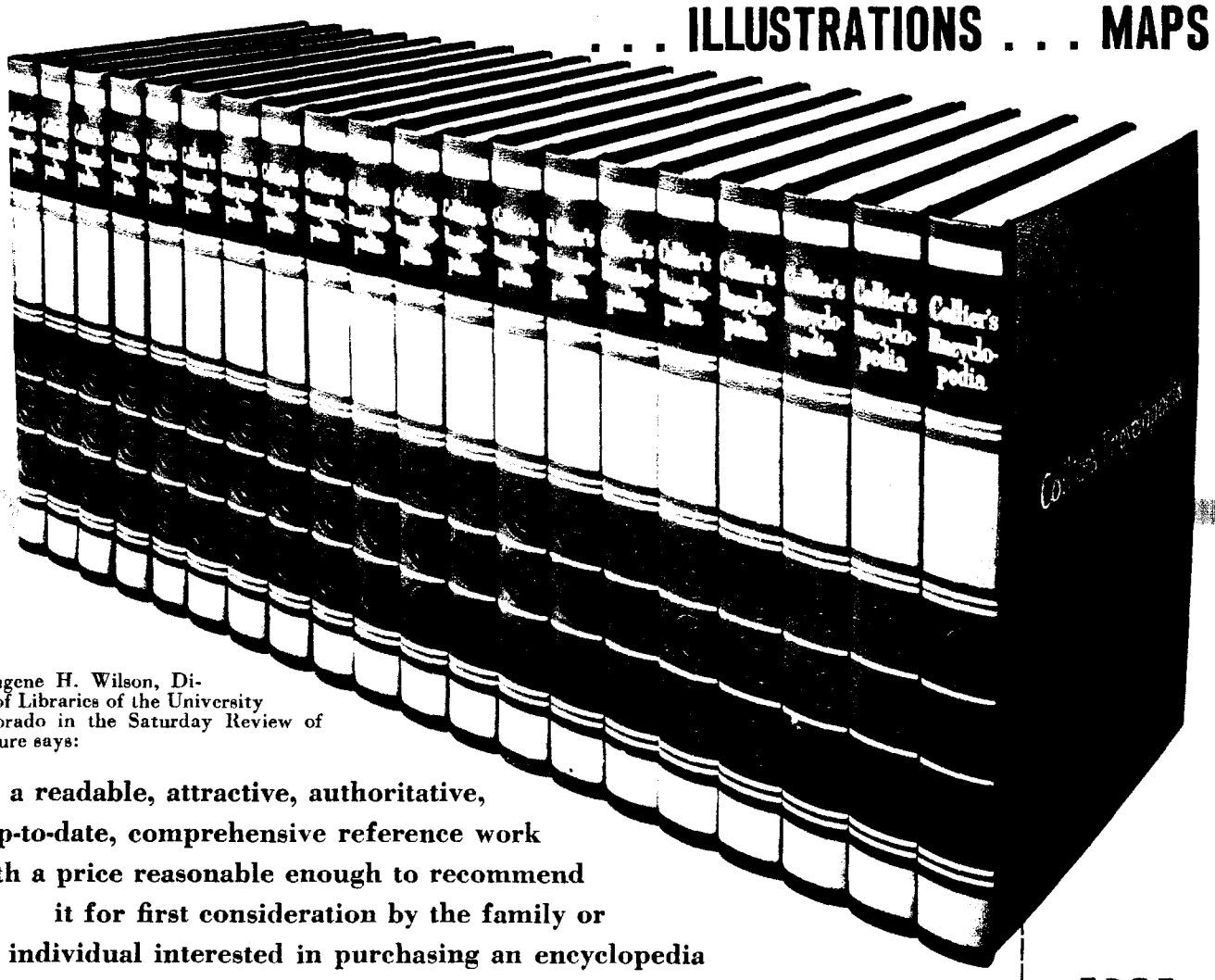
CAN THE ATOM BOMB BEAT COMMUNISM?

Read David E. Lilienthal's Vital Answer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's Encyclopedia...*the only completely new multi-volume encyclopedia published in 1950!* Compare *for*...

COMPREHENSIVE COVERAGE . . . UP-TO-DATENESS . . . READABILITY . . . ILLUSTRATIONS . . . MAPS . . . PRICE!



20 beautiful volumes
14,000 fact-filled pages
14,000,000 words
400,000 index entries
50,000 reference topics
10,000 revealing illustrations—many in color
126 new maps in color

Dr. Eugene H. Wilson, Director of Libraries of the University of Colorado in the Saturday Review of Literature says:

". . . a readable, attractive, authoritative, up-to-date, comprehensive reference work with a price reasonable enough to recommend it for first consideration by the family or individual interested in purchasing an encyclopedia to serve for quick reference, systematic study, and even for recreational reading."

Once you've seen it and used it, you'll settle for no other Encyclopedia. Literally thousands of authoritative articles, so new, so easy to find and so crystal-clear make Collier's the *one* Encyclopedia for the student, the teacher, professional and businessmen and women.

Collier's Encyclopedia is ideal for school assignments. It answers "homework" problems and provides comprehensive coverage and technical detail to meet reference requirements. Yes, one set serves a lifetime . . . satisfies young and old alike!

Written as it is in popular terminology, and printed in large, easy-to-read type on high quality paper, your entire family will rely on Collier's Encyclopedia for specific answers and then read on and on as in a fascinating novel. Yes, Collier's Encyclopedia literally covers the world from A to Z . . . history, from antiquity to the nineteen fifties . . . geography, from Alaska to Zanzibar . . . science, from Confucius to Churchill . . . art, from cave drawings to Picasso . . . religion, literature, social customs, sports . . . valuable information about anything and everything is at your beck and call in Collier's Encyclopedia.

Collier's Encyclopedia

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT REFERENCE WORKS OF OUR TIME

Here are facts about up-to-dateness you can't afford to overlook when selecting the family reference encyclopedia.

100,000 words on splitting the atom and radio activity, including cosmic rays . . . hydrogen bomb . . . atomic bomb tests.

200,000 words on Aviation, including rockets . . . turbo-jets . . . "JATO" . . . helicopters . . . "blind" flying.

200,000 words on sports and games, including referee's signals, field diagrams . . . individual and team records . . . plus explanation of such modern games as Canasta.

350,000 words on chemistry, including synthetic materials . . . new "miracle" drugs . . . nutrition and vitamins . . . chemical and biological warfare.

FREE...

Yours for the asking . . . an illustrated 24-page, four-color booklet crammed-full of interesting and instructive illustrations (fully captioned) on subjects currently making headline news. There are pictures of experiments in cosmic ray energy . . . of one of our largest atom smashers . . . unusual primitive tribes . . . African animals . . . of interesting scenes 'round the world, and so many others we have not space here to tell you more. Why not see for yourself? No cost! No obligation!

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA
CROWELL-COLLIER BUILDING
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your elaborately illustrated, interest-packed booklet, plus information about the new Collier's Encyclopedia and how I can own this wonderful new reference library on convenient budget terms.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State CO-38

MAIL TODAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READY CUT HOMES

$2132 AND UP SAVE UP TO 1/3

Build your own home. SAVE labor costs and builders' profits. All lumber marked and cut-to-fit. Everything furnished, doors, windows, floors, trim, roofing, hardware, nails, glass, paint, etc. Complete building plans ready for filing at low cost. Sold separately if desired. Buy Direct from Mill. Five Easy Payment Plans.

NEW COLOR CATALOG 25c

SAVE UP TO $1264

Send 25c IN COIN. Shows 57 modern low-priced designs and floor plans.

INTERNATIONAL Mill and Timber Co. Bay City, Michigan Dept. C. L. 161

STERLING HOMES

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO

RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

Choirboy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the counter again and came in at Choirboy, gun at point. As he passed me, I saw my chance and took it a second before he fired. I did it because of Choirboy, not because of any damned money in the Citizens' Bank. I landed on Turner's shoulders in a sort of flying tackle and we went down, twisting, flailing and cursing. In a minute I got the hold I wanted; my arms slipped under his from behind, I got a handful of his thick black hair, and jerked his head back hard in a grip shown me by a wrestler I'd written up in the Banner. There was a sharp click and that was all.

LATER Ed and I and another man had to haul Choirboy off of Juan Bacca and plead with him to give up a battle won, for his own blood was flowing all over the place. Bacca had gotten him with his first shot; but he was challenging still and worrying the downed man with sounds like a circular saw biting through tough green timber.

By that time half a dozen men were piling all over Turner and Bacca and wrapping them up for cold storage, and Bert Taylor, our police chief, had arrived on the scene with a wailing of sirens. But I wasn't paying much attention to all this, for Choirboy had suddenly collapsed in a heap. That bullet had lodged in his lungs. He died a few minutes later with his head in my hands. Ed Hunnicutt never forgave himself for having given the order that sent Choirboy to his death. He went as soft as they make them and so did I, as the two of us carried him out to the police car.

Turner and Bacca, it turned out, were experienced operators, who had worked together for two years, racking up a long series of successful robberies. They'd planned one last easy job in Baysport before making a break to Mexico. Well, that afternoon I did the news story of my life about the attempted robbery and Choirboy's passing, and it wasn't for Baysport alone; it went out over every wire in the country. I'd never felt so lonesome in my life and I wrote it, you'd better believe, with more than a hint of dimness in my eyes.

Choirboy had gone out in a blaze of glory that made him the town's pet hero all over again. He had proved at firsthand all we had idealized in him; going in to attack in the face of gunfire where not a man of us dared move, and saving a fat bundle of our public funds.

And so it was that next day there was a regular military funeral held beside Choirboy's little bier, out of Ed Hunnicutt's place. The idea had been Ed's and the town gladly fell in with it. There was a real ceremony with military honors. Corey Boynton and some of his overseas buddies were there in uniform. Someone had even brought a flag, and the crowd of mourners would have done credit to any war hero the country over. Old Reverend Shippen got up and spoke, and so did our mayor, who read to us Choirboy's impressive war record, just as if he'd been human. My God, it was strange. And lovely.

WHEN silence finally fell and we'd come to that place where there's usually a ruffle of drums and a bugler steps out and sounds taps, sweet and low, for the departed, what do you think happened? Somewhere out in the nearby woods a cock quail called in the stillness—high and wild and ringing, and farther off another one answered. A cock quail called. You say to yourself: So what? Mister, Nature doesn't time herself to the split dramatic second like that for nothing. That was more than a cock quail calling. It was a salute to that other phase of Choirboy's life that Army honors couldn't cover. It was a salute to a hunter.

For me it made everything right as rain. It told me plain as gospel that it wasn't really Choirboy we'd lowered into that three-foot hole; not old Choirboy. He'd gone on to join Jesse Hunnicutt, somewhere out there in the bright fall woods—beyond Ed's cornfield. THE END

Ski Doctor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Shedd's rural practice kept him busy; winter was a "dead" season, relieved only occasionally by a spectacular accident in a lumber camp. Late in the twenties, a few skiers, lured by tales of a fabulous snow bowl on the slopes of Mount Washington, had begun to penetrate the area. Their glowing reports made Tuckerman Ravine famous, and the rush started during the early thirties. Willy-nilly, Shedd became an expert on broken bones, though, as he confided to an acquaintance recently, "I never expected to have fractures stuffed down my throat."

The invading skiers and the handful of alpine specialists who found the cliffs of Mount Washington to their taste got themselves into some remarkable predicaments. On one occasion, when Black Mountain was coated from top to bottom with blue ice, Shedd donned crampons—climbing spikes—and fought his way to a cabin near the summit to treat a vacationing businessman who had suffered a heart attack. There is a ski lift on the mountain now, but Shedd's venture into alpine climbing took place long before it was constructed.

Climate Worse Than Arctic

The worst casualties are usually brought down to him from Mount Washington. This 6,288-foot peak is draped in snow from October to early June. It is the highest mountain east of the Rockies and north of the Carolinas. During midwinter, summit temperatures of 46 degrees below zero, and winds as high as 231 miles per hour have been recorded, giving the peak a more rugged climate than the arctic. Seamed by rocky gullies and bowl-shaped ravines such as Tuckerman, Washington extends far above timber line in a series of cliffs and ledges which act as a magnet to alpine specialists who are adept in the uses of rope, ice ax and crampon.

On January 2, 1926, Shedd was about to leave for Boston. His wife was confined in a hospital there, awaiting the birth of her first child. Up on Mount Washington, unknown to him, a tremendous alpine drama was unfolding. Jessie Whitehead, a noted mountaineer, was climbing in the Odell Gully of Huntington Ravine, a narrow cleft in the rocks a few miles north of Tuckerman. With her was an inexperienced climber, a young Yale student. She was hacking her way up a frozen waterfall, roped to her companion, when suddenly he slipped. His fall pulled Miss Whitehead free. She bounced from ledge to ledge, winding up some 800 vertical feet below, at the foot of the gully.

Miraculously, her companion was only slightly injured, but Miss Whitehead was on the verge of death. Her jaw was shattered, her skull fractured, one ankle was broken, two cervical vertebrae were fractured—a broken neck—and she was covered with blood from the waist up.

Bradford Washburn, now a noted alpine climber, saw the accident. He sent word through a friend to Joe Dodge, hutmaster at the Pinkham Notch Camp of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Dodge, whose camp is at the base of the mountain, some five miles away and 2,500 vertical feet down from Huntington Ravine, came up in a hurry with Wendell Lees, a veteran of many rescues on Mount Washington. The rescuers wrapped Miss Whitehead in an old bearskin, and finally got her down to the valley floor after dark. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dodge had hurried from Pinkham to the Glen House, two miles north, where the nearest telephone was to be found.

"There's been a terrible accident on the mount," she told Shedd. "Better stand by." Shedd, who was halfway out the door, bound for Boston, took off his coat and went up to the hospital to wait. At 10:00 P.M., Miss Whitehead was brought in, unconscious. He worked all night on the case. Finally, Dr. Shedd went home to bed at 6:00 A.M., to be awakened by a telephone call informing him that he was the father of a baby boy. The accident, which kept Miss Whitehead in the hospital for six months, left no permanent marks, but Shedd suffered one uncomfortable moment while she was on the mend.

"I got a message to come down to the Glen House one morning," Joe Dodge recalls. "They said it was urgent, that I should phone Dr. Shedd. "I thought: Jessie's kicked the bucket! I phoned the doc, and he said to me very sternly, 'What do you know about this Whitehead woman? Did she ever have any trouble with her speech?' I laughed fit to bust. I said, 'Has that come back?' Jessie, you see, had a slight speech impediment. She was unconscious when Doc got her, and she was talking just as clearly as you or I. But when she got back to normal, the same old impediment showed up again. It goes to prove that Doc is really conscientious. This was something new to him, and he wanted to make sure that he'd given her the right treatment."

Ideal Ski Bowl Is Hazardous

Since 1926, there have been some 450 injuries in Tuckerman Ravine alone. This fabulous ski area is a natural bowl, about a mile and a half wide, in the side of Mount Washington just under the summit cone. The sides of the bowl, a series of sloping ledges, fill in during the winter with the snow that blows off the cone. By mid-March, 75 to 80 feet of snow have drifted over the rocks, and although it is an extraordinarily hazardous run for a novice, it is generally possible to ski down from the very top of the head wall.

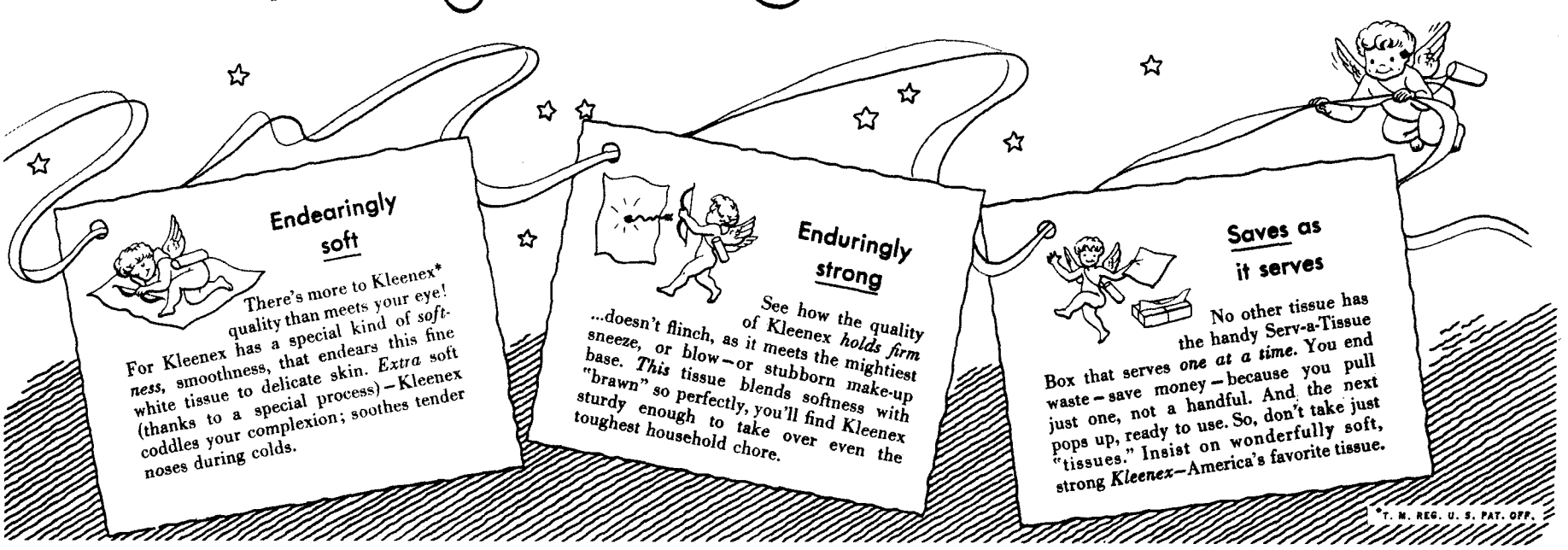
"Be damned if I'd tackle it," snorts Shedd, "but it sure is fun to watch! Skiing takes nerve, skill and judgment, three qualities I value highly. I was one of the organizers of the Eastern Slope Ski Club, back in the thirties. I wanted to see these city people come up here to have a good time. It didn't occur to me then that they'd keep me busy with their injuries."

As Shedd sees it, the trouble is that too many inexperienced skiers try to find their sport in Tuckerman Ravine. The visitors crowd in by the thousands every sunny week end from March on. Most of them climb the Tuckerman Ravine Trail, which rises 2,500 vertical feet in 2¼ miles. At its upper end is the ravine itself, towering 800 vertical feet to the cone of Mount Washington. Skiing above tree line is so rare a treat in the East that a good many novices, carried away by their own enthusiasm, find themselves traveling too fast in an area studded with rocks and other skiers. Head-on collisions are common in the bowl, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the quality says "it's Kleenex!"

the package says "you save!"



Endearingly soft

There's more to Kleenex* quality than meets your eye! For Kleenex has a special kind of *softness*, smoothness, that endears this fine white tissue to delicate skin. *Extra* soft (thanks to a special process)—Kleenex coddles your complexion; soothes tender noses during colds.

Enduringly strong

See how the quality of Kleenex *holds firm* ...doesn't flinch, as it meets the mightiest sneeze, or blow—or stubborn make-up base. *This* tissue blends softness with "brawn" so perfectly, you'll find Kleenex sturdy enough to take over even the toughest household chore.

Saves as it serves

No other tissue has the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves *one at a time*. You end waste—save money—because you pull just one, not a handful. And the next pops up, ready to use. So, don't take just "tissues." Insist on wonderfully soft, strong *Kleenex*—America's favorite tissue.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotpoint

● **Work-Saving COOKING CENTER** is built around the Hotpoint Electric Pushbutton Range—world's easiest way to cook! This is just one of many Hotpoint Electric Range models.

● **Work-Saving CLEAN-UP CENTER** features Hotpoint Combination Sink with Automatic Dishwasher and Disposall. Separate Dishwasher available; also separate Disposall unit.

● **Your Hotpoint dealer** will gladly help you decide on the Work-Saving Center arrangement that is ideal for your home. You can start with any one of those shown here to begin building up to your complete Hotpoint All-Electric Kitchen.

LOOK TO HOTPOINT FOR THE FINEST—FIRST! **RANGES • REFRIGERATORS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All-Electric Kitchen

Saves You At Least 8 Hours' Work Every Week!

● **A Hotpoint ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN** saves precious hours—brings you freedom from tiresome, time-stealing chores that belong to the past. Start planning your all-electric kitchen now!

Three Planned Work-Saving Centers, Arranged To Suit Your Family's Needs, Save Steps, Work, And Time

IT'S A JOY to work in a beautiful Hotpoint All-Electric Kitchen! You never waste energy on needless steps, because everything's at your finger tips. With the magic of electricity doing all the difficult jobs, your kitchen duties are much simpler and easier. And because a planned Hotpoint Kitchen really saves you time—at least eight hours a week—you have more time for yourself, more to devote to your family.

● **You'll discover** new pleasure in cooking the Hotpoint Pushbutton way. It's cool, clean, fast, and wonderfully easy! You'll quickly forget how tiresome it was to do dishes when the Hotpoint Dishwasher washes and dries them at the touch of a dial. You'll be delighted with the Hotpoint "Super-Stor" Refrigerator that stores so much food so conveniently.

● **Ask your Hotpoint dealer** to demonstrate the new Hotpoint Appliances. Let him show you how you can build your time-saving all-electric kitchen around Hotpoint's Work-Saving Centers—step by step, if you choose. Hotpoint Inc. (*A General Electric Affiliate*), 5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

Hotpoint dealers are easy to find—just look in your classified phone book.

● **Work-Saving FOOD-STORAGE CENTER** is planned around the Hotpoint "Super-Stor" Refrigerator with new Circulaire Cooling Action. Shown in large illustration is the "Super-Stor" Combination—a real food freezer and refrigerator in one—world's most convenient home refrigerator.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

Quality Appliances

HWASHERS • DISPOSALLS® • WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo Courtesy Canadian National Railways

there are many crack-ups on the wide, winding John Sherburne ski trail, the accepted route of descent to the highway at Pinkham Notch.

During exceptionally good years, when there is snow all the way from the top of Washington to the valley floor, some 4,250 feet below, the ravine is selected for America's most grueling race, the four-mile-long American Inferno. The Inferno has been staged only three times—in 1933, 1934 and 1939.

During the 1939 race, Toni Matt, a newcomer from Austria, skied straight down the head wall. Other, more conservative, racers put in four to six turns, each turn reducing their speed. Matt, however, took a long chance and came out standing up. His time was 6½ minutes and his maximum speed 60 miles per hour. Shedd, who was on hand that day, was one of the first to congratulate Matt.

"I thought you were going to give me my biggest job of work," he said wryly, "but you came through fine. Scared the daylights out of me, though."

In 1935, his wife's ninety-two-year-old father, General Adolphus W. Greely, was to be awarded the Congressional Medal in Washington for his arctic exploits. The family was all packed and ready to go when the call came in: "Accident up the mountain!" Dr. Shedd stayed at home to treat a skier with a fractured leg. Mrs. Shedd and the children went on to Washington. "It was Gertrude's show, anyway," he observed philosophically to a neighbor who commiserated with him.

Injuries Are Less Severe Now

Since the late thirties, the average ski casualty arriving at Memorial Hospital has been less badly battered. Broken backs and fractured pelvises are rare, and now injuries consist mainly of fractured legs and ankles, sprained knees and dislocated shoulders. In the earlier days, the pioneers of winter sport prided themselves on their toughness and worried very little about their technical skill. One veteran Harvard racer, Andy Marshall, rammed into a beech tree on Mount Washington and arrived at the operating room with a mouthful of loose teeth and a few teeth missing.

It was a busy day, and when some of the loose molars were removed, a fastidious nurse threw them away. Marshall, desperately unhappy, searched the whole hospital in vain. Finally, his father, equally upset, climbed back up the mountain, extracted several teeth from the beech tree, took them to Boston and had a dental specialist manufacture some new ones of identical shape and color.

Bert Porter, a young ski racer from Rutland, Vermont, hit a tree while racing the Wildcat trail at Pinkham in 1938. He fractured both femurs, and destroyed the popliteal artery in his right leg. This artery supplies the blood to the lower leg. Dr. Shedd gave Porter emergency treatment, and finally, reluctantly, sent him to Boston. The leg was amputated, but Porter still skis, using an artificial leg.

By contrast, when Julio Zegers, a member of the Chilean ski team, cracked up on Cranmore Mountain in 1939, breaking both femurs, Shedd did a deft job of installing wafer-thin plates to hold the bones together. Zegers, later in the year, was the first skier down the course at the Chilean National Championships, and that autumn captained the Chilean polo team.

Some Biographical Details

Dr. Shedd was born in Bartlett, New Hampshire, November 1, 1882. His doctor father moved to North Conway when he was seven years old. Dr. John Shedd, a brother of the elder Shedd, was a partner. Young Harold took an interest in medicine, and in 1901 he went to Harvard, graduating from medical school there in 1910. He then spent 18 months at The Boston City Hospital; another six months at the Haymarket Square Relief Station, Boston, and eight months at Roosevelt Hospital in New York. In 1912, when he joined his father in practice, North Conway was accessible by motorcar during the summer, but was cut off by mountainous drifts, sometimes 30 feet high, during the winter.

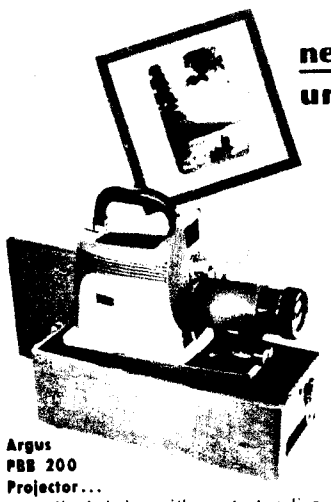
"I'd travel by horse and sleigh," Shedd recalls, "and when I fell asleep, the horse would always bring me back." Doctors, in those pioneering days, went out on every night call, however trivial. Nowadays, they frequently ask for a description of the case, and if it's minor, put the call off until the following morning. One night early in his practice, when it was 30 below zero, Shedd got a hurry call to the remote home of an elderly farmer. The trouble, he discovered, was an aching tooth. It was common for country doctors to double as dentists at that time, and Shedd had his dental tools with him, but he was highly annoyed at having been hauled from bed.

"Why didn't you get in your sleigh and come down to my house?" he demanded.

"Hell, Harold," the farmer said with a nasal twang, "I wouldn't go out on a night like this for—for twenty-fi' dollars."

"Wait until you see what this costs you," Shedd said grimly. After locating the offending tooth, he found to his delight that a tooth on each side of it was infected, too, so he pulled all three. Then the humor of

Picture this in full, gorgeous color!



new argus projector puts unrivaled beauty in your color slides

Color is what tells your eye: "Stop! Here is a Picture!" And rich, natural color, clear to the very corners, is what the new Argus Projector gives to your slides.

More Light with Argus Projectors

Size for size, this new Argus PBB 200 Projector shows your color slides with higher light intensity because of its completely new optical system. Now you can show your slides at home and get sharpness, clarity—brilliance that would please Hollywood projectionists. And showing your own slides is one of the fastest growing art hobbies in this country today. It's a skill and a delight you cannot afford to miss.

Remember, too, the ready availability of professionally prepared slides: travel, famous paintings, great cathedrals, exotic tropical flowers, rare birds and animals. You can buy hundreds of different subjects.

It's Easy to Take Pictures in Color! If you have not yet enjoyed the thrill of taking your own color slides, ask your dealer to show you an Argus C-3, and tell you how easy, how sure-fire it is with this most-desired precision 35mm camera! Your photo dealer has one to show you, right now!

Argus PBB 200 Projector... streamlined design with constant-cooling blower base plus ultra-modern lift-off case. $44.95 with case. Other Argus Projectors—PB 200, $34.95—with case, $39.95. PB 150, $31.95—with case, $36.95. PB 100, 27.95—with case, $32.95.

Argus C-3 Camera... world's most widely-bought precision 35mm camera with flash gun, reflector, handsome carrying case, $66.50 (tax included).

All prices subject to change without notice

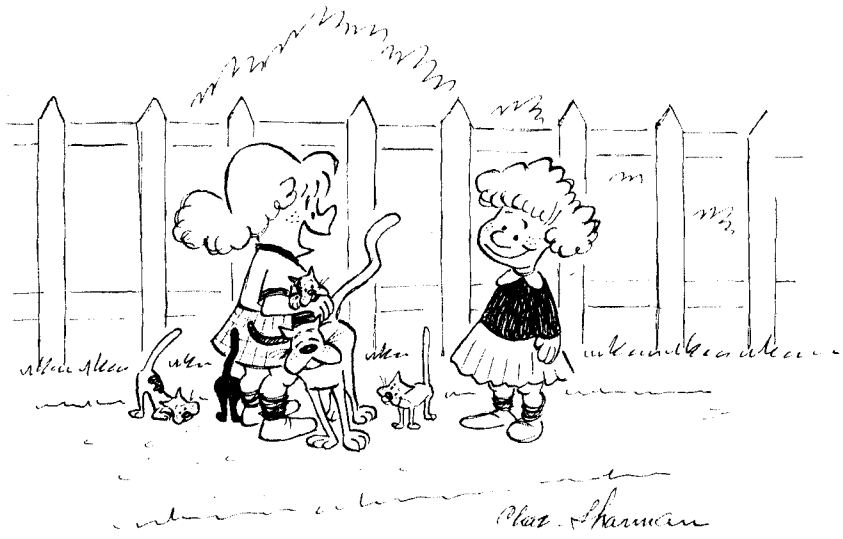
argus
CAMERAS INC.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

COLLIER'S

"She's precious; won't let anyone but Dan give her the two-o'clock bottle!"

BEN ROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLIER'S "I'm a grandmother!" CHARLES SHARMAN

it overcame him and, figuring the punishment was sufficient, he let the farmer off with his customary $2 fee for a house call.

In those early days, Shedd's fracture practice was a minor item, but most of it involved long trips, generally to remote lumber camps. It used to be said, of one of these camps, that there always were three crews on the payroll—one coming out with injuries, one on hand, and one going in. Deep ax wounds were common, and shattered bones more so.

In spite of the fact that Shedd's practice in the early days was remote from the big city hospitals, he pioneered a number of complicated surgical techniques. When Dr. Alexis Carrel developed the equipment which made it possible to sew a severed artery together, and thus save a badly injured arm or hand, Shedd read about it in a medical magazine. He built his own equipment and put it away on the shelf.

"He never expected to use it," a friend recalled a few months ago, "but then, one day, a fellow came in from a lumber camp. He'd cut an artery in his arm with a crosscut saw. Dr. Shedd got down his equipment, did a careful job of stitching, and put it back together again."

"I love to tinker," Shedd admits. "It's a New Hampshire habit." Habit or inspiration, Shedd's interest in gadgets led to an important medical discovery. He invented a new cast for broken legs that has since been adopted by many major hospitals. Shedd designed a piece of felt, known as a "boot," which fits over the sole of the foot, and extends up each side of the leg. The front and back of the "boot" are left open. When a leg is encased in plaster, the openings permit the damaged member to swell without creating a dangerous pressure. This innovation makes it possible for a patient to leave the hospital on crutches within 24 hours after the leg is set. Formerly, he might have to stay for days until the swelling had gone down.

Grinding a Telescope Lens

Years ago, while afflicted with a peculiarly virulent case of restless hands, Shedd decided to build a telescope with a 10-inch lens, an ambitious project for an amateur astronomer. He did the extremely delicate work of grinding in his barn, after hosing down the interior so that no dust would accumulate on the lens.

More recently, with his children away, he has become an amateur potter. A grateful patient, Margaret Steele, introduced him to his hobby. In the fall of 1940, while climbing the summit rocks of Mount Chocorua on an icy day, Mrs. Steele fractured her ankle. She crawled down the mountain for 20 hours on her hands and knees. Shedd treated the fracture, restored her to health, and in return she taught him the intricate art of pottery. He has built his own kiln and is now reproducing some of the most delicate patterns of the Ming Dynasty.

In theory, all these varied activities should have a calming effect on Shedd, but the pressure of his practice keeps him in a constant state of tension. When particularly oppressed, he is apt to be brusque.

One summer visitor, a wealthy woman, had a stomach-ache which she diagnosed as appendicitis. Shedd made a rapid examination. "Put a mustard plaster on it," he grunted, and walked out. A few years back, the wife of a New Hampshire businessman slipped on an icy sidewalk and broke her leg. Shedd liked the woman, but disliked her husband. As he was putting on the cast, he observed:

"I can tell you, I'd a heck of a lot rather put this cast on your husband than on you."

Brusqueness Due to Overwork

Even his close friends admit that Shedd is brusque, but say: "He has a reason. He's overworked—with skiers in winter, summer people and kids from the summer camps during July and August, local people all the time. If he doesn't talk, it's because he's worrying about someone else who's worse off than you are. Everybody who knows Shedd agrees that he has a tender regard for genuinely ill patients."

That Shedd can display warmth is attested by one mother. "When he comes to see us," she says, "I often look out the window and discover him turning somersaults with my youngsters, or teaching them how to stand on their hands."

Carroll Reed, who operates a ski shop in North Conway, regards himself as living evidence of Shedd's skill and solicitousness. "I was racing the Wildcat trail in 1934 when I slid off on an icy corner," Reed says. "I broke my back, crushed a couple of ribs, and I was paralyzed from the waist down. I was in bed 19 weeks, and I thought I never would walk again. Dr. Shedd had me moved to Boston and came down himself to help with the operations. They removed the broken pieces of bone from my spine, put a tiny catheter inside the spinal column, and relieved the pressure of a bit of bone that was causing my paralysis. You can say that I'd still be paralyzed if it hadn't been for Dr. Shedd."

Though he has ex-patients in almost all the 48 states as well as Chile, Argentina, Switzerland, France and Germany, Shedd's reputation basically rests on his skill as a country doctor.

Arthur Lucey, who owns a hardware store in the neighboring town of Center Conway, sums up the feeling that the mountain people have about him.

"One of my sons broke a leg, another son fractured his ankle, ran an ax into his knee up in Crawford Notch, and then got burned when our barn caught fire," he says. "After that, I ran over my little daughter while backing out a truck. Doctor Shedd fixed 'em all up. Do you wonder that we've got a lot of respect for him in my family?" THE END

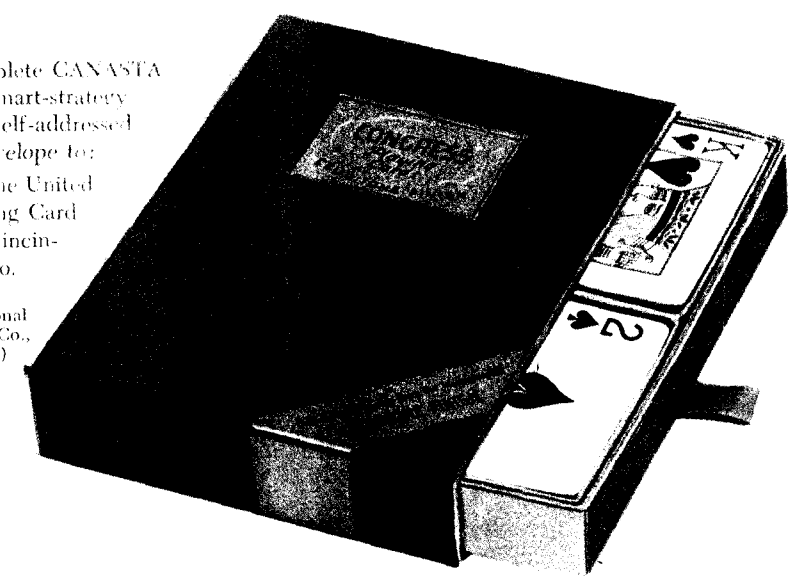
HERE, AT EMILY POST'S OWN HOME, Canasta has a hearty welcome. "What a blessing for the hostess! Everyone can enjoy it . . . strong players and weak, older people and young. *One firm rule,*" Miss Post adds: *"Fresh playing cards, always.* I would no more offer old cards than provide soiled dinner napkins!"

One touch tells you—

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CEL-U-TONE FINISH MAKES!

It's that rich gleam and glide no other cards have . . . that smoother Congress "slip," that livelier Congress "snap." CEL-U-TONE FINISH does it! And how gemlike their colors, against the gold and silver glow of their edges! Such card-playing luxury is the finest compliment you can pay your guests.

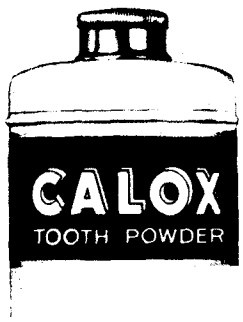
FREE! Complete CANASTA [illegible] with smart-strategy [illegible] Mail self-addressed [illegible]ped envelope to: [illegible]04, The United [illegible]s Playing Card [illegible]mpany, Cincin-[illegible]E., Ohio. [illegible]nada: [illegible]nternational [illegible]g Card Co., [illegible]sor, Ont.)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

38%
brighter teeth

Amazing results proved by independent scientific test. For cleaner teeth, for a brighter smile...try Calox yourself today!



SAVE!
114 Brushings per 4 oz. can.
50% more brushings than tooth paste.

A product of McKESSON & ROBBINS

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

Sonny's Night Cough

demands safe relief. Pleasant-tasting Piso's (*Pie-sōz*) is medically right for coughs due to colds for young and old. Fast acting, soothing.

PISO'S

Tops for CHOPS
A·1
Sauce—the dash that makes the dish
Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

The Doll in Guys and Dolls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

response, Feuer and Martin suspended negotiations and evaded Manny's frantic phone calls. As soon as Kaufman's ship docked, his colleagues rushed aboard to argue their case. It became immediately apparent that the director had confused Vivian with another actress who had a similar name. This snarl was untangled and the contract was mailed to Manny.

It would have been a loss to the public if another Adelaide had been signed on the basis of the garbled telephone conversation, but Manny Frank's nervous system would have been saved a tremendous amount of punishment. Manny is one of the world's most harassed individuals.

He worries about Vivian's hairdos, her costumes and her sleep ("You gotta get to sleep, honey, sleep, sleep, sleep!"); he worries about her getting to the theater on time; her press relations and her diet ("You gotta eat something, baby!"); he worries about her morale and self-confidence and he worries about not having enough to worry about.

Twenty years older than Vivian, he is trim, dapper and totally devoted to her. Vivian has constant struggles with her weight, but Manny's five feet 8½ inches are compact and athletic. His thick gray hair, blue eyes and impeccable dress lend him a dignity that is undisturbed by his informal Hollywood vernacular.

"Manny, darling, will you please stop worrying!" Vivian tells him, but he persists. The problems are manifold.

Since the show opened, offers have been pouring in from Hollywood. The first was for $50,000 a picture, but the amount has been rising steadily. Vivian has also been offered roles on two projected television shows, a radio program and several recording contracts. These bids and the steady flow of cash, like the $2,500 for her appearance with Milton Berle on television, payments from Decca Records for the Guys and Dolls album and the Adelaide doll that says "You're walcom" when you squeeze it, present pleasant problems.

What Manny Worries About

A not long ago visit to their hotel suite uncovered more serious ones.

"Look, Manny, I feel fine," said Vivian. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

He shook his head grimly. "Your throat," he said, "you're using it too much."

"But, Manny, I have to *talk*."

"Just don't say anything," he urged, "let me do all your talking. You see," he explained to his visitors, "I know her throat like it was my own."

The telephone rang. "Hello," said Manny. "Okay, how are you? No, I'm sorry she can't come to the phone, she can't talk."

"I can too," screamed Vivian, "and I can sing too . . ."

"We hate this hotel life," said Manny, returning from the phone. "We can't wait till we move, can we, honey?"

Later, Abe Burrows solved Manny's and Vivian's New York housing problems by locating a two-room apartment in the building where he lives. "The kitchenette is very small," Vivian admits, "but we'll have a balcony that overlooks the East River."

The new apartment is terribly important to them. For the first time Vivian and Manny will be able to provide a home for Damon, the boxer presented to Vivian by Feuer and Martin.

When Vivian Blaine goes home to her private life with Manny and Damon, she leaves the timid, nasal voice of Adelaide far behind. Possessed of startlingly powerful and dextrous vocal cords, she can roar down a gale or purr a ballad in a way that will bring beads of moisture to the male brow. This is not a sudden talent—Vivian has been a thrush for 24 years, or since she was a spindly girl of three.

At that time her name was Stapleton and the family lived in the Down Neck section of Newark, New Jersey, just a little beyond the railroad tracks. Vivian's father, Lionel Stapleton, a jovial, husky Irishman, dabbled as a bookkeeper and automobile-supply salesman, but his first love was show business. He spent most of his time booking talent for local clubs, taking an occasional turn himself as a song-and-dance man.

His advice to his singers was elemental. "It might not be good, but it's got to be loud," he always said, and his disciples developed some of the most powerful voices in New Jersey.

Sensing his daughter's talent from the time of her first squawk, Stapleton introduced her at age three to an American Legion audience at Belmar, New Jersey. She danced the Charleston and black bottom and sang Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On without forgetting a word.

When she was six her mother's spine was fractured in an automobile accident. The aftereffects of this injury and the further complication of a weak heart kept Mrs. Stapleton a semi-invalid for the rest of her life.

When Vivian was nine, her parents were divorced. Mrs. Stapleton took a course in beauty culture and opened a shop in her living room.

The depression was on and the big driers stood unused. Lionel Stapleton, who had remarried, helped out financially as much as he could.

While Vivian was still in elementary school, he booked singing dates for her for which she received $1 a night. This was not clear profit, however, because it cost her 10 cents in carfare to get to his house.

She sang at fraternal affairs ("Daddy, I can't hit the high note!" she yelled before the ladies of the Eastern Star), night clubs, company parties and police benefits.

Vivian was first introduced to a microphone at a place called Club Evergreen in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Wearing black velvet shorts, a white satin blouse and a black velvet tam, she blasted her audience out of their seats with a deafening version of Red Sails in the Sunset. That was her formal lesson in microphone technique.

At fourteen Vivian became the vocalist for Halsey Miller's orchestra, singing three or four nights a week for $5 a night. This money was the family's major income. Her mother had given up the beauty shop and her health permitted her to work only intermittently.

Although Vivian was beginning to develop some self-assurance, there were crucial moments in her professional life. One day a booking agent promised her an engagement at a big New York dance hall. "It'll pay you $12 and go up to $15 if they like you," he said. Excited by the offer, she told her father who became suspicious, but said nothing to dampen her spirits.

Dance-Hall Agent Was a Phony

On a cold, snowy night Vivian took the bus from New Jersey to New York and arrived at the dance hall where she was supposed to meet the agent. It was dark and empty. Suddenly her father was beside her. "I had a feeling that fellow was a phony," he said. While Vivian was trying to control her tears, he slipped $15 into her pocket. "They would have liked you very much," he explained.

After graduating from Southside High School in Newark, Vivian went on the road with various little-known bands. She sang rhythm numbers, ballads, marches and even an occasional hymn.

When Vivian began a stint at the Governor Clinton Hotel in New York (for $30 a week and a room for herself and mother), a publicity picture of her appeared in the newspapers and, soon after, she received a telephone call from a Mr. Meyer Mishkin.

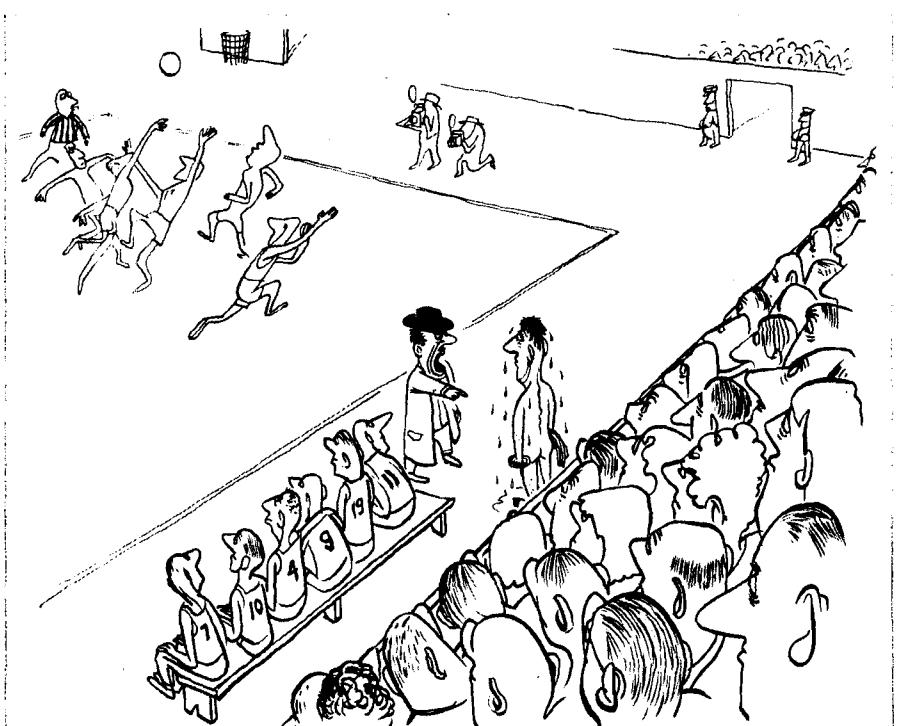
"I'm a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox," he said, "and if that picture is any indication, maybe we can do business."

"At first I thought it was a gag," Vivian recalls, "then one day a gentleman came to the hotel and introduced himself as Meyer Mishkin. He looked me up and down, shook his head and said, 'Get in touch with me after you lose some weight.'"

Hovering between 130 and 140 pounds, Vivian had no intention of ever taking a screen test. She was singing to keep her mother and herself in bread and butter.

A $75-a-week offer lured Vivian back on the road again and wherever she went she received phone calls from Mishkin. Vivian was baffled by his unfailing ability to trace her to even the most obscure wilderness dance halls. Later she learned that Mishkin was in constant touch with her mother. Together they were plotting to make Vivian lose that excess weight.

Mishkin's persuasiveness and her mother's ill-health finally spurred Vivian to take a 20th Century-Fox screen test in Decem-



COLLIER'S "When I send a man to the showers, Steger, I mean for him to *stay* in the showers!" VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S **"Don't you ever *dare* come in this house again yelling, 'Greetings'!"** KIRK

ber, 1941. When Darryl Zanuck saw the screening on the West Coast, he notified Vivian to come to Hollywood immediately and a few days later she arrived with her mother and $75.

Vivian's salary at Fox was $100 a week, but she felt little security. En route to her daily dramatic lessons at the studio, she saw scores of slim starlets who looked as though they had all been poured from the same mold. She dieted and exercised but her extra pounds refused to disappear. At one point she was given such violent massages that when Zanuck asked to see her in a bathing suit she wore dark stockings to cover the black-and-blue marks.

Vivian played inconspicuous roles in three inconspicuous films, then six months went by without another picture.

During this layoff she played the USO camp-show circuit six nights a week and one evening she pulverized an Army camp with her singing of Hi, Neighbor and This Love of Mine. Manny Frank, a well-known agent who had helped to assemble the show, was overwhelmed by her performance. He rushed backstage and asked if he could represent her. Vivian said that he would have to see her mother.

Still Overlooked by Studio

From then on, the voluble Manny camped on her doorstep and attended every one of her USO performances. Once he saw her appear on a bill with Frank Sinatra and Betty Hutton. She captivated the audience, winning 14 encores; but still her studio overlooked her.

Finally Manny's persistence paid off and he became Vivian's manager. Manny had handled Joan Fontaine and discovered Robert Cummings.

A salesman since the age of sixteen when he took his first job as a United Cigar clerk, Manny put his experience to good use. As a onetime window trimmer, he had picked up such bits of valuable information as the fact that the eye travels from left to right on posters, and whenever it has been possible he has always placed Vivian at the left of group pictures.

Vivian found Manny to be incredibly unselfish. He told her he would take no commissions until her salary was up to $200 a week and he bustled around the studios to whip up interest in his new client. As soon as Manny got another company interested in Vivian, 20th Century gave her the female lead in Laurel and Hardy's Jitterbugs. Vivian got good notices, but it was not until eight months later that she got another role.

Then in January, 1943, Vivian's mother became ill, and she died soon after at the age of thirty-six. During these trying days, Manny was both tender and attentive and Vivian began to realize that her affection for him was more than fiscal.

Although 20th Century had raised her salary to $185, which was not bad for a nineteen-year-old girl, Vivian was sitting idle at home without a picture assignment. Finally she got her Irish up, stormed into Darryl Zanuck's office and demanded that she be released from her contract or be put to work. Startled by this insubordination, he ordered that Vivian be tested along with 39 other girls for the lead in the Technicolor musical, Greenwich Village.

The one thing that stood in Vivian's way now was her chubbiness, and the redoubtable Manny decided that this problem came within his jurisdiction as agent. He located a doctor in Beverly Hills whose theories on reducing embodied the virtual elimination of liquids from the diet. He discovered that Vivian was drinking fabulous amounts of water, fruit juices and other nonalcoholic beverages. With Manny and the doctor keeping close watch on the water faucets, Blaine began to parch herself down to a svelte 108.

Meanwhile the 40 candidates for Greenwich Village were whittled down to five finalists, including Vivian, and a novel method was devised to select the winner. The five tests were screened in two neighborhood theaters and the patrons voted for their first choice. Vivian won in a walk.

It was in Greenwich Village that Vivian became known as "The Cherry Blonde." The picture was one of those routine extravaganzas, but the Blaine face, physique and singing received considerable acclaim. Walter Winchell observed that "Vivian Blaine is blessed by nature," and the newspaper of the 144th Infantry Regiment cracked that "nine men were taken to the infirmary with bulging eyeballs after seeing Greenwich Village."

The drum-beaters gave Vivian such titles as "Miss Pin-Up Perfection" and "Lo-Lo-Lita, Sweetheart of the Army," and while all this was going on Manny got her salary boosted to $200 a week.

By now his interest in Vivian had definitely ceased to be occupational. He had relinquished most of his other clients and was devoting almost all of his time to her affairs—and liking every minute of it. Vivian felt very much the same way and in January, 1945, they were married.

When she starred in Doll Face, Vivian's weekly pay check was up to $1,000, but her parts required a minimum of acting and a maximum of looking.

When she was offered $5,000 a week for a personal appearance tour, the studio agreed to suspend her contract.

Hollywood Stepchild Clicks

The tour was tremendous. Theater audiences heard a dynamic singer whose showmanship had been buried by Hollywood roles. Her torch songs were inflammable, and her fast numbers were sung with inexhaustible and infectious energy. She broke the attendance record at the Roxy Theater in New York, and at Radio City in Minneapolis, where she received a percentage of the gross; her take for one week was $6,750.

Later she and Manny had the same spectacular success in England at $3,500 a week. Audience reaction at Stoke Newington and Hackney was the same as it had been in Minneapolis. An English columnist called her "the best bet since the days of Sophie Tucker," and her singing sold out the famed London Casino. It looked as though Hollywood would give her some meaty parts after this triumph, but when she returned it was to the same ingénue roles, and Vivian rebelled. She determined to quit Hollywood, to create such a demand for her services that she would be taken back on her own terms. "I'm going to stay away until I get worth-while parts," she vowed, and she has kept her word.

In the summer of 1948, Vivian electrified an audience of 3,400 at the Starlight Operetta in Dallas when she played the leading role in One Touch of Venus. "The luscious Miss Blaine," wrote one local critic, "revealed not only breathtaking physical allurements, but a capacity for understanding and injecting the sly humor that is a part of the equipment of any suitable Venus."

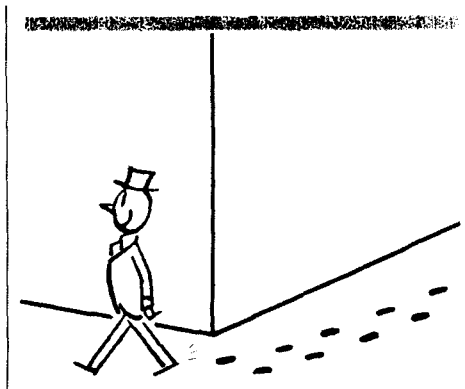
Then came Guys and Dolls. When Vivian clinched the part of Adelaide, it meant a two-thirds cut in weekly income, but it was a part that could give the lie to the Hollywood stereotype of Vivian Blaine. When rehearsals began and Vivian's remarkable talents as a comedienne became apparent, Abe Burrows began to expand her part. This continued throughout the pre-Broadway run in Philadelphia. With the bigger part came additional music by Frank Loesser. Two new tunes, Take Back Your Mink and Marry the Man Today, were added to a solid score that includes A Bushel and a Peck, If I Were a Bell, I'll Know, and I've Never Been in Love Before.

Michael Kidd, Guys and Dolls' young choregrapher, was amazed at Vivian's dexterity in learning his complex dances. "At first I thought she might dance half a chorus and stay in the background, but she shook her head and learned the whole works. She was so determined to be perfect that I had to force her to rest. I never saw anyone who worked so hard."

Kidd is seconded by Herbert Greene, the show's vocal director and arranger. "She was the only singer I didn't have to work with," he said. "She was so good that there just wasn't anything I could say to her."

As Adelaide, Vivian keeps her natural singing voice under strict control, but the week after the show opened she made a guest appearance at a luncheon of top newspaper writers and executives. Forgetting Adelaide, she sang Give My Regards to Broadway with a power and feeling that gave it special meaning. Then when the applause finally died she said, "Last week I had the feeling for the first time that I really belonged on Broadway."

Vivian belongs on Broadway, all right. She's *some* doll! THE END



He's a man who's been around the corner

by don herold

Insurance deals with what may lie in wait for you around the corner.

Your insurance agent or broker is a man who has been there. He knows what's there . . . and how he can help you cope with it.

In your own locality he has seen disasters and losses happen to lots of people. He has seen many folks take a knockout blow from these catastrophes. He has helped others protect themselves against these calamities—and sail through them smiling.

Your insurance man knows property values and how much insurance you should carry to protect your home or business property against loss by fire, windstorm, business interruption, etc.

He knows how much the courts now grant against people who have killed or injured one or more other people with an automobile or otherwise.

He knows about a hundred losses you may face . . . around the corner . . . and a hundred kinds of protection against them.

Get yourself an insurance man you can trust . . . and let him handle ALL of your insurance. For your insurance should be a well-rounded program . . . not an unplanned patchwork.

For a nearby America Fore Agent or claims office call Western Union by number, and ask for Operator 25.

THESE FIVE COMPANIES COMPOSE THE AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP

THE CONTINENTAL
FIDELITY-PHENIX
• • NIAGARA • •
AMERICAN EAGLE
(FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES)
FIDELITY & CASUALTY
COMPANY OF NEW YORK

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bitter Week End in Seoul

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

station had been a U.S. Marine command post in the furious street-by-street battle for Seoul.

"What will you do with all these people?" I asked railway policeman Kim Yong Sup.

"We have been told only to take them to the compound on the edge of the city," the policeman said. "Perhaps they will do something for them there. All they told me was to take them there."

I asked the policeman how many groups he had taken to the compound.

"Oh, many, many. They do not seem to stop coming."

"Will they be able to get trains to take them farther south?" I asked.

"Only a few trains run," the policeman said. "They are crowded, all of them. I don't think there will be room for more."

A People Inured to Hardship

Half a dozen of these groups of 300 were spread over the railroad station plaza. A train of boxcars (at least 30) filled with hundreds more was just beginning to unload. Here on the plaza, with the winds from the Han whipping the flames from small open fires in abandoned foxholes and gun emplacements, was an example of the amazing ability of humans to survive unbelievable hardship. What UNCURK and American relief observers wondered was how much more unbelievable hardship even the Koreans, to whom normal life is difficult, would be able to withstand.

There was an elder and his wife with a young boy. (Was this the whole family—or what was left of one?) They had only a single layer of thin white cloth to protect them from the cold. Holes in their shoes showed that they had no socks. A naked baby, uncomplaining, was held in the icy wind while the mother arranged blankets across her back. Few on the plaza were warm, but they were alive and that seemed sufficient to them now.

To keep these hundreds of thousands of Korean refugees alive has become an overwhelming problem—*and there is a deep* sense of futility when you see how little anyone can do about it. Lieutenant Colonel Frank White, of Ottawa, an UNCURK military observer and a man who has seen something of war as a Canadian Armored Corps commander, told me of his tour of several hundred miles along the refugee escape route from Communist areas:

"I have never seen anything so terrible. I saw them come barefooted through the freezing waters of the rivers. I saw them abandon their poor possessions so they might move faster. Some military men thought they were running from the battle areas, but they ran when there was no fighting. It was mass flight such as we have had few times in all the world's history.

"These people could annihilate themselves."

UNCURK, the World Health Organization, the Republic of Korea, the American civil assistance command in Seoul strove to help the refugees. Medical officers mobilized crews to give some slight care to the old and ill. Food and fuel were being sent to refugee compounds whenever possible. Perhaps Mark Scherbacker of the U.S. State Department, on assignment to the welfare echelon of the civil assistance command, described the relief crisis best when he reported to UNCURK:

"Refugees were being directed to areas where food, fuel and possibly shelter might be available, for some at least, and where additional supplies could be provided."

That was the sum of it. Where food and *possibly* shelter *might* be available . . . *for some at least.*

But UNCURK (whose principal work was interrupted by retreat) and other relief groups were preparing to move south with the military, and there was not much more that could be done in Seoul. At the Chosun Hotel, the dark-red, five-story building on a rise of ground off So Kong Dong, boxes of papers—brave plans for reconstruction—were being loaded on trucks. UNCURK officials were flying south on "UN 99," the transport piloted by sure-handed Bill Dean, on loan from Northwest Airlines.

The flurry of evacuation was everywhere at the Chosun. Well-to-do Koreans packed off their wives and children to Tokyo. These *évacués* stood for hours at the commercial air-line counter in the lobby, waiting and hoping for space to safety. Staff officers of the Fifth Air Force pressed weary Koreans to load their belongings more quickly. A chicken colonel helped pile his own trucks and boxes on a truck. A coffee percolator rattled in a box labeled "rocket fins." Another big box standing in the lobby and waiting to be hauled away filled Americans with longing. The address: 829 West Second St., Erie, Pa.

The despondent newsman, my companion at the Capitol Club the night before, sat on the wide marble steps leading up from the lobby, reading the English-language Korean Times. The one-page newspaper (about the size of this Collier's page) would not have long to live under the Communists; but this edition, at least, held out a promise. The big story of the day was headlined: No Appeasement of Red China.

There was a feature article, too, by Miss Pauline Kim, titled "We Thank to the U.S. Marine." The Times was a little tardy in getting this into print, for it was the story of how Miss Kim had personally greeted the Marines when they entered Seoul about three months before. Miss Kim wrote:

"I shall never forget the thrilling moments when the news came to us that the dear Marines have entered our capital city, Seoul, which had been so sadly devastated. We could not wait any longer, must go out to meet them. At last we could see them with our very eyes. Children and all stood by the streets calling out 'Manse.' I too pitched my voice high to be heard and called out to them . . ."

*The newsman walked off to the bar be*yond the marble stairs. Chung Hi, the tiny barmaid, greeted him with pad and pencil to make a lavish ceremony of taking his order. "Whisky." "No whisky," Chung Hi told him. "Beer." "No beer," she said, and added: "No Scotch." A soft drink then? Chung Hi said: "No whisky, no beer, no Scotch, no cola."

Jeep drivers for the UN and the military stood stolidly in the freezing courtyard. They could count the hours now before they must take the road themselves, the same road they had taken in June when the Communists had come before.

Min, the interpreter, asked me many times, "Is there a chance of saving Seoul?"

More Than an Army Retreated

Min didn't really expect an answer. The answer was all around him. It was, for a time, at least, the end of a worthy dream for Seoul and all Korea. UNCURK had come with hope that the wounds of this faraway country might be healed. Min was quite as aware as any of us at Seoul this week end that this was not only a retreat of an army, but a retreat of the shining idea that men can live together, work together and maybe build a foundation for tranquillity.

No one watched the outpouring from the Chosun more sadly than a little lady behind the room clerk's desk. This was Miss Kim (she used her maiden name of Kim Kyung Hee). Trim and thirty-nine, with sharp eyes behind rimless glasses, she fitted our notion of a schoolteacher—and, in fact, for a short while she had been one. But the classroom was long forgotten. Miss Kim and I sat in the scuffed black leather lounge one evening and, between apologies for tears, she told me a great deal about her-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self, her very old mother, her dead brother's children, her flight from the Reds last June, and of her anxiety now.

"I know that I must go south again soon," she said. "I do not know what to do with my mother. She was too old to go with me before. She is far too old for this cold now. But this time she may not live until I return."

So much had happened that Miss Kim sat silent for several minutes—searching among her violent memories. She had known about the Communists long before the war. She and her family had lived at Pyongyang and her husband ("I'd rather not say his name," she said) had operated a rubber factory at Antung in Manchuria, just across the Yalu River from Korea. He was a Korean and they had had many comforts because of their position.

Devoted to Her Sick Father

Antung, though, proved to be a place of much tragedy. The Chinese Communists had seized the city, then the Nationalists, and finally the Communists had come again to stay. Her husband sent her away from Antung. She went first to Pyongyang and then to Wonju, where her father was very ill. There were years of separation, Miss Kim trying all the while to find some cure for her father. She brought him to Seoul on the chance that specialists could save him. They could not.

When the Communists came the second time to Antung, she learned many months later, they took her stepson, along with 29 others from the rubber plant, and killed them. The news of his son's death before a firing squad killed her husband. Years of fear and uncertainty had weakened his heart. Why had they killed the 30? "Possible enemies of the state." She had had no word of friends and cousins at Antung or Pyongyang since then.

Miss Kim, of course, had nothing from her husband's estate (it was confiscated), and all her father had was spent for medical care. She began the struggle for food and shelter for herself and her mother. A graduate of Korea's only women's college, Ewha College at Seoul, she taught school for a while and tended carefully to her religious duties. "I am a Presbyterian, you know," she told me with considerable pride. Finally, she got her job at the Chosun. "It was to me such a wonderful job," she said. "The people from all over the world, from the nice places in the world. The American officers cheered me so."

Miss Kim was not to have very much happiness, even in the days just before the war. Her only brother, Kim Tai Woo, wanted to escape from the Communist capital of Pyongyang—and it was far from easy to get out of the imprisoned north. And, Miss Kim said, he wanted to bring his two children, the daughter, seven, pretty Kim Hei Kung, and his son, five, Kim Hei Sung. That made escape even more difficult.

Miss Kim's brother didn't want to bring his wife because he wasn't sure that she would keep his secret from the Reds. She sang in one of the Communist concert halls. For two months, Mr. Kim planned. He acted as though he were a sick man. That, he thought, would make the Communists take their eyes off him. To get money, he and a trusted friend managed to sell a piano without detection.

With his children and the help of the friend, Mr. Kim escaped, to the joy of Miss Kim and the old mother. What was left of their family was together again. Determined to do anything he could against the Communists, Mr. Kim arranged to become an army officer. (He was a graduate of Korea's Union Christian College.) He and the children were free. Good things certainly seemed to be ahead.

But one night (here Miss Kim paused a long time) the young officer-to-be was on his way home down a dark street. A drunken soldier, who had deserted his post with an army truck, drove crazily along the same street. The truck swerved and Mr. Kim was cut down and killed on the sidewalk. With this came the flood tide of sorrow for Miss Kim.

The Day of the Red Invasion

On a late June Sunday when she reported for work at the Chosun, she heard bad news. The Communists had invaded South Korea. Seoul was emptying out. At home, the two children lay ill with bad coughs under what feeble care her mother could give them. Those at the hotel were packing and hurrying. Soon there were only a few left. She asked them what to do.

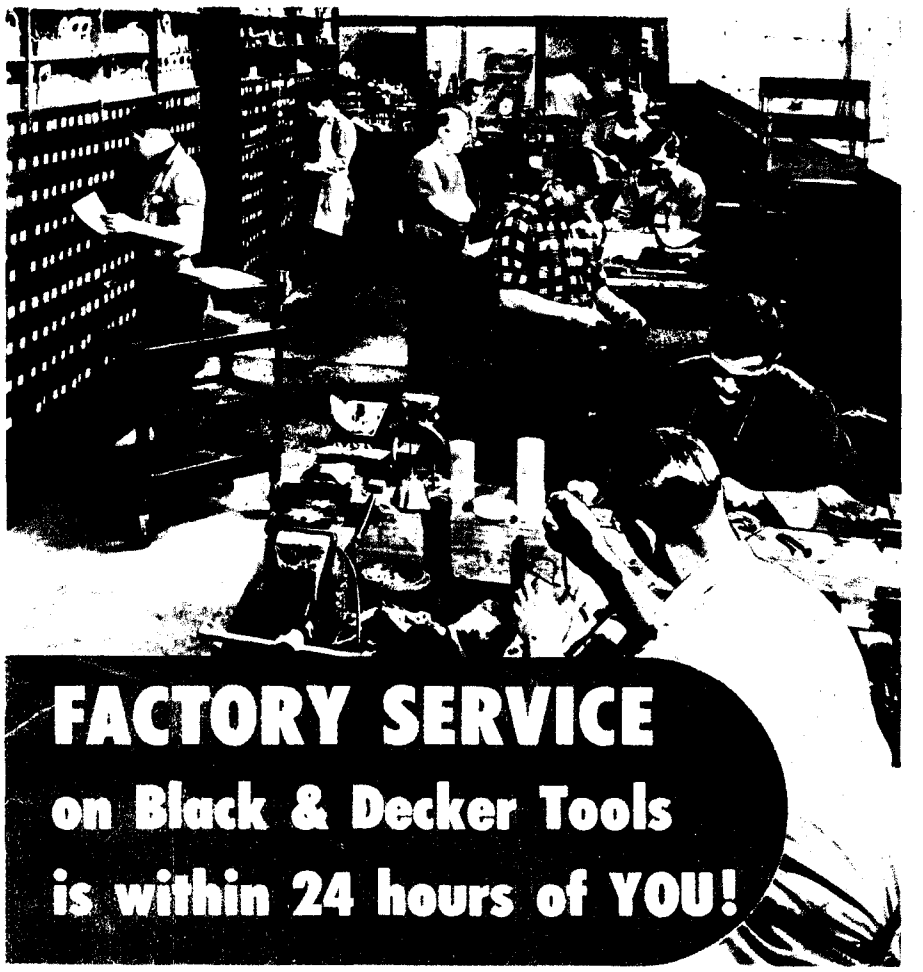
"You must go now," they told Miss Kim. "There is no time."

The little clerk tried frantically to get word to her mother, but in the confusion

COLLIER'S

"It could be worse, dear. Think of the poor devils we owe all that money to"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT



FACTORY SERVICE on Black & Decker Tools is within 24 hours of YOU!

29 B&D Branches within 24 Hours of Any Customer!

ATLANTA, GA. — LOS ANGELES, CAL.
BALTIMORE, MD. — MEMPHIS, TENN.
BOSTON, MASS. — MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
BUFFALO, N. Y. — MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.
CHARLOTTE, N. C. — NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILL. — NEW ORLEANS, LA.
CINCINNATI, OHIO — NEW YORK, N. Y.
CLEVELAND, OHIO — PHILADELPHIA, PA.
DALLAS, TEXAS — PITTSBURGH, PA.
DENVER, COLO. — PORTLAND, ORE.
DETROIT, MICH. — ST. LOUIS, MO.
HOUSTON, TEXAS — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — SEATTLE, WASH.
KANSAS CITY, MO. — TORONTO, ONT., CAN.
WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.

CHICAGO BRANCH

ATLANTA BRANCH

You get maximum productive life out of every Black & Decker Tool you own when you take advantage of our guaranteed "Factory Service" at reasonable cost! These Factory Service Branches are owned and operated by Black & Decker—not merely local repair shops "licensed" by a manufacturer. They carry genuine B&D parts in stock, use no substitutes or makeshifts. You deal *directly* with Black & Decker, enjoy all the advantages of our famous service policy and guarantee.

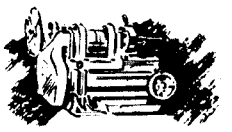
Constantly Expanding Facilities Bring Better Service to YOU!

There are 29 B&D Service Branches spread across the map. We're constantly expanding their number and increasing their facilities to bring better service closer to more customers. In the *past year*—we have built our own new branches in Chicago, Atlanta and Toronto. We are building other new branches in Buffalo, Boston and Philadelphia. And our Indianapolis, Houston, Denver, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis and Minneapolis branches have recently moved into new *larger* quarters designed especially for our use.

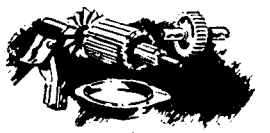
If and when you need repairs on a B&D Tool, use the Service Branch nearest you. It saves you time, trouble, money! It's one more reason why it pays to standardize on Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools. See your nearby B&D Distributor for demonstrations. Write for free catalog to: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. Co., Dept. C-4, Towson 4, Md. (*In Canada:* 80-86 Fleet St., E., Toronto 2, Ont.)

Each Service Branch is . . .

. . . manned by expert mechanics trained in our own factory.



. . . equipped with special electric tool servicing equipment.



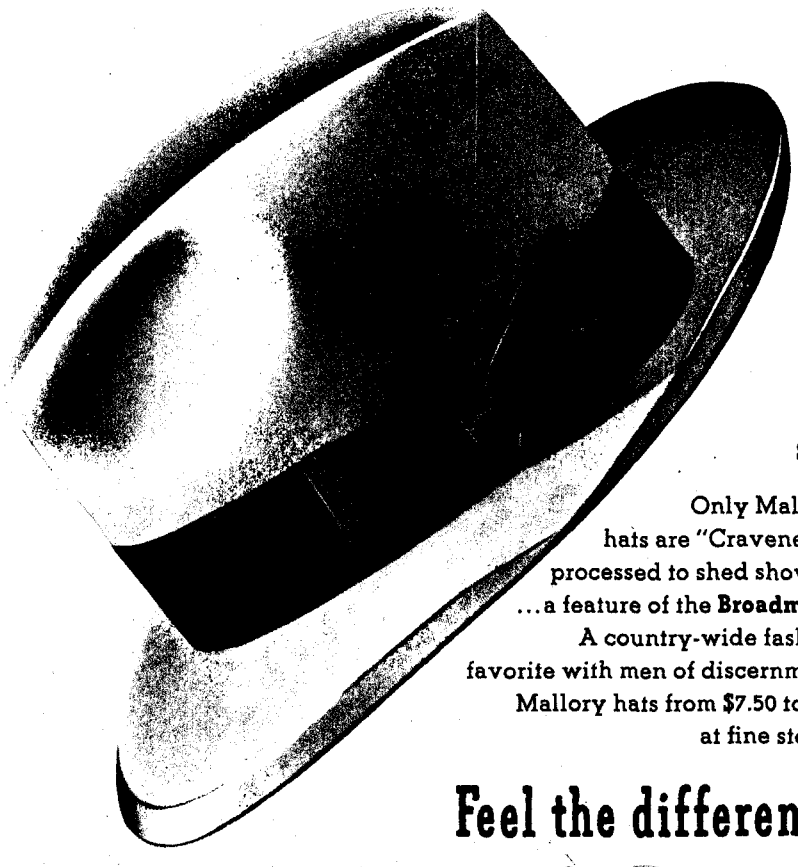
. . . stocked with a full range of genuine B&D parts.

FOR INDUSTRY, SHOP, FARM AND HOME

B&D Black & Decker PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS

DRILLS • SANDERS • BENCH GRINDERS • SCREW DRIVERS • SAWS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



$10

Only Mallory hats are "Cravenette" processed to shed showers ...a feature of the **Broadmoor.** A country-wide fashion favorite with men of discernment. Mallory hats from $7.50 to $40 at fine stores.

Feel the difference

in a MALLORY

Mallory Hats, Danbury, Connecticut • Also made in Canada

Corns?

Fastest Removing Action Known To Medical Science!

NOW! FASTEST RELIEF

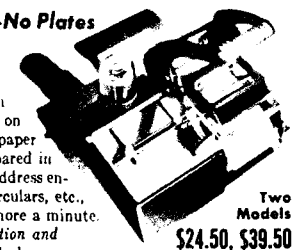
The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. And no corn-removing action known to Medical Science is faster than Dr. Scholl's. Get a box today! At Drug, Shoe, and Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

MASTER ADDRESSER

No Stencils—No Plates
No Ribbons
No Ink

Prints from carbon impressions typed on a long strip of paper tape—easily prepared in your own office. Address envelopes, cards, circulars, etc., at rate of 20 or more a minute. *Write for information and name of nearest dealer.*



Two Models

$24.50, $39.50

(Fed. tax and Supplies Extra)

Master Addresser Co.

Originators of the spirit process addresser.

6500-B West Lake St., Minneapolis 16, Minn.

MAKE EXTRA INCOME ***by 'phone and mail***

Whatever your age or occupation, Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail and personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* magazines.

For full details, without obligation, *mail penny postal with your name and address to*—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-40
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Got a Cough?

GET DELICIOUS COUGH* RELIEF—

WITH THE "WORLD'S BEST-TASTING COUGH MEDICATION!"

1. Luscious Wild Cherry flavor that *tickles* your taste.
2. Smith Brothers exclusive cough medication that brings real cough relief.

*due to colds

STILL ONLY 5¢

SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

"It was a package deal. I had to take him with it"

COLLIER'S — JACK MARKOW

this was not possible. She knew she could not move the children. There were only one or two cars left. She had an awful decision to make, and it must be made now. Surely, she told herself, the invaders will not bother the old or children, and perhaps there would be some care for the boy and girl. There was an aunt, too. Yes, she said, I'm sure they will be helped.

"Get in, get in."

A Britisher's voice, he was W. G. Cheesman, an export official of the Felix Kramarsky Corporation of New York, broke her daze. She got in the car with Mr. Cheesman and joined the hundred-mile-long line of refugees moving toward Suwon and Taejon. Miserable days later—miserable not because of war, but because of those she had had to leave behind—Miss Kim arrived in Pusan to live only for the day when she could return to Seoul. She went to the then deserted Hialeah compound, which had been used by Americans when we occupied South Korea.

Sad News on Return to Seoul

Miss Kim stayed at Hialeah compound, working as a clerk in the billet office, through the months of the war when, it seemed, each day the enemy came nearer. In September, the tide turned with the Inchon invasion. On October 15th, Miss Kim was back in Seoul. Her mother had survived, but the aunt had died only a day before. The children had been taken away as they lay ill. Their coughs had become worse. (There is much tuberculosis in Korea.) Nobody knows what became of them.

Miss Kim and I had been talking for so long that one of the managers came to tell her she was needed at the desk. As in June, many people were checking out. They wanted to pay their bills and be on their way. They were impatient; they acted as though there were not much time.

This tragic week end in Seoul was almost over.

In the late sun, a hazy curtain fell over Puk-ak san (North Peak Mountain) and Sam-kak san (Three Summit Mountain), and Korea's capital, its white walls gashed by shells, stood bleak against them. To the southeast, the battered Samwha (Collaboration) building seemed to spell out the truth that this would be a dead city until some distant day.

*Ben, the jeep driver, waited in the Cho*sun courtyard to take some of us to Kimpo airport about 20 miles south of Seoul, where a plane would take us to Japan and comparative safety. Only a few could go. Forty-one on this plane—and Seoul had been a city of 1,500,000 people. There was no way to calculate how many, including the refugees from the north and the retreating army, were in Seoul tonight. It would be quite accurate to say, though, that there would be many fewer tomorrow, and fewer the day after that.

The road to Kimpo, a part of it, anyway, runs along the top of a levee on the Han. The winds sweep free through an open jeep. The villages along the way were without a single light, but there was not much sleeping and you could see dark figures moving about with bundles. Like the people of the city, the villagers were preparing to go at dawn.

At the airport, a campfire blazed near the runway. The plane would be hours late and we passengers joined soldiers who burned .50-caliber ammunition boxes. The boxes made a fine, warm flame. Korean civilians, Republic of Korea troops, American Negro troops unaccustomed to the severe weather, air-line officials and U.S. Army officers supervising the evacuation of the airport gathered close around the fire.

A major (he must have been close to fifty and obviously was no professional soldier) directed crews loading the big evacuation planes. He rested by the fire, head leaning heavily on his chest.

Others crowded around him, but the major seemed not to notice anyone. He was lost somewhere between vast loneliness and limp weariness. He sat for an hour before one of his crew called him to load another transport.

As he started off, I asked him:

"Are we *pulling out, Major?*"

"Yes, I've loaded eight planes today. I have four more to go."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"I'm going out on the last plane," the major said. "We're heading south."

I should have asked the major's name, but he disappeared on the dark field to load another southbound plane. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Insomnia? Let Me Tell You!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

permissible to use more than one famous person of the last surname, such as the Georges. I woke Mr. Elder out of the first deep sleep he had experienced in weeks and he called me names over the telephone. Moreover, he accused me of stupidity, saying he was almost certain that Gorgeous George's real name is not Gorgeous George. He finally admitted, however, that he had come up against my problem when he first started out, and had decided that it was legal to use the same name over and over again, provided the people involved were actually famous. I went back to bed.

—Gehrig—Garrison, Snapper—Gish, two of them—Glick, Sammy—no, Sammy Glick was a character in a book, can't use characters in a book, otherwise might try to use David Gopperfield—Whoops!—Hank Greenberg—Goethe, Gerty, Gooty, Goaty, Gutter, Gurtah—Gilbert of Sullivan—Garbo—Grable—Gable—Goddard—You did her once, now stay away from her!—Godfrey—Texas Guinan—Gorky, Maxim—Benny Goodman—Gibson, Hoot—Gallant Fox—Ohmigosh, trying to ring a horse into this thing!—Geronimo—Garibaldi—Andy Gump—Sherman Gillingsley—getting goofy now, maybe going to sleep—Let's see, how many've I got?—Great Gautama! I didn't keep count!—How on earth can you think of the names and keep the count straight at the same time?—Have to take an abacus to bed with you—Better phone Elder again and—

I started to get up and phone him but remembered the harsh language he had used before and abandoned the idea—and abandoned the system.

There remains, in my insomnia dump, a scribbled notation concerning an aspect of sleeplessness which has never, to my knowledge, been discussed in print. It has to do with the hearing of shots in the middle of the night. During the years I lived in New York City I spent many a sleepless night because of those shots.

Let us suppose I am lying in bed in a city apartment in the predawn hours, unable to sleep because of a tense skull, and suddenly and sharply comes the sound of a shot. I think: Was it a shot, or was it a backfire? I am shrewd enough to distinguish between a shot and a backfire, and *that* was certainly a shot.

Okay. Now what do we have? Somewhere near my apartment a shot has been fired. How far away was it? Well, it seemed to me that it came from over toward Eighty-second Street. Some stores over there. Could have been a cop shooting a burglar, or a burglar shooting a cop, or a cop shooting a cop. Or a suicide, maybe.

No, it must have been a murder, this time of night. Man murdered his wife. More likely, woman murdered her husband. That's what it is, for sure. And if there's been a murder, the time of the shooting might be important. Usually is. In the detective books the whole solution of the case often hinges on the precise time the shot was fired.

Guess I'd better see what time it is. Switch on the light here and check. It's 3:14 A.M. It's been—let me see now—it's been almost two minutes, so that would make it 3:12 A.M. Write it down. When they get me on the witness stand I can swear to it. "Yes, sir, I heard the shot and it was fired at precisely 3:12 A.M., give or take a second."

"Oh, it was fired at 3:12 A.M., was it? And how did you happen to know that?"

"I happen to know it because I heard the shot and knew it was a shot and turned on the bed light and looked at my watch and wrote down the time. *That's* how I know."

That's the way it would be. Wonder if I ought to telephone the police right now and tell them. No. Better wait till morning and get the papers and see what it was. No. The morning papers wouldn't have it. Have to wait for the afternoon papers. Then phone the D.A. Tell him I heard the shot clearly and checked the time. He'll be really happy I was on my toes!

The insidious thing goes on like that indefinitely and is quite effective in staving off sleep. It has happened again and again to me and I never mentioned it to anybody for fear they would judge me to be eccentric. It's one of those little idiosyncrasies a person is inclined to keep to himself.

But, one day I got to wondering if anybody else hears shots at night and checks the time and then begins rehearsing his testimony at the murder trial. I made some casual inquiries and found out that almost *everybody* does it. When that mail truck backfires in Eighty-second Street, every person within a radius of a mile and a half switches on the light, checks his watch and prepares himself for cross-examination. THE END

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Aww, shucks!" LARRY REYNOLDS

TODAY'S WISE INVESTMENT:

a National "Thrift Home"

NATIONAL HOMES Built in 1940 are Now Worth DOUBLE THEIR ORIGINAL COST! Experts Predict Same Trend for Next 10 Years

Look ahead! Get a low-cost, quality-built National "Thrift Home" *now*. It is the ideal place for your savings. Based on present trends, it should show an increase of several thousand dollars in actual cash value by 1960.

What finer investment could you make for your family and your future than a new *National* Home—produced by our unique streamlined methods that assure the most house for your money!

I LIKE NATIONAL HOMES BECAUSE THEY ALL LOOK DIFFERENT!

Here's why: National offers many sizes of homes in 2, 3 and 4 bedroom plans—all in a wide variety of outside appearance, including choice of plastic-coated plywood, shingles or weatherboard outside finish. Even greater variety is obtainable by adding porches, breezeways, garages.

FREE! New full color catalog circular—showing all "Thrift" and De Luxe models. See classified phone book for nearest National Homes dealer or write National Homes Corp., Lafayette, Ind., Dept. C4.

National HOMES

HOME BUILDERS! Some territories still open. Visit us at Spaces 94-95, National Home Builders Exposition, Chicago, Jan. 21-25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY DEVLIN

The Price Is Not too Great

A FEW DAYS before Christmas, in 1776, the tattered regiments of Washington's army were called out to hear the reading of a pamphlet by one of their fellow soldiers. He had written it on a drumhead, by the light of a campfire, during the retreat across New Jersey. Now the regiments were encamped on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River, without shelter, half-starved, some shoeless, all clothed in rags against the bitter winter. It was a beaten, dispirited army that stood listening to the words of Thomas Paine:

> These are the times that try men's souls; the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: 'Tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated.

Those are the opening sentences of Paine's The American Crisis. They are worth reading and believing in another winter of discouragement. For they remind us that outnumbered American forces have had to retreat at other times in our history. They remind us that the present crisis is not the first that the American people have faced, and perhaps not even the greatest.

The crisis that Paine wrote about and lived through and helped so greatly to resolve was as different from this one as the world of 1776 is different from today's. Yet the stake was the same, and the odds against winning it were long and discouraging. The states which had declared their independence had yet to win it. The central government was feeble and full of dissension. Its money was almost worthless. The army lacked everything needed to win a war, including disciplined soldiers. The Americans, on short-term enlistment, faced a superior, experienced, well-equipped force. Many of them deserted or went over to the enemy. The English held the city of New York, Long Island and most of New Jersey. The country was divided and demoralized, and the formidable fifth column of Tories was almost as much of a threat to independence as the British and Hessian troops.

Yet, in the face of those odds, Washington led his soldiers—Thomas Paine among them—across the ice-choked Delaware on that Christmas night of 1776 in the first successful "D-day invasion" of our history. And some historians say that many of those soldiers, as they crossed the river and marched in a blizzard toward Trenton, were repeating Paine's words: "These are the times that try men's souls."

Certainly his words are as apt today as when they were written. And if their author were on earth now, we don't think he would write them any differently. Freedom still bears a dear and proper price, and tyranny has never been easily conquered, whether it takes the form of George III and an army of musketeers or Stalin with a stockpile of atomic bombs.

The people of the United States have lately gone through another period of sunshine patriotism. It is now ended. The winter of reality is upon us. Our government has recognized the magnitude of the present crisis and has taken some necessary steps to deal with it. They are steps which will affect the lives of all of us. They will try our souls and our resolution and our strength. They will cost more lives. But that is the price of freedom.

Heroism Knows No Color

THIS IS ONLY ONE of the many stories of brave men that have come out of the Korean war. It is a story which prompted the commander of the carrier Leyte to say, "There has been no finer act of unselfish heroism in military history."

On December 4th Ensign Jesse Brown, a pilot attached to the Leyte, was shot down in enemy territory near the Chosin Reservoir. Lieutenant (jg) Thomas J. Hudner saw him hit and radioed the information to the commander of the mission. The commander went off to call for a rescue helicopter, while the lieutenant circled the downed plane. He saw that it was burning and that the pilot, though alive, was obviously injured. He also saw, from footprints in the snow, that the plane was circled by enemy troops.

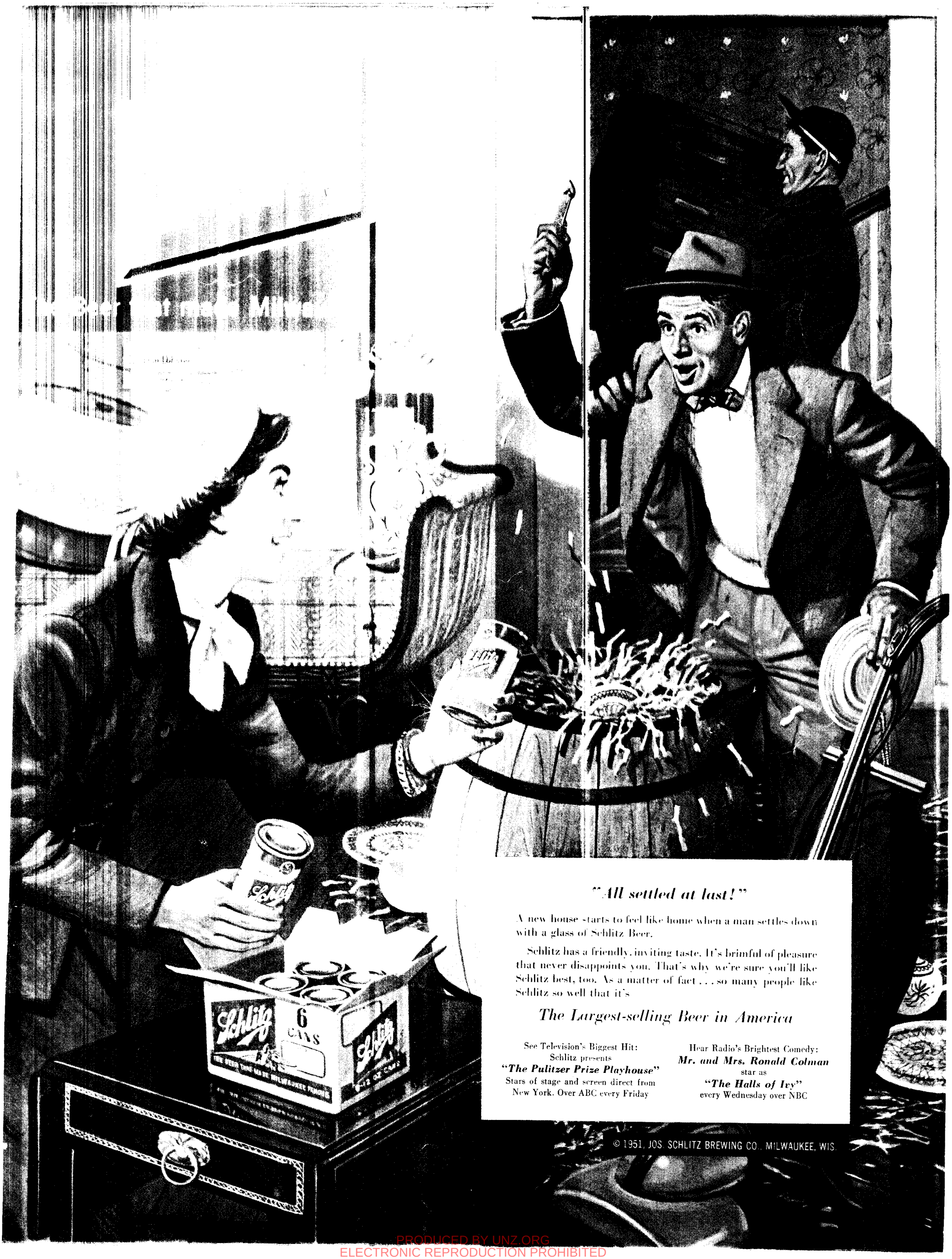
Lieutenant Hudner knew that Ensign Brown would die unless he got immediate help. He knew what his own fate might be if he tried to help him. Yet he set his plane down in the same field and ran to the injured man. The canopy of the burning plane would not open, so the lieutenant called his commander and told him to get fire extinguishers and an ax aboard the helicopter. Then he returned and began packing the fuselage of the wrecked plane with snow to keep the flames away from Ensign Brown.

The helicopter arrived a few minutes later. But Ensign Brown died before the rescuers could get him out of the plane. That is the end of the story, but there is a postscript.

Ensign Brown was a Negro—the first Negro naval aviator and the first Negro officer in the Navy to lose his life in any war.

The matter of his color does not add to or detract from the heroism of a man who was ready, without hesitation, to lay down his life for a friend. But the story of Ensign Brown is another spike in the propaganda guns of the Kremlin, of misguided Americans like Paul Robeson, and of those who believe and spread a vicious, distorted, generalized story of racial discrimination in America. We do not intend to generalize in turn. There is discrimination, of course. But there is also kindliness, good sense and a hatred of bigotry which are typical of America, too, and which reach their ultimate expression in the story above.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"All settled at last!"

A new house starts to feel like home when a man settles down with a glass of Schlitz Beer.

Schlitz has a friendly, inviting taste. It's brimful of pleasure that never disappoints you. That's why we're sure you'll like Schlitz best, too. As a matter of fact . . . so many people like Schlitz so well that it's

The Largest-selling Beer in America

See Television's Biggest Hit:
Schlitz presents
"The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse"
Stars of stage and screen direct from New York. Over ABC every Friday

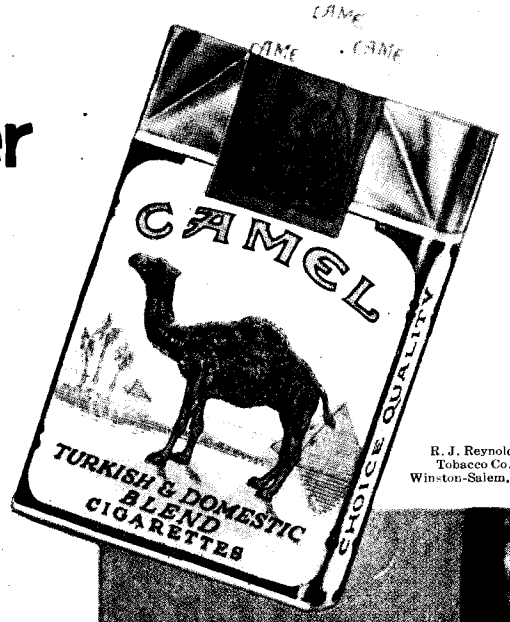
Hear Radio's Brightest Comedy:
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman
star as
"The Halls of Ivy"
every Wednesday over NBC

© 1951, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW MILD CAN A CIGARETTE BE?

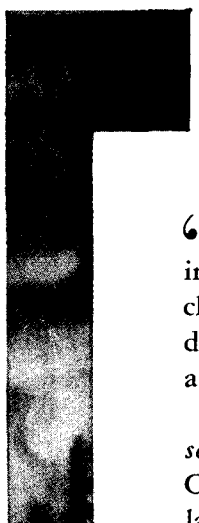
"How Mild? I found the answer when I changed to CAMELS —they agree with my throat!"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dick Powell

STAR OF FILMS AND RADIO



"Being in show business, I can't risk throat irritation. That's why I was so careful in choosing the cigarette I smoke. I didn't decide on one puff or one sniff. A fast inhale and exhale wasn't enough proof for me.

"Instead, I made what I think is the one *sensible* cigarette test . . . my own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test. I smoked Camels regularly, day after day, for 30 days and found out *for sure* that Camels agree with my throat. And I like Camels' rich flavor! Now I *know* why *more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!*"

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS . . .

Not one single case of throat irritation

due to smoking

CAMELS!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

LITERALLY an "Arkansas Traveler", Dick Powell's climb to movie fame began when he sang in a choir while a college student at Little Rock, Ark. Star of over 40 Hollywood musicals, Dick's versatility has won him hard-hitting dramatic roles.

Make your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test in your T-ZONE T-for Throat T-for Taste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED